





Class BR 126

Book 15

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



JOHN COUNSELLOR'S
EVOLUTION:

OR,

A REAL EXPERIENCE

OF THE

SECOND COMING.

Thomas Benton King



ST. LOUIS, MO.:
THE JOHN COUNSELLOR PUBLISHING Co.
1903.

BR 126
H 5

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
Two Copies Received
MAY 21 1903
Copyright Entry
Apr. 17-1903
CLASS a XXc. No.
57971
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY
JOHN COUNSELLOR PUBLISHING CO.

INTRODUCTORY.

There is no attempt in this book to write a thesis, or to state a theorem and then proceed to analyze and prove it; but the solution of a real life problem is gone through with even as a real life is actually lived step by step.

Hence, we will not, by introductory, preface, or story, depict a painted ship on a painted sea, but rather will launch an actual Cunarder—of the Life Line—and ask our readers, and more especially our own kindred, to step aboard at the gang plank of Chapter No. 1 and land with us at the “desired haven,”—resting assured that “they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters,” notwithstanding that they see the waves mount up and overflow their “old heaven” and painfully experience at times that they themselves “reel to and fro” as did John, and “stagger like a drunken man” and are at their “wit’s end,” yet if they “in order to know, will follow on to know,” then will they be brought into a much to be desired haven, and, being landed in the portway of a “new earth” and a “new heaven,” will gladly exclaim: “Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!”

The Book of Revelation with its seemingly weird visions always had a singularly fascinating effect upon the author of this “Real Experience of the Second Coming of the Son of Man.” And if John Counsellor, in the years even before his “teens,” could never read without gushes of tears what he then, childlike, regarded as a mere visionary cyclorama of “doors open in heaven,” what effect may not be expected to have been made on his later life when this seeming merely painted parade of visions materialized into actual persons, places, and things of his own actual experience?

If, as seemingly mere fabrics of youthful dreamland, he was so greatly affected by the word painting of the “One on a great white horse” with a new heaven and a new earth following in His wake, going forth conquering and to conquer those riding upon

“red” and “black” and “pale” horses with “death and hell following with them,” how much more would he be affected by the very real things symbolized by those horses? If he wept at the mere vision of an ugly and hateful “great whore sitting upon many waters” and making all the “captains” and “great men” and “merchantmen” and “inhabitants of the earth” drunk on the cup of her enchantments and dainties, how much more would he wail at the recognition that he and his own kindred were all “drunk” on the actual spiritual cup in which the spiritual fornications and adulteries of this hateful woman sparkled and moved themselves, accompanied with the real woes of having such real cups pressed to his real lips?

And, on the other hand, if there was a subtle charm—yea, a great drawing of heart toward the mere vision—the mere ambrotype of that other woman “clothed with the sun,” with stars for a crown, how much greater would be the emotions stirred in his bosom on being embraced in the motherly arms of the very reality symbolized by this sun-clad woman?

If the mere reading about trumpets sounded loud and long by angels stirred peculiar emotions in his bosom, what earthquakes of feeling, what “thunderings and lightnings” of thought, were stirred in John’s heart and mind when the real truths indicated by the angels sounding trumpets were actually proclaimed in his ears as real life problems that he must at once and forever meet and solve?

If the mere fancies of visions produced tears, well might the actual materialization of these visions along the pathway of forty years of actual life produce on the side of “red” and “black” and “pale” horses, and on the side of the “great harlot” such things as “earthquakes and darkening of sun, moon, and stars,” and “locusts” and “lice,” “dragons” and “beasts,” and “hell and death,” as proclaimed in Revelation!

And, on the other hand, if the mere reading, without the least understanding of what was read, of the glorious woman as the Bride of the Son of Man, filled John’s horizon of life with a soft sunshine as the heavens of a southern clime are suffused with the morning beams of a coming summer day, what sunshine and what softened mellowness of life might not be expected to come to him in finding, while yet on the earth, that this glorious sun-clad Woman was his own spiritual mother?

It may to some appear very strange that such things as "scenes among border ruffians" and experiences among bedraggled politicians and pettifoggers, accompanied with disputations with those like himself, the blind leading the blind of a "fallen! a fallen!! a fallen!!!" ecclesiasticism, should preclude and lead up to the final outcome; but when we consider the great prayer, "Holy Father, . . . I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil," and that all old things of the "old heaven" and the "old earth" must necessarily be rolled up like a scroll and pass away in order that the new things of the "new heaven" and "new earth" may take their place,—such considering is merely in keeping with the thousandth time repeated truth, in Scripture, that to find a new life the old one must be laid down and lost; and, with some at least, there is a necessity that the abominations of the Babylonized woman who maketh the "captains" and "merchantmen" and "great men" of earth drunk, must be experienced before there can be created a proper yearning of heart for the all-loving mother—the glorious woman clothed with the Sun.

The writer has many sons and daughters into whose innocent faces he has often looked as they sat round the home fireside while yet the mother was there to draw and hold them as with a great centripetal force to all things of good report. But this home heaven has, by the death of the mother, been rolled up like a scroll and has passed away. These children must form new home heavens and go forth into the villages and vineyards of, to them, "new earths," and calling to mind the many sad and sorrowing struggles that this mother and her husband had in their forty years of travel and travail between the Egypt of an old "fallen" ecclesiasticism, known as Babylon, and the city coming down on the earth from God out of heaven described by the Apocalyptic Seer as the City, or Church, of the New Jerusalem,—with the mother gone and the old home gone, and these children going out on life's weary journey of regeneration, the author felt it incumbent upon him to give to these children and to their descendants for seventy and seven generations in permanent written or printed language the real experiences of their now sainted mother and of their father in coming out of the old earth and heavens and going forward into the gates of a new spiritual earth and heavens.

Having this experience thus set before them, these children may be saved from a thousand snares and pitfalls,—may be saved from the many “dragons” on the left and the many “wild beasts” on the right of the road of life which they each and all must travel.

But as the book progressed there arose in the author’s breast a feeling perhaps akin to that of Paul when he exclaimed: “I say the truth in Christ. I lie not, my conscience also bearing with me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart . . . for my brethren,”—for my old brother Methodist preachers, for my old brother attorneys, and for an innumerable company of brother reformers who have been companions with me in a kingdom of seemingly forlorn struggle for something better for our wives and our children and our countrymen! For the benefit of all these, and for all that in them is, or was, or is to be, this will be published.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

SAMPLE SCENE IN BORDER RUFFIANDOM AMONG PREACHERS.

The Request of a "Minister of the Gospel"—This Request Rejected by Other "Ministers of the Gospel"—A Disciple of Alexander Campbell is a Little Exercised—An Old-Time "Preachers' Home"—The Virginian Mother of Our Hero a Little Bit "Tainted"—Scene at a Southern Methodist Parsonage—Weakness of "Having a Heart"—Sample Stalwarts of the "Auream Mediocritatem"—"Em" Appears in the Distance—A Cloud Indicating the Coming of Mars to Supplant the Prince of Peace.

On the first Monday of September, 1856, the circuit court of a certain county located in what is called the "Border Ruffian" district of Missouri was to convene.

On the Saturday before the convening of the court all of the clergy who had charge of churches in the town were visited by an ancient "minister of the Gospel." This minister was from the State of Iowa, and was a member of what was then commonly called the "Northern Methodist Church." His name, as I remember, was Butler. The occasion of his visit to this Missouri town was that he had business in the court about to convene touching some estate of his wife, who had been born and reared in Missouri. To each of the local clergy he stated substantially that he was a Methodist minister in good standing in the Iowa Conference of the M. E. Church; that for fifty years he had never failed on Sunday to preach a Gospel sermon; that he was visiting the town on court business which would keep him over Sunday, and that he desired the use of a church building to preach in on that day; stating that he did not wish to break a record of fifty years' preaching without missing a Sunday, also that he did not wish to interfere with any of the regular services, but would preach at any convenient time of the afternoon.

There were five church buildings in the town, each in charge of a resident pastor. Each of these pastors refused the request of

the Iowa brother minister. The reason of this refusal was, not that Rev. B. was heterodox or unorthodox, or otherwise objectionable from a religious standpoint; but that he was what they called a "Northern Methodist." The refusal of some of the resident clergy was couched in very kindly terms. One of them, of the Alexander Campbell faith, by name Elder Holly, was even coupled with a most regretful apology, because he himself only a few years before had been refused the use of a so-called "Evangelical Orthodox Church" building because he was a "Campbellite." But no recollection of ostracism for being a "Campbellite" was strong enough to enable our Disciple brother to go up against the mad and murderous feeling that then prevailed along the Missouri border against every person, place, and thing tinged with, or having any connection, past, present, or suspected future, with Abolitionism. What took place at the parsonage of the Southern Methodists perhaps was the mustard seed from which, as a small beginning, there started an evolution out of many old ideas and an involution into many new ones on the part of the hero of this historical romance in going up out of the things of a mere ecclesiasticism into the life of a Christology that knows no limit either in its sunshine in all longitudes of love, or in showering its rain in all the latitudes of truth.

John Counsellor was, at the time of the Iowa brother's visit to the pastor, quite a youth. His father and mother's house had been from his earliest recollection what was called a "preachers' home." Thousands of these preachers' homes were to be found in Missouri at that day. They were called so on account of the generous and joyful hospitality extended to itinerant preachers. Perhaps not even will new-comers, arriving through the resurrection in the country where the thief went with Christ, be made to feel more at home when the ministering angels who are appointed to take charge of all "heirs of salvation," receive them into their beautiful "homes not made with hands" and entertain them "without money and without price," than were the old-time Methodist preachers made to feel at the ancient "preachers' home" in Missouri during the forties and fifties.

There was another circumstance which doubtless caused the things that we are about to relate to make a deep and lasting impression on John Counsellor. His mother was of an old Virginia family who owned many slaves; but, nevertheless, was, to use the sinister language then prevalent, somewhat "tainted with aboli-

tionism." This "taint" consisted in a very general belief that the true solution of the slave question was to be found in a system of gradual emancipation with compensation to owners, and the colonization under their own vine and fig tree of those released from bondage. John's mother was badly "tainted" with this Jeffersonian and original Virginian solution of the slave problem. So much so was this that she was threatened with prosecution for violating a statutory law of Missouri which prohibited under severe penalties the teaching of slaves to read or write. Notwithstanding this statute, Mrs. Counsellor would, on every convenient occasion, especially on Sunday afternoons, have all of the black (the term "colored" was not then in vogue) pickaninnies come into "The House" and learn their "A, B, Abs, etc.

In addition to this "taint" John's mother was somewhat afflicted with the weakness of having a heart, which in a commercial age that only inquires how much corn or cotton can "a hand" raise, is a real affliction when viewed from a mere worldly standpoint. This weakness of "having a heart" was one of the iniquities, as viewed by the world, which were visited upon and often seriously affected her son John in after years. As a candidate for some high place or estate in Heaven, the possession of a heart is a good, perhaps absolutely necessary, requisite for success; but in the struggle for a high place in the temples of the world, the flesh, and the devil it is a serious hinderance.

John's father, while neither very hot for nor very cold against his wife's views, was a public man, though not a mere politician; and the prevalent public sentiment kept him somewhat conservative. Yet, at times, when any particular outrage took place, such as was calculated to touch the deep centers of that which is humane, his father was as fearless as a lion in denouncing the outrage and standing up in defense of the weak and the wronged. There was a legion of this kind of conservatives in Missouri before and during the war. Noted among these were the Rollinses, the Doniphans, the Kings, the Halls, the Blairs, the Browns, the Crittendens, the Mosses, the Olivers, the Phelps, the Gambles, the Bingham, the Switzlers, the Garners, the Mosbys, the Richardsons, the Rylands, the Leonards, the Orrs, the Moseleys, and whole constellations of patriots who loved law and order, and loved their country and their countrymen—stalwarts of the "*auream mediocritatem*." It is sad to relate that, while the names of many non-ecclesiastical laymen

like the above were helpful to the woman in her contest in the wilderness with the dragon, the names of few prominent men among the clergy can be recalled who did not, on this or that side, of this and that controversy, join in with the great red dragon that all during the fifties and sixties was spewing out fire and blood to the destruction of the woman and her child. This was so marked that it seemed a fulfillment of the prophecy of the Prince of Peace, that the children of the kingdom would be cast out and publicans be taken in their places.

It may seem a diversion to mention the names above, but as these men and their families were in many things connected with and had an influence on the life of John Counsellor, we deem it in line with the purpose of our historical narrative to mention them.

And, moreover, while such men were the apostles of the Gospel balm of "reasoning together," characteristic of the school of the Prince of Peace, rather than bulldozers who worship at the blood-stained shrines of the temple of Mars, and though they may not figure very largely at "Grand Army Reunions" or be lionized at U. C. Encampments, they will always be cherished in history as the salt that saved Missouri; and in the great roll-call to be made, not by Mars, but by the Prince of Peace, they will with cheery and courageous voice respond, "Present, and ready for duty!" But especially should this class be mentioned because the daughter of one of those named had, perhaps, more to do as a sweetheart and final "help-meet," in strengthening John Counsellor in his abandonment of a kind of worship like that spoken of by the woman at the well of Samaria, and his espousal of the life of worship which the Christ preached at the same well.

But to return to the thread of our story. When the Iowa minister called at the Southern Methodist parsonage, John Counsellor, who had just returned from school at the State University, was visiting the comely daughter of the occupant of the parsonage, for all of John's folks were Methodists. What took place between the two preachers will, perhaps, be better understood by the following talk between John and his father and mother on that Saturday night.

"Mamma," said John to his mother, "I was this afternoon at our parsonage and was really hurt at our preacher. I was not only hurt, but surprised. In fact, I was both surprised and disgusted to such a degree that I declare, notwithstanding you know how

much I think of the preacher and his family, especially of Em, that I have about concluded never to go to hear Mr. McNal preach again. In fact, if it were not for seeing Em, I wouldn't."

"Oh, no, no, my son," replied his mother. "Do not talk so. You are overly excited. But I know you are in the wrong and that you certainly misunderstood what Brother McNal did and said. What in the world did he do, or what did he say to you?"

"Why," replied John, "he didn't do or say anything unpleasant to me. He was, I may say, extra kind to me. But there was another person who, I assure you, was treated so unkindly, if not to say so unchristianly, that I was shocked; and even Em cried; though her mother seemed to side with Mr. McNal. Em and I were sitting in the parlor from which the large window opens out upon the porch. Mr. and Mrs. McNal were sitting out there. A very pleasant and fatherly looking man came down the street, opened the gate, and walked up to the porch. Mr. McNal had just returned from up town and the 'Northern Methodist abolition preacher' had been pointed out to him on the street by some of the boys. So, recognizing the Iowa brother, Mr. McNal did not so much as ask him to have a chair; but, addressing him as he stood on the step of the porch, said:

"'What will you have, sir?'"

"His exceeding abruptness of manner and voice arrested at once the attention of Emily and myself, and we could not help being eavesdroppers to what took place between the two preachers. To the abrupt inquiry of Mr. McNal the stranger replied:

"'My name is Butler. I am a Methodist minister in good standing in the Iowa Conference, and—'"

"Here Mr. McNal interrupted him, saying:

"'You had better tell the truth and say that you are a Northern Methodist abolition, nigger-loving preacher?'"

"'Pardon me,' said the Northern preacher. 'I only called to request—'"

"Here Mr. McNal interrupted again to say:

"'Preachers that are preaching insurrection among the slaves of our good people are not in position to make requests of the pastors of these people. The pastor is but a shepherd to keep the wolves off of the flock.'"

"Right then I looked at Em and said:

"‘That man doesn’t look like a wolf. If you think he does, why I’ll be your shepherd dog to go out and run him off. But he doesn’t look like that. He won’t eat you up unless he is a little hungry for sugar.’

"I perpetrated this little pleasantry in the effort to pour a little oil on the troubled waters that seemed to be brewing at our preacher’s house. To this Em answered:

"‘I expect, John, that father knows these abolition preachers better than you do. I heard him and Mr. Prottsley, our presiding elder, talking last week about the doings of what they called ‘Northern Methodist abolition preachers,’ and if one-half of what father and Mr. Prottsley said is true, then I think I had better engage you as a body-guard. I won’t say shepherd dog, because you know I couldn’t use such a term as dog in connection with you. However, John, you take very much after your mother, and you know that some of our preachers say that your mother is a little—Well, yes, what do they say?’

"‘I suppose they say that mother is ‘tainted with abolitionism,’ I replied.

"‘Yes, yes,’ said Em. ‘That, I believe, is what they say. But, John, you and I know one thing very well, that however that may be, there wouldn’t be much quarreling among preachers if they liked each other as you and I do.’

"‘Couldn’t you use another word instead of ‘liked’,—one that begins and ends with the same letters and has the same number of letters?’ I couldn’t help asking.

"Em blushed and said, ‘Girls are a bit modest in saying some things that even might be true.’

"‘My sakes!’ all of a sudden exclaimed Em. ‘Why, certainly, father and the man are not going to fight.’

"This exclamation was called forth by a fierce remark made by Mr. McNal to the Northern preacher, in which he ordered him off the premises, and told him that he would be compelled to put him off if he did not go at once. To which Mrs. McNal added:

"‘Some people’s room is better than their company.’

"Here the Northern preacher again tried to tell the object of his visit, which was to get the use of the Southern Methodist Church to preach in on Sunday afternoon. But Mr. McNal would listen to nothing, and kept murmuring, ‘Tut! Tut! Get out!’ and

made some indefinite allusion to what 'the boys' would probably do if he did not leave town pretty quick.

"It is needless to say that the visiting preacher 'loaded his freight' and moved on, looking a little worse for the wear of feelings. As he went out at the gate Mrs. McNal, with that humane feeling that a woman can't help having, said to her husband:

" 'I don't feel right at our treatment of the man. There is something wrong somewhere.' Didn't Pilate's wife have a dream with some such prescience in it? Mrs. McNal seemed to have what our boys at the university club call 'a prescience' of some coming ominous evil. To relieve her strained feelings Mr. McNal said:

" 'Of course there is something wrong. These Northern preachers with their prating about the negro are mere fire-brands. They don't love the negro, but they hate the negro owner. They want to steal our property,—not our negroes so much, but our church property. If these Northern incendiaries had it in their power there would not be a church building left to us Southern Methodists.' "

(Not many years afterward John saw that there was some truth in this remark that the Northern brethren had a hankering after the church property of their Southern brethren.)

" 'Here Em said:

" 'I tell you, John, that on this Kansas-Nebraska Bill question, or whatever people call it, that is stirring up not only politicians but preachers, you and I had better act the part of the rabbit,—'lay low and say nuffin.'

"I suggested: 'Perhaps, Em, you might, instead of being a rabbit, be a little turtle dove looking out for an olive leaf to carry home as a sign of the subsidence of any angry waters that may try to sweep you and me apart. This slavery question that has put so much bad blood between the Northern and Southern Methodists is a hard problem. It seems to be like the city of London, out of which and into which, seemingly, all roads run.' I said that I had heard of a great senator saying in a public speech that there was an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery. What he meant by this I can hardly say, but it does appear that it is giving ground for the inquiry made by Jack Hines of papa the other day when papa and I were in town. You recollect, papa, that Jack asked you what a 'crissus' is, because the 'politicians are always talking of it.' Jack remarked that since the year 1850 he had never

heard a Democratic speech nor read a democratic paper without being warned that 'the country was in a crissus;' and he wanted to know 'what a crissus is.' He seemed to have an idea that it was some swarm of Egyptian locusts, or perhaps some slaughtering angel such as destroyed the hosts of Sennacherib, or at least some portentous sign of blood on the moon that threatened the gloaming of a coming night wherein men would get drunk on blood to vomit up crime."

The reader will please know that at this time John had just passed through the sophomore class at the State University.

"Yes," remarked his father, "I recollect about Jack's inquiry, and I recollect how difficult it was to explain to him that the country was in the hands, politically, of a desperate set of party politicians who were hungry for public pie; and, religiously, was under a zealous but unintelligent set of clergy that seemingly ignored a charity that hopeth all things and endureth all things, and instead, seemed to obtrude themselves into the high office of Him who saith, 'Vengeance is mine.' I told Jack that if the politicians would proclaim and practice patriotism instead of partyism, and if the preachers would preach Christ-ism instead of church-ism, there would be no crisis, or, as Jack termed it, 'crissus.' But just as long as there was an indecent scramble of preachers to build up their churches, and a hungry howl of party politicians to build up their 'par-tee,' the country would be in a 'crissus' which would end in war; and God only knows what the war would end in. One of the ends of war, however, is a dead certainty, and that is, at the end of it the angel of history, with one foot on the party politicians and the other on the preachers, will proclaim, not that time is no more, but that 'slavery is no more.'"

To this John asked, "Isn't Mr. McNal in favor of slavery?"

"Yes," replied his father.

"Then this is strange," said John, "for he seemed more warlike than the abolition preacher."

To this Judge Counsellor replied: "Perhaps, if you could hear the Northern preacher in his pulpit in the North you might be led to believe that he hadn't even heard of the heart hunger of the Prince of Peace that all swords should be beaten into plowshares, and all spears be turned into pruning-hooks. On my recent trip North, out of the four Sundays that I attended church, I did not hear a prayer or a sermon that was not calculated to make one

believe that Mars and not the Christ was the 'Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Almighty God, and the Everlasting Father.' "

"Well," said John's old Virginia-hearted mother, "from what John says there seems to be a 'criss-us' on hand between Brother McNal and the Northern Methodist brother. Suppose we have a dinner next week and invite Brother and Sister McNal to spend the day with us and talk over these matters." With John's mother a good dinner was the panacea for every woe.

This proposition was assented to by all, but John wanted to know whether Em was also to be invited; and Judge Counsellor remarked that it seemed that a good many of the preachers were as deaf as adders to the call, "Come, let us reason together," and that he had but little hope of anything coming from an interview with Brother McNal other than disputation, all of which would end in a kind of bottomless pit of crimination and recrimination.

"You recollect," said he, "how solid all of our Southern Methodist preachers were against Senator Benton because the senator was known to favor a system of gradual emancipation coupled with compensation to the owners and the colonization of the freedmen. When I spoke at Weston last summer in favor of the election of Benton to the Senate, one of the preachers who had often eaten at our table whispered around that perhaps a decent coat of tar and feathers administered to me by the 'be-hoys' accompanied by a carriage ride out of town on a rail would be good for my health."

This account so excited John that he was overcome by his feelings, and lapsed into one of his college-boy states which caused him temporarily to take "his letter out of the church" long enough to exclaim, regardless of the presence of his mother:

"The h—l, you say, father! What preacher was that? It certainly was not McNal! If so, good-bye, Em! which is saying about as much as I can."

His mother rebuking him for such language, the family talk was ended by a request on the part of Mrs. Counsellor that the Judge go to town to-morrow and see if there was anything in Brother McNal's threat that the visiting preacher had better leave town. Perhaps he was in danger of tar and feathers and a ride out of town on a rail.

CHAPTER II.

A NORTHERN METHODIST PREACHER IN THE TOILS OF RUFFIAN REGULATORS.

A Judge with an Eye to the Main Chance—A Sheriff Who May or May Not Have Been a Good Samaritan—The Regulators Hear of a "Meetin'" Not Announced from the Pulpit—A, B, C, et al, Get Up a Reception at Which Fuss and Feathers Are to be Mixed Up with Tar and a Rail—A Rope Might Be Needed—Men Only to Take Part, The Sisters Not to be in It—The Balms of an Indian Summer Day Bottled Up with a Fly in the Apothecary's Shop—The Court Organized—Prisoner Gets the Benefit of "Counsel" but Not "Clergy"—Sample Speech Back in the Fifties.

The request of the Northern preacher being refused by all the resident pastors, so far as their respective churches were concerned, nothing was left to him but to preach elsewhere than in a church, or not to preach at all. He applied to the circuit judge for the use of the court-house. The judge, being a wary old politician, referred him to the sheriff, who, he said, had charge, under the statutes, of the court-house, and so the Rev. Mr. Butler called upon the sheriff, who informed him that the court (he did not say who the court was) had passed an order that there should be no more preaching in the court-house.

Now the sheriff was not a member of any church, and, like the old Samaritan mule-rider, would sometimes get off and lend his mule to a stranger in need when neither a Levite nor a priest would do so. This is often the case, and is very commendable, although it puts the preacher in a bad light. Still the Christ so says it. So the sheriff told the preacher that the court-house yard was set in grass and shaded with locust trees, and would be a good place to preach; that the order of the court had not prohibited preaching in the yard; and that, if the preacher wanted the use of the yard, it would be at his service. The sheriff even went so far as to say that he would get a table or box for a pulpit, and would furnish a pitcher of water for pulpit use. Now, whether the sheriff did this with the same motive that actuated the old Samaritan, or

whether he did it as one who was in league with the devil and the town "be-hoys" to lead the preacher into a trap, is only known to Him who knows how to select one man and reject another of two men who are working the same work in the same field, yet with an entirely different motive. Like most office-holders of that day, perhaps, the sheriff, whose name, if I recollect aright, was Cal Cates, made votes the best way he could, and often carried water on both shoulders. Perhaps the sheriff became all things to all men. To those who favored the ancient mule-rider's sentiment he boasted of being a good Samaritan, and to the "be-hoys" around town he became as one of those who, as will be seen hereafter, "had it in" for the Northern preacher. From this long time of view, the writer will say that, from his personal recollection of the sheriff, he believed he was actuated by the sentiment that induced the Samaritan to lend a helping hand to the badly used stranger. His failure to come to the rescue of the preacher on that afternoon when he needed help was no doubt owing to the reign of terror that, at that day, bulldozed into acquiescence many good law-and-order men. In fact, the anti-abolitionaries foamed and frothed at the mouth to such an extent, not only in what is called Border Ruffiandom, but all over the South, that but few men were found to be Christs, or even rough Sam Houstons, openly to defy the mob, though the mob was often in the great minority. I think that, on the occasion we are about to relate, leaving out the party politicians, the preachers, and "the be-hoys around town," a great majority of all other classes were greatly opposed to the disgraceful proceedings that took place in open daylight that Sunday afternoon at the county seat of one of the best counties in Missouri. The writer knows from personal knowledge that the member of Congress from that district, the circuit judge, the district clerk, the member of the Legislature from the county where the affair took place, together with John Counsellor's father and his family, were exceedingly opposed to the arrest and mock trial that overtook the preacher. Perhaps, on a canvass of votes, two-thirds or more of the voters of the county would have condemned the arrest and trial of the preacher. But all history shows that a zeal-without-knowledge priesthood, coupled with a very few party politicians and Pontius Pilates, can carry out their awful work against the genuine wish of the unorganized multitudes whose hearts are stirred with indignation against all kinds of crucifixions and brutalities.

The sheriff placed a goods box, a chair, and a pitcher of water in the court-house yard for the use of the preacher. All of the pastors refused to announce the meeting from their pulpits. However, this was not necessary; for the "regulators" were at work among the rabble as soon as the sheriff was seen to put the preacher's outfit in the court-house yard and state what it was for. Very general notice was thus had of the "meetin'," and especially of what would be the outcome of it. A was to prepare tar, B a pillow of feathers "to make," as he stated, "the derved head of an abolition preacher rest easy in his bed—if a greased rail could be called a bed." C was to get a rail. "The sharper the edge, the better," remarked one of the boys. D was to get a rope "to tie the pig on to the rail," and perhaps, under certain contingencies, to be used as a cravat for the neck of an abolition agitator. What was called a committee of the whole outfit was to whoop up things and have a big crowd of the "be-hoys" at the "preachin'" ready for any and every emergency. The women folks were to be kept away. This entire absence of the women, especially at a preaching, which was conspicuous in the large crowd that confronted the preacher that afternoon, might well have put him on the lookout for danger. Perhaps it did.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of this beautiful Sabbath-day in the mellow month of September, the preacher was confronted by an audience of over one hundred people. Among these was John Counsellor, who came at the instance of his mother to see what was going on. Everything was lovely except men. The balmy aromas of an Indian summer baptized all nature with subdued sunshine. The summer birds were singing aloft in the trees. All out of doors seemed to be a temple of the gods with all that is peaceful and lovely; and all things appeared to proclaim that the God of Peace was in his holy temple of nature.

Yet, as a fact, nearly every heart in that audience was fatally bent on mischief. The long pent up wrath of the proslavery lamb was about to have a chance of wreaking vengeance on the abolition beast. At least this was about the way the matter was viewed by some on the Missouri border at that day. Some, it is true, were there from curiosity. So far as John Counsellor was concerned, he was under strict pledge from his father to have nothing to say under any circumstances.

John's father, while an absolutely fearless man when occasion required bold and even aggressive action, was yet very cautious, and did not deem it the part of wisdom to run ruthlessly up against the bosses of danger. He regarded the flood that like a roaring deluge was sweeping all things before it, as something that had to be let alone until the rushing and seething waters had spent their force and subsided. Just at that time, though often scanning the horizon for some place for a dove to rest its feet or pluck an olive leaf, he saw none; and he often said to his family that, as we are not responsible for the coming storm, we must simply stand still and see the salvation of God. This policy was not in exact accord with John's mind, yet, owing to his mother having been afflicted with the weakness of having a heart, it met a response in his feelings. Besides, even at that early age, he clearly discerned that the way of wisdom is not to overcome evil with evil—that such a procedure is but a bottomless pit; but that the height of wisdom, both divine and human, is to overcome evil with good. However, he had such an impulsive nature that often he was only delivered from danger by having the “angels given charge over him and holding him up in their hands lest he dash his foot against a stone.”

The time for opening the services had come. The preacher gave out as the opening hymn that old familiar Methodist song, “Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,” etc. At the conclusion of it he prayed, among other things, that “our president and governors and all in authority be blessed with wisdom to rule for the benefit of all the people.” He then read as a scriptural lesson what is commonly called the Sermon on the Mount. Then, singing in solo the old tune, “I love Thy courts, O God,” he arose and was just reading his text, “I am the Resurrection,” when a regulator tapped him on the shoulder from behind and said:

“My brother, consider yourself under arrest.”

The preacher seemed somewhat nonplused, but recovering himself, replied:

“Under arrest for what?”

“For preaching insurrection among our slaves,” replied the regulator.

“Why,” rejoined the preacher, “I haven’t as yet preached anything.” The regulator replied,

“What about your text? Didn’t it say something about insurrection—or something equivalent to it?”

"Why, no," replied the preacher. "My text was about the resurrection, and—"

Here another regulator, seeing that the preacher was about to outdo his companion, stepped abruptly up and said:

"See here, Pard, it don't make a d——n bit of difference between words and words—whether insurrection or resurrection—the mainest point in this case is this 'ere thing: Ain't you a Northern Methodist preacher all the way from Iowa or some other abolition district? You needn't deny this, because some of we'uns have hearn you tell one of our parsons that you air such a kind of preacher, or its squivalent, and we are the boys who have studied geometry or geography enough to know that a squivalent is one and the same thing as the thing that it air squivalent to. So without any more jaw-bone, just come along with us boys."

At this there was a general shout from the crowd.

"Head him towards the public hall, Bill. And if he don't work in the lead in gittin' up and gittin' thar quick, we'll ride him thar on a rail."

Here Bill said:

"See yere, Pard, you've hearn the verdict of the court that you git up and go afoot to the public hall, or be carried thar on a flowery bed of ease to be found on the sharp side of a rail."

The preacher had somewhat agreed with Bill that there wasn't much difference between words and words—between a court and a mob—so far as actual assets were concerned, and he concluded to "git up and git" to the public hall as the court that was trying him had ordered.

Arriving at the public hall, a high court was organized by the selection of a judge, a prosecuting attorney, and a sheriff to summon a jury. A prominent member of one of the leading churches of the place was elected judge. A "rising young lawyer" was elected prosecuting attorney; and Bill, the regulator who couldn't see any difference, under certain circumstances, between one word and any other word, provided you wanted to do a thing that you had already determined to do, was elected sheriff. The judge swore the sheriff, on an almanac that happened to be lying on the table, that he would "without any favor whatever to defendant, fix sich jurors as are well known to favor giving a derved abolition preacher the alternative of being hung without the benefit of counsel or clergy, or being tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail!"

This proceeding had been noised through the town, and while Bill was out selecting, or rather "fixin'," the jury, some of the better class of citizens began to gather in and soon the hall was densely packed. In the mean time some one went to the home of Judge Counsellor who lived on his farm near by, adjoining the town.

Judge Counsellor was the father of John. He traced his lineage from the French Huguenots down to Virginia, thence into Tennessee, he himself having settled in Missouri on the farm upon which he then resided when that part of the State was a mere wilderness. He had followed the advice of Horace Greeley, going West and growing up with the country. And he had inherited that virtue of the Huguenots of which a historian wrote that, "Nothing and no one ever made them afraid." From his early association in Tennessee where his grandfather had for seven terms been Governor, whence he came to Missouri, with what is known as Jacksonian, rather than Calhoun, democracy, the judge was opposed to any and every thing savoring of "secession." And while he was a slave owner, yet, through the influence of his wife, and doubtless other considerations, he always, at least in heart, favored a system of gradual emancipation. He was always what was called a law-and-order advocate, and no ruffianism on the part of regulators before the war ever bulldozed him in the least; neither in subsequent years, when the other side got into the saddle, did any bully returning from victory at the front and disposed to make war on women and children, and on unarmed men and independent newspaper editors, ever go up against the "old Judge" that the bulldozer did not fall back like a ball rebounding from a rock. With all this, he was as tender-hearted as a woman, and revolted at any oppression or outrage committed by the strong against the weak. It made no difference whether the strong were on his side or not; he was just simply against anybody on any side of any question being outraged.

The judge, being informed of what was going on in town, saddled his celebrated roadster and in a few minutes "was on hand." Just as the jury had been impaneled and sworn to knock the "stuffin'" out of any abolition preacher found guilty of preaching, or being about to preach, or who had ever preached insurrection among the "niggers," Judge Counsellor walked quietly into the hall and by concert among the law-and-order element was greeted by a rousing cheer. From the way the preacher hung his head,

he doubtless thought that a fresh legion of regulators had arrived. The indictment was read; in different counts the defendant was charged with preaching, or with having heretofore preached, or with an evil intent to preach in future, insurrection among the slaves. The indictment had a second count charging that defendant was a Northern Methodist abolition preacher whose presence was dangerous to the public welfare generally. Some half-dozen regulators were called up and sworn as witnesses to testify anything that they might have ever seen, heard of, or wished to see or hear of, in any wise calculated to convict the defendant of anything charged in or out of the indictment.

The first witness, Regulator Bill, who was also acting sheriff, was called and was about to begin being questioned by the prosecuting attorney when there was a cry:

"Counsellor, Judge Counsellor."

Whereupon Judge Counsellor rose and, bowing to the audience, remarked that he was glad to see certain men present, calling them by their given names, as was his wont. Among these were about one-half of the jury. He then inquired of the "court" whether the defendant had counsel. The court stated that this was one of those special cases in which the law of the case "forbid the benefit of either counsel or clergy!" Judge Counsellor insisted that such was once the law, but was so no longer, and if there was any doubt about the matter that, inasmuch as this court, being composed of everybody in the hall, was a law unto itself, he would like to have a vote taken on the question whether the defendant should not have, at least, the benefit of counsel; and remarked that he doubted very much whether the defendant would desire any benefit from the clergy of the town, but he might be benefited by counsel.

The judge of the drumhead court, seeing the complexion of the crowd that was backing Counsellor, concluded, without taking a vote, that if defendant had any money to employ counsel he would be given two and one-half minutes to do so. Defendant here said that he was a stranger and did not know what lawyer he could trust with his case; and besides that he had only enough money to pay his expenses back home, and asked for time to consult with the gentleman who had just spoken whose genial face and open-bosomed conduct seemed to have made a favorable impression on the preacher. To this the judge impatiently replied that their business must be finished in daylight, as they didn't wish to do anything in the dark,

and that defendant might have one and one-half minutes sharp to consult with counsel about his case. Judge Counsellor said that he did not wish to delay the court, and notwithstanding a consultation with defendant about his case might be of great benefit in helping to defend him, yet he knew the jury and that defendant would be safe in their hands if he was innocent, and if guilty would get the full benefit of the law, which he ought to do. Therefore, to save time, he would exercise the right of the high prerogative guaranteed to every lawyer to volunteer his services as counsel for defendant, with the understanding that if he thought from the evidence that defendant was guilty he would desert the case.

This announcement was greeted with loud cheers; whereupon Bill, the regulator, proceeded to testify that he was present in the court-house yard this afternoon; that the defendant was the "preacher in charge" on that occasion; that "the whole affair had a bad smell about it;" that the preacher was from north of the Dixon line somewhere; that he prayed and preached for insurrection among the niggers; that while he was preaching some one in the audience, not very loudly, but loud enough to be heard by defendant, said, "Thish 'ere fellow is a d——n nigger-loving abolition preacher from away up North." This the defendant no doubt heard—and if he didn't hear it, he could have heard it; and strange to say, that he didn't deny it!

On being asked by the prosecuting attorney if he was certain the defendant could have heard the charge made against him and that he didn't deny it, Bill replied:

"I am positive and absolutely certain that such charge was made, and that the defendant did not stop to deny it, but went on with his tan-bark beating."

Here the prosecuting attorney smirked with great satisfaction, and triumphantly said:

"If you are certain of what you say, Bill, that is enough for all the purposes of this court. So stand aside."

"Hold on," said Counsellor. "I want to ask the witness a few questions on cross-examination. You say, Bill, that you were present at this meeting where defendant preached this afternoon?"

"That is what I said," replied Bill. "That is, I said I was there part of the time."

"Were you there when defendant gave out his hymn?"

"Yes, sir."

"What hymn did he give out and sing?" inquired the judge. Here Bill got a little stumped and called on by-standers to refresh his memory on the point.

Judge Counsellor said that while it was a little irregular for by-standers to be called on to help out a witness, yet for the sake of getting at the bottom facts of the case, he would allow any one in the audience to refresh Bill's memory as to what hymn the preacher used. Bill's crowd seemed to be a little short of memory as to the names of hymns, and doubtless very short on things generally appertaining to church services, and made no response. Whereupon a voice from away back in the hall said:

"The hymn that he sang was one that we have all heard ever since we were babies. It was that old hymn beginning, 'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.' "

The voice that made this announcement was that of John Counsellor. Some one just behind him said to him:

"See here, kid, you hold your lip, or I'll make you wish you had."

Now we propose to give true history as far as possible in this story, and giving the true history of the case, we must record that John came of a stock of people who always had the courage of their convictions, and notwithstanding that his father had so strictly enjoined him to say nothing, this insulting remark caused him to take his letter out of the church long enough to say to the party addressing him:

"Go to h—l, you infernal coward, or I'll send you there;" and drawing a pistol, such as all university students in those days deemed a necessary part of their college equipment, he started for the fellow who had insulted him for telling the truth.

However, by-standers interfered and stopped the racket. This was the last occasion, with two exceptions, that John ever carried a pistol, saying that he could not trust himself, and was in greater fear of himself than of any one else. This altercation was not heard at the desk where the evidence was being given, but John's statement as to the name of the hymn was heard; whereupon Judge Counsellor asked Bill if that was the name of the hymn sung by defendant. To which Bill replied:

"I can't swear positive, but I rather calkilate that it were that ar same tune."

"I didn't ask you about the tune, but about the hymn," said Judge Counsellor, at which Bill, getting a little excited, said:

"What ar the difference between a hymn and a tune? Ain't they, as I have heretofore testified, squivalents? Didn't I say that in geography, or is it in grammar or in geometry, that one thing that is squivalent to another thing is, to all intents and purposes of the case, the very same as that other thing? You can't run a hoss over me, Judge."

"Oh, no, Bill. You and I are too good friends for me to try to run anything over you. We only desire to get at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of this case. So I will ask you if you heard the prayer of the defendant, and, if so, what did he pray?"

"Derned if I recollect what he did pray," said Bill. "I think he prayed something about the big fellows in office."

"Well, what did he pray about them?"

"Why, he prayed that they might know enough to give everybody a show for what's their own; and somebody in the crowd, or rather congregation, remarked out, 'I suppose he means he wants the nigger to have his own liberty.' At least, he didn't stop long enough in his prayer to deny this loudly expressed suppersition, and the prosecuting attorney says that when a man don't deny a thing the law says he is guilty. At least I am here to swear that that ought to be the law in this particular case."

"What ought to be the law?" asked Judge Counsellor.

"Why," said Bill, "the suppersition that that fellow had as to what the preacher meant in his prayer on the aforesaid occasion—that ought to be—and I am here to swear is the law of the case."

There was a general laugh at Bill, and, seeing how the current was moving, Judge Counsellor said to him in a very kindly, patronizing way:

"As a matter of course, Bill, we all know that you are here as a witness to swear what the law is, and not to swear what the facts are; and no one who knows your pluck, to say nothing of your legal learning, would dare to dispute your word as to what the law of the case is, so I will only ask you one more question about a prominent fact involved in this case, and that is this, did you, as a matter of fact, hear the defendant preach at all?"

"To that air question," said Bill, "I will emphatically reply that, if you mean by reading something out of a book about a sermon

on the top of a mountain, that such a thing is preachin', then I am emphatic in swearin' that I hearn the preacher preach. If such reading is not preaching, then I didn't hear him preach. You can take either horn of the dilemmer. But there is one thing that I can positively swear, that the defendant never denied that he was from the North and never denied that the suppersition that I have testified about wasn't true, and, so far as I hearn, never denied anything that the boys thought he was guilty of. This I do most positively swear."

"Well," said Judge Counsellor, "do you swear that the defendant denied that he had said that, had it been left to him, he would have preferred to have been born in Heaven than to have been born in this part of Missouri?"

Bill, seeming at last to see a point, got a little "riled," and walked off the witness stand, remarking:

"I ain't here to be made the laughing stock of a set of dog-gone fools."

Seeing the fate of Bill, no other witness could be had to take the stand. So the prosecuting attorney, just as prosecuting attorneys do when they see they have a bad case, had to resort to fiction instead of facts, and said that, after Bill's testimony, which overwhelmingly established the guilt of the defendant on every charge in the indictment, he deemed it a waste of time to introduce further testimony, and without asking whether the defendant had any testimony, proceeded to address the jury. He went on to say that of all the scourges of famine, pestilence, and war, he would prefer them all to the damnable scourge of abolition; that slavery was a divine institution; that cotton was, and is, and ever will be King; that a man who pronounces cow "ke-ow" ought to be hung on general principles; but that in this case he would only ask for a verdict of tar and feathers coupled with riding on a rail. He did this because the testimony failed to show how the defendant pronounced cow; but, from the clear-cut testimony of our present high sheriff, Billy, the chief of regulators, he had no doubt that defendant actually believes that slavery is a blotch on the page of freedom, that it would be well enough to get rid of it peaceably, if it can be done, and forcibly if it must be done. If such fire-brands as the defendant are permitted to run at large in these fair borders of Missouri, we will soon see a big crop of treason, crime, stratagem, and arson breaking out like sea-ticks and dog-fennel in every direction. "My

God," exclaimed the prosecuting attorney in his peroration, "are we to stand still and see such abolition agitators, such preachers of insurrection, such incarnations of all that is diabolical and devilish, such as the testimony shows the defendant to be; are we to stand still, I say, and do nothing, and fold our hands and cry sleep, and let such fiends bind us hand and foot? No, gentlemen, we must be wide awake, we must be up and at 'em wherever found. And here we have one of them in our clutches. Don't let him escape. Be true to your regulator pledge, and if, in your supreme wisdom, you deem hanging too ennobling for such a pusillanimous sneak as the evidence overwhelmingly shows the defendant to be, then give him a liberal dose of tar and feathers coupled with riding on a rail until he can never perpetuate his kind. The breed of such ought to be stopped. As you have now the power in your hands, do your duty, and history will reward you with plaudits for your brave and wise verdict of tar and feathers for such a damnable scullion as is the defendant."

At the conclusion of the prosecuting attorney's speech, there were cries here and there through the hall: "Let's have no more speaking;" "Talk is played out. Now for business!"

Some of the regulators were afraid to let Judge Counsellor speak, for fear of his influence with at least a part of the jury. Hence such cries as the above. But the law-and-order element, knowing that they had a leader at the front, cried: "Let's have fair play;" "Give even an enemy show for his white alley;" "Let's hear both sides."

And amid a deafening cry for "Judge Counsellor! Counsellor!! Counsellor!!!" the old "Conservator," as his neighbors called him, rose and said:

"This I deem a proper occasion to speak a few earnest words to my neighbors. With scarce an exception, you have known me and I have known you for many, many years. Those of us that are men fear nothing for ourselves so far as man, who can merely destroy the body, is concerned; but there are certain things that even brave and strong men must fear; for there are things that destroy both soul and body, that destroy men, women, and children alike in the woes and throes of a bottomless hell. These things of which I speak are such things that if men fall on them those who so fall will be ground to pieces; and if they fall on men, those upon whom they fall are ground to pieces. I allude to the things of the

House of Wrong on one side and to the things of the House of Right on the other. If men fall on wrong things, they will be ground up. If they put themselves as an obstruction in the way of what is right and of good report, they will be ground to dust and ashes. There is no escape from this outcome. Heaven and earth, let alone such frail creatures as you and I, my countrymen, may come and may go, and may pass away, but the truths that always and everywhere make an impassable gulf between right and wrong will never pass away.

“Now, as to what is right and what is, in the abstract, wrong, men may honestly differ. But there are certain things about which men who are men cannot differ. One of these things is that the Sabbath-day should be devoted to peace and neighborly kindness,—to the preaching of the Gospel of peace on earth and good-will to all men. And yet here to-day, in a town where the spires of five so-called Christian churches point toward heaven, we hear a so-called prosecuting attorney preaching the gospel of hate. We hear an address from him which, instead of having stones arched over its gateways, like those of the Apocalyptic City that comes down from God, has such expressions of hate and malice and unkindness and unfairness, words that my brother Masons, of whom I see that the defendant is one, will see are of such un-squareness, that all will conclude at once that this so-called prosecuting attorney has builded his address out of stones quarried from the lava beds of hell; and that the final and inevitable end of such things is darkness and death no sane man can deny. No sane man can deny that like produces like, corn produces corn, and cattle bring forth cattle, and everything after its kind, ‘whose seed is in itself.’ Are you going to put the seal of your approval on such a speech? Since 1850 you have been listening to just such speeches, and things have been going from bad to worse, so that we may say that we are in a veritable ‘bottomless pit’ in which men are merely ‘gnashing their teeth’ on each other. There is no worse hell than this. Shall we sink deeper, deeper into it by committing acts of lawlessness such as we have witnessed to-day? God Almighty provides that there shall remain a remnant in the inner heart of every man, even those who make their bed in the lowest hell, to which he can appeal and on which, as a mustard seed however small, he can ultimately build up a kingdom of heaven in men. Ever since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854 our Missouri border has been a

veritable hell. Raids into and from Kansas have been of daily occurrence. With a shamelessness that is simply unspeakable have men, who heretofore have been regarded as law-abiding citizens, committed such acts as ballot-box stuffing, voting in territory where they do not live, trying men without the least semblance of law, and condemning them, in some cases, to the ignominious disgrace of being tarred and feathered, and in other cases to death itself. And over and above these things, they have endeavored to suppress freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Were these things carried on and sanctioned by mere impetuous boys, it would be bad enough; but when we see men occupying seats in the United States Senate, and even men perched on what should be the highest pinnacle on earth—the pulpit—aiding and abetting and publicly advocating such lawlessness, we may know that we are in the descending grades of a pure and simple bottomless pit, the only way out of which is to retrace our steps and cease from evil and learn to do good. If we do not retrace our steps, if we do not eschew the evil of wrong-doing, such as is advocated here to-day, we will only sink deeper and deeper into the hell that we are already in, and its borders, or rather its depths, will grow hotter and hotter. War will come. War is but hell and the devil let loose for a season. Not only will not one of our slaves be left in our homes, but our very homes will be burned to the ground. Instead of being paid for our slaves, a bottomless debt will be incurred on account of their liberation, which for ages and ages will be a woe for our children and children's children. Our poor and unfortunate negroes will be turned loose to shift for themselves, and will only meet the fate of the poor Indian.

“Your abolition of courts of justice, which you are attempting to-day, will bring an abolition of all civil courts by drum-head court-martial in which your property and your lives will be in the same jeopardy that the life of this unfortunate stranger is in your midst to-day. In conclusion, my countrymen, however difficult it may be in these troublous times to cease from wrong and to do right, let us here on this beautiful Sabbath afternoon cease from the grievous wrong of charging a stranger in our midst with a serious crime, and condemning him on evidence which, to be candid, I will say that every man who heard it who is not an idiot knows to be the merest burlesque, if not absolute blasphemy. I will not even allude to such stuff as evidence; but inasmuch as this is a citizens’

meeting, and each and all should be heard, I move that the liberty and the fate of this stranger in our midst be placed in the hands of all of us present, instead of in the hands of that part of us called a 'jury.' The creator is greater than the thing created. We created the jury. We can abolish it. Hence I move that, in order to end this blasphemous mockery of justice, the defendant be turned loose, and that we each and all pledge ourselves to stand by him while he is visiting our town on legitimate business."

The old judge concluded, and voices all over the hall cried out: "That's the thing to do;" "Let the judge put the motion;" "Hurrah for law and order."

One of the regulators swore he would kill old Counsellor for "breaking up this meeting." "Old Counsellor" stepping up to the bully, and opening his bosom, as Benton did to Foote in the United States Senate, said:

"If you have the courage to do so, shoot, and my death will do the cause more good than my life."

But the crowd cried wildly to put the regulator out and to "put the motion."

The motion was put and about everybody in the hall, including all the jury, voted for it; and thus an attempted tragedy ended in a farce.

Why did not all the lynching and lawlessness that disgraced the Missouri border in the latter part of the "fifties" thus end? There is no doubt that a great majority of the people were opposed to lawlessness, and yet the lawlessness went on. The reason was that the disorderly element was insolent and organized; and that those who opposed lawlessness were disorganized. There was scarcely a crime committed against the law by the mob on the Missouri border that could not have been prevented by having a bold leader to head the law-and-order element. Naturally these leaders ought to be the public officials. If anything is worthy of the death penalty, there should be such a penalty attached to the failure of every judge and every sheriff and every peace officer to do all things possible, even to the sacrificing of his own life to put down bulldozers and self-constituted regulators.

Before dismissing this part of the story, we will say that Judge Counsellor in after years had a hotter experience than in this case with the friends of the side of things that the Iowa brother was supposed to be on, which will be related in due time.

The defendant was invited to the home of Judge Counsellor; but, as the mayor of the city, who was the keeper of the leading hotel of the town, pressed the defendant to stay at his hotel free of charge, he went with the mayor, which perhaps was well enough; as there were desperate men about all these towns in those times.

Young John Counsellor was elated at the outcome, and thought he would gallop up and tell Em about the matter. But as he rode up to the gate of the parsonage, the Rev. Mr. McNal addressed him so roughly that his warm feeling for Em somewhat chilled, and he rode on home.

CHAPTER III.

A FIRESIDE TALK AT JOHN'S HOME.

John Proclaims the Lex Talionis—His Mother's Quiver Not Full of Argument, But Her Heart All Right—The Judge Comes to Her Aid—The Argument That "Preachers" Preach War—Even University Students Not In It With the "Amazons"—Echo Answers, "What Difference Between Murder in Retail and Murder by Wholesale"—Mars and the Ministry—"Em" Might Be a Red-painted Indian Princess—John Getting in the Boat with the Visiting Preacher—Didn't See "Em," But Met Her "Pap"—John Affected at the Thought That His Mother Is "Nearer Kin to an Angel" Than to a War-painted Parson.

Before John's arrival at home, his father had told his mother of the transactions of the day and of the happy outcome; and when John came in looking wounded his mother was surprised and asked him what was the matter. Now, with quite young people their love affairs are a thing to be kept secret as far as possible. So instead of at first letting his mother know about the rebuff which he had received at the parsonage gate, which was the real cause of his sadness, he told her of the incident at the hall in which he "pulled a pistol on a fellow."

Now, this also saddened his mother. The father, notwithstanding his signal victory at the trial of the preacher over lawlessness and the congratulations he had received on all hands for his effective speech, was also sad. His sadness was occasioned by the gloomy outlook for his country. He had been a public leader, acquainted with leading men both North and South, and knew the majority of them were mere politicians who ran with their party instead of leading it. He knew the violence of men on both sides. He knew that violence bred violence as disease breeds disease. What he had said in his speech he felt and knew to be true. Hence he was sad.

A superficial observer might suppose that the Counsellors' being sad was a proof that they were in the wrong. If so, then Christ was in the wrong, for He was so notedly sad as to be called a "Man of Sorrows." Oh, no! If there is a mother who loves her son, and who at the same time understands the law of vengeance, as Mrs. Counsellor did, nothing pains her more than the seeming disposition of that loved son to take vengeance into his own hands. And what is stronger proof of the nobleness of a boy's character than to have a genuine affection for a sweetheart, and be hurt to the quick when anything touches such affection? Such boys when they grow to be men will never figure in divorce courts. Neither will their sweethearts, if such boys marry them. The love of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, is the central source of the highest and holiest of all loves; because a man under the direct counsel of the "only wise God, our Saviour," is commanded to leave even father and mother for his wife.

There can be no happiness in Heaven itself without this great central love; for it is not good for man to be alone, either in this world or in any other world where the same God reigns who spoke the above great truth that will never pass away.

As to Judge Counsellor, whose patriotism outweighed his partyism, and even his personalism, what could sadden such a man more than to see his country about to be convulsed and his neighbors scattered and unable to avert the coming catastrophe? Men of his type will always do as did Judge Counsellor when that afternoon he opened his bosom to the assassin's dagger. The sadness of the righteous makes them brave beyond measure; and nearly every brave man is sad when in the presence of wrongs he cannot right, or when confronting evils that he sees no way of remedying, except perhaps by laying down his life. Even then the evil remains, but he goes forever away from it.

When John told his mother of the pistol affair, she said:

"Oh, John! John! How often have I told you of the evil of carrying concealed weapons; and how often have you promised me not to do so?"

"Yes, mamma, yes," replied John; "but the truth is this, that I have never been convinced that it is wrong for any one to defend himself; and how can a boy like me defend himself against such big bullies as the one that insulted me to-day? How can a weak man defend himself against a strong one without

having a pistol for an 'equalizer,' as we college boys say? Now, you know I love you, mamma, and would die to do anything that I thought right; but I couldn't look Em in the face if I should permit some bully to beat me up! If I should ever marry and have little children, by Jove, I don't see how I could go home with my nose mashed or my eye blackened without telling them, 'I slew the brute that did this.'"

John's mother was like many a good woman, who has the perception that sees the way of holiness as a horse sees his way out of the wilderness in the dark and errs not, though she can't give a reason for it. Yet she knows that she is right, just the same as she knows that her eyes see and her hand feels and her ear hears. And while she was more convinced than ever that she was right in her idea that vengeance is God's and not man's, and that her husband did a nobler act in baring his bosom to a desperado than John did in turning desperado and attacking a fellow-being with a deadly weapon, yet she was somewhat staggered by John's appeal.

John, seeing his advantage, proceeded,

"Why, mamma, don't all the preachers preach war and prove it from the Bible? Are all the preachers wrong? Haven't you a thousand times told me to love and obey the preacher? Because old Parson McNal is a preacher, I think you told me I ought to love and respect him more than I do his daughter Em. And I am sure the old parson would shoot a Northern Methodist as quick as he would a mad dog. In fact, I heard him say after the preacher left his house Saturday afternoon, 'I ought to have mashed the old serpent's head with my walking stick.' Now, what is the difference between a stick and a pistol if one kills the same as another? Aren't women generally right? And about all our Southern women are talking about chivalry and singing war songs. In fact, down about the University, a student is hardly respected by the girls unless he is always talking about killing Yankees and wanting war to come so he can have a good chance to kill on the wholesale. What's the difference between killing men by wholesale and by retail?"

Here John's father, who never permitted his wife to be crowded, said:

"John, your mother is right and you are wrong; but in your present state of mind, and I might say at your present immature age, you have eyes, but cannot see what your mother sees so

clearly. It took her some forty years to go on to the perfection of seeing things as they are, instead of seeing things as an unregenerate heart sees them to be. You have a great deal to learn, my boy. So simply lay up in your memory what your mother says, and if you are honest, which I think you are, you will be led into seeing in the future just as your mother sees now."

Here Mrs. Counsellor, with tears, added:

"Oh, John, I have a thorough conviction that one day you will not only see as I do, but will be able to give a reason for it,—a reason that will confound your war preachers and make ashamed your University girls who paint and powder like Indians in war dress! I know this, I know this, for God somehow tells me so,—tells me that He will lead you into the right by a way that you know not of. If it were not for this assurance, I really could not live. In the mean time, I can only pray for God to protect you,—to keep you from danger; yes, yes, that 'He will give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways and to bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone,'—such stones as your father told me that he spoke to the people about."

Sure enough, in after years, John in his "going through the great regeneration" did come more fully than even his mother into all of the deep things found in the sayings of Christ in his Sermon on the Mount. But this was only when he had been emancipated from the bondage of ecclesiasticism and had been born into the liberty and life of a Christian. Forty years from that time John had occasion to remember his mother's words.

Now, it was just such blusterade as that used by this young sophomore to overcome his mother,—it was just such false reasoning and use of false fire that enabled, a few years afterward, the impetuous politicians of the South to silence the better judgment of the better part of the people and take up the cudgels of vengeance by which they perished; for heaven and earth may pass away, but the principle will never pass away that he that taketh up the sword will by the sword perish. In the South there was as great a difference between those who wanted war and those who opposed it as there was between the hot-headed sophomore and his mother about whom the spheres of the angels were already gathering. The one was fired by the inbreathing of the hell of war, while the other heard the whisperings of the angels in the heavenly home of the Prince of Peace.

If the preachers of that day had been engaged in preaching Christ instead of Mars, John's mother perhaps might have learned from her pastor enough to have answered John and saved him from a good many troubles and bitter experiences in learning what she saw but could not explain. People, like Paul, are often "caught up" into heavens of truth that they are not able to couch in language, yet see plainly themselves.

The fact is, however, that about four-fifths of the preachers of that day, and many at this, would and do side with the young barbarian as against his mother. But the reader will see the outcome of the mother's faith in the history of the years afterward recorded in John's book of life.

John dismissed this part of the subject, as youth is ever prone to do, with a jocular remark to his mother.

"I tell you, mamma, if Em is to be one of the angels that you pray to take charge of me, and I am sort of praying that way myself, then I think that, as the Bible says, there will be even war in Heaven; because Em is getting to be a regular little 'war rebel.'"

To this Mrs. Counsellor replied: "Emily is too good ever to become a painted Indian princess, dancing and shrieking around the camp-fires in the vulgar strides of a war dance."

John replied that she was bound to be warlike if she obeyed her reverend father. To this Mrs. Counsellor said:

"If necessary to keep Emily from falling away from her present gentleness of spirit, the Lord will take her to Heaven."

The subject of John's reception at the parsonage gate then came up by John's saying:

"You know, mamma, what I told you of the rough reception of the Northern Methodist preacher at the parsonage yesterday afternoon. I did not think then, when I was with Em in the parlor, that after the lapse of about twenty-four hours I was to tread pretty closely in the footsteps of the preacher. But there is no telling what this infernal rage about the niggers, and Kansas, and secession, and Northern and Southern Methodists won't do."

"Well, now, John, what in the world took place between you and Emily?" asked his mother.

"Oh, nothing between me and Em. I didn't see her any more than the Northern preacher saw inside the church he wanted to preach in. I met her pap at the gate. In fact, old Brother Mac

halted me a little further off from the house than he did the preacher. He did not let me get nearer than the yard gate, while he let the preacher get up to the porch."

"Pshaw, John, you are surely joking!" replied his mother. "Brother McNal is our pastor, and surely one of our best friends. He has eaten so many times at our table, and he knows how much I think of him; he couldn't possibly treat any of our family except with the greatest kindness. John, the truth is that since you went to the University you are too sensitive, or perhaps I might say too high-strung, which is much worse. You have just taken offense when none was intended."

"Suppose Mr. McNal should say to me as I rode up to his gate, 'Young kid, does your mother know what little dirty work you have been at this afternoon in trying to keep a sneaking abolition preacher from getting his dues? After this, your sort had better ride on by this house and not alight! Good evening.'"

"Oh, John," replied his mother, "if Brother McNal said that, he was just joking, just passing off a little pleasantry. You must learn to avoid evil surmising, or at least have a little of that charity that hopes all things for the best. You must hope, at least, that Brother McNal didn't mean what he said."

"Suppose," replied the son, "that Brother McNal did feel what he said, what difference does it make whether he meant it or not? You say that like produces like; and the way he looked and the way he spoke and the way he acted all went to show that he felt what he said to me, whether he meant it or not. At least, I felt it so keenly that I felt like taking my letter out of the church long enough to give him a genteel cussing. Then I thought of Em, and didn't do anything but pull my freight on down the road. The truth is, mamma, I believe that my religion needs a little mending, for even Em says that I am an Israelite in whom there is a little too much of Yankee guile. I do not think Em meant what she said, so I didn't get mad at her. This shows that I think that Em is better than the preachers. I guess this is on your idea of 'like producing like,' because I think Em likes me a little more than her father, the preacher, does. If religion is love, then I am sure Em and I have a good deal more of a case of it than even the preachers. In truth, the Lord and preachers, the way the preachers are preaching him up, don't cut much ice in my religion. But I am in hopes that some day I will be like you, with love to all and malice to none."

Something like a sob escaped from the boy, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, something tells me that you are too good for this world with its painted priests and whited sepulchres, and even with a son who is not worthy to untie your shoes. Not only this, but something tells me, and I can't get over it, that you would be more at home with the angels than with such preachers as Brother McNal, —yes, be more at home with the angels than with many of your Methodist sisters who are full of war, full of strife, and full of hate against everybody that doesn't believe in the divinity of slavery, as our University president, Shannon, says in his lectures. Why, some of these sisters have quit coming to see you because they say that papa is an old Tom Benton Free Soiler. What that is, I hardly know, but it seems to be an awful crime. Yes, yes, my own dear, dear mamma, I feel that the angels are going to take you to live with them, because the Bible says that all people are gathered together with their kind. Help me to shake off this feeling that you are going away, even if it is to live with the angels!"

Some forty years after this, John had a similar presentiment about another woman who perhaps exerted a greater influence on his life than did even his mother.

In order to shake off the gloom that seemed to be gathering like a musty, cloudy day in December, Mrs. Counsellor said:

"John, go and tell Martha to get some fat chickens and a turkey off of the roost and put them in the coop, and you must go to town to-morrow and tell Brother McNal that I want him and his whole family to come out Thursday and take dinner and spend the day with us. Tell him that we will send the carriage to bring them out and carry them back, unless Sister McNal will bring her knitting and stay over until Sunday."

"I will tell you, mamma," said John, "I think we'd better write all this down in a letter, for fear Brother McNal will not let me get near enough to the parsonage to tell it to him *viva voce*."

"Oh, no, John, a letter looks too formal," said his mother. "If you think best, you can see Brother McNal up town, or as he goes to the post-office every afternoon, you can go to the parsonage while he is out and tell Sister McNal or Emily. I know that is an argument you can't object to."

John, very naturally, did not object to this, and after family prayers all retired with a kind of hurt-in-heart feeling.

Mrs. Counsellor's "weakness of having a heart" was very manifest in her having such great faith in preachers. Perhaps it was because of this common susceptibility that the Christ abolished the whole priesthood scheme and declared that there should be no masters, no fathers, no overbearing rulers in His Church, but that all should be brethren, and the greatest should be the one who did the most work for others. Christ had seen enough of the priests, and saw still more when they incited the cry, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Turn Barabbas loose!"

CHAPTER IV.

SAMPLE OF "FIRST MONDAY" IN BORDER RUFFIANDOM.

The Parsons In Preferred Seats—"The Way To Do a Thing, Is To Do It"—How To Make Kansas a Slave State—The "Voting Industry"—A Kansas Voting Precinct Goes Ten to One For "Good Government" As Viewed on the Border Ruffian Side—A Sample Dispatch From the Front—Reid, Buford, and Others in the Saddle—A Preacher Kills One of the John Brown Boys—General Stringham Praises the President and Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis—Judge Counsellor's Appeal to the War-Painted Preachers—John Sees and "Seals" Things With Em—Em Stands Up for the Counsellors and Looks Up to the Stars.

On Monday afternoon John saddled his horse and went up to town, having as his principal mission to deliver the invitation to the preacher's family to spend a day at his father's house.

As usual on first days of circuit court, the whole country seemed to be in town. Public speaking, instead of court, was the order of the day. Some noted man whose mission was "to fire the Southern heart" was the orator on this occasion. As I now call to mind, he was Senator Emerald, who lived over on the Mississippi River side of the State. Just as John entered the large court-room where the speaking was going on, he saw Mr. McNal and the presiding elder, Prottsley, occupying preferred seats on the speakers' rostrum. This was just what John wanted, as he would have, as he thought, fair sailing at the parsonage for delivering his invitation to dinner. But as he was about to turn to the door to leave, his attention was called to what the speaker, who was urging upon the people the necessity of making Kansas a slave-holding State, was saying. He had just shouted out:

"The way to do a thing is to do it."

And some one just at John's side cried out: "How are you going to do it?"

To which the senator replied: "Organize in every county along the border a company of at least one hundred men. Call them

Minute Men, or Vigilantes, or any other name that implies readiness to do what is to be done. 'The thing to be done is to vote, and, if necessary, to shoot as you vote.'

Here a great hip-hurrah took place, in the confused noise of which there could be heard a shriek in alto:

"Hurrah for Hell!"

Which John thought was strange language to be used in the presence of preachers. The speaker proceeded:

"At each election in Kansas, especially at elections where a constitution is to be voted on, let one of the companies go to each county along the Kansas border and take charge of a precinct voting place, and, under a law that a legislature elected by us boys has made for that special purpose, choose your own election officers, and proceed to vote. Vote early and vote late; and vote often! And be sure to take some City Directory, each taking a different one, so as not to get the same name appearing in the poll books of more than one voting place; for we must be honest and—"

Here everybody laughed outright, including the preachers.

"At the last election a little precinct called Oxford, where there were only one hundred and sixty *bona fide* voters, polled a vote of *sixteen hundred* and sent it up in the 'returns.' Yes, this little Bethlehem of Oxford as our preachers would say turned the election. I merely mention this to encourage the boys to see what profit there is in the 'voting industry.' These preachers here know how one can be made a thousand and two made ten thousand, don't you, brethren?" (pointing to clergymen on the stand, some of whom smiled and others nodded assent).

Here a messenger from "the front," as Kansas was called, entered the room and handed the speaker a message in writing, which he read as follows:

Near Osawatomie, Kan., Aug. 30, 1856.

To Whom It May Concern, Greeting:

The gallant Reid, assisted by Titus, Buford, et al., to-day attacked, sacked, and burned Osawatomie, routing John Brown and getting the scalp of one of his sons. It is thought Bro. Rev. White Martin has the honor of getting young Brown's scalp. Send more recruits, for hell and high water are all about us.

(Signed) SHERIFF JONES.

The reading of this message from the front was received with "prolonged applause," in which some one proposed: "Three cheers

and a tiger for Rev. White Martin, the David that got away with the Philistine Brown Goliah!" which went through with a whoop hurrah.

At the time it was said that Mr. McNal made this David and Goliah motion, but in after years this was denied. It was afterward known that the son of John Brown killed at Osawatomie was Frederick Brown, the one who bitterly remonstrated with his father for killing, on May 27, 1856, the three Doyles, "Dutch Henry," and Allen Wilkinson, who were proslavery settlers on Pottawatomie Creek in Kansas. Seemingly it is ever thus,—the innocent suffering for the guilty.

The distinguished senator closed by declaring that some this side of the river "free silers" needed attention, and by innuendo intimated that a ride on a rail might be good medicine for such people as defenders of "Northern preachers of insurrection," alluding to Judge Counsellor. The senator, somewhat weakened by excess of "toddy" to which he was addicted, now gave way to a florid looking gentleman who was introduced as "General Benjamin Franklin Stringham." The general began by saying:

"I am just from Washington, and can say that the President and his Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, both personally assured me that they were in deep sympathy and would do everything officially that they could to favor our cause in Kansas. Mr. Davis expressed himself as greatly disappointed in the action of Governors Reeder and Shannon, appointees of Pierce. But he says that Shannon will be displaced at once and a man appointed that we proslavery people can rely upon. I will say for the encouragement of our boys that organization and action will give us Kansas. All recollect what effective work was done by a few thousand of us at the election of the territorial legislature known as the Shawnee Mission Legislature. Through this legislature we have disfranchised the John Brownites; through it we got Reeder removed; through it we have established slavery, *de facto* at least, in Kansas. We must be prepared at every election to take charge of as many election precincts in Kansas as will be necessary to preserve what work we have already done. Atchison, Burns, Whitefield, and Sheriff Jones, with such right bowers as Reed, Titus, Buford, Judge Lecompte, Jeff Davis, and others, will do the work to be done if we of Missouri will hold up their hands."

Here a voice inquired: "Tell us how we can hold their hands up."

To this General Stringham replied:

"By going over and taking possession of the promised land, and by voting and shooting as you vote, as Senator Emerald said. I think I can appeal to my preacher brethren here for Bible authority for the shooting of the heathen at least. I don't think that there was much voting done by our old Bible friends; but they were "long" on killing out the heathen. We will be a little more tender than they were. We will content ourselves with going over the River Jordan and voting early and voting late and voting often, as our distinguished senator has told you."

Three cheers and a tiger were proposed for the senator who had said that "the way to do a thing was to do it," but who was now drunk. Then some one announced that news had come that Governor Shannon, who had turned traitor to the proslavery cause, would be coming down the Missouri River soon, and, if necessary as an example, ought to be given a coat of tar and feathers such as the Vigilantes gave lawyer Phillips at Leavenworth a few days ago.

Old Judge Counsellor, having heard of the threats that had been made by the senator, pushed his way through the crowd to the speakers' stand. The old judge had not yet "gone on to" that point of Christian grace that regards carnal weapons as being under all circumstances out of season. Everybody knew him to be "dead game." Besides this, he had a near relative by marriage, Col. R—, of the capital city, who was at his side. Col. R— had, in fact, told him of the threat made by the senator in his speech, and had proposed to go up and see about it. Otherwise, perhaps Judge Counsellor would not have noticed the matter. Col. R— was an old line Kentuckian by blood and reared in Missouri. He was an out-spoken antislavery man, supporting Fremont for President, and was not excelled by old Cass Clay himself in "covering the ground he stood on."

Some of the crowd, seeing Judge Counsellor and Col. R— coming into the court-house yard, concluded that the senator, who was drunk, had better be taken to the hotel, ostensibly for "repairs." For all knew that if he remained there would be something a little more serious than fun and a flurry of feathers.

At the speakers' stand Judge Counsellor was greeted with jeers and hisses by the claquers of "On to Kansas." On the other hand, a rousing cheer went up from all parts of the room mingled with such whoops as:

"Go to 'um, Judge."

"We are here at your back."

Now if there is anything to stir men's blood, such cries will stir it. But Judge Counsellor never let his brain become a "hot box." He was always cool and considerate. (Forty-four years after that day, in Texas, one of his blood descendants who had his ancestor's courage, but not his considerateness, single-handed and unarmed, went into the presence of three armed ruffians who had invaded his editorial sanctum, and in this unequal contest was stabbed to death with a Spanish dagger in the back.)

The Judge opened his speech by saying:

"For a long lifetime, fellow citizens, I have lived among you. I expect to die among you. From what I have heard, it may be that I shall be carried out of here a dead man to the home where my wife is anxious about my return. If so, it is not of my seeking, nor of my shunning. Let it be so, if my God and your God sees the time has come."

Here he asked whether Senator Emerald was present. Being informed that he was not, he calmly remarked:

"I never quarrel with nor make an attack on an absent man."

He then went on to say, among many other things:

"I will say to my countrymen that, if such advice as that given from this stand to-day is followed out, war will result; and in case of war that, within four years after the firing of the first gun, the tramp of what is now called John Brown's legions will be heard in the halls of every Southern capital, and slavery will pass away in a great carnival of blood and fire. I see present neighbors whom I have for years met daily, on their adjoining farms, in their offices, in their work-shops, and in their stores. When the war comes, from every farm, from offices, from shops and stalls many of you will go forth, never to return. Your wives and your children will sit around vacant firesides, will look out of the windows of your houses, will often go to the door looking for your return. Oh, my countrymen, do not let your hearts be fired by inflammatory appeals to your prejudices and your passions. Those prejudices of mind and passions of heart are but the worms that ever grow and never die, the fires that ever rage into outbursting flame."

Turning to some half-dozen preachers who occupied prominent seats on the speakers' stand, and addressing them with uplifted hands and solemn voice, he said:

“O men of the clergy, what is your mission? Is it to give the people a serpent when they call for meat? To give them stones when they call for bread? Is your mission to give to the youths of the land spears instead of pruning-hooks, and swords instead of plowshares? Is it your mission to teach our mothers and our wives and daughters to tune their voices to chants around the altar of Mars? Shall bride-grooms turn from scenting the myrtle and the olive and the orange that linger about brides and bridal chambers to fierce war-horses pawing the earth and with dilated nostrils snuffing the sulphur of battlefields afar off; and when the battle-field is trampled over after battle, to sicken at the stench of the bloated bodies of horse and rider rotting in the dust together?

“Is it your mission to teach our girls to adorn themselves in robes of meekness and gentleness such as become the home as well as the heart of woman, to say nothing of the followers of the Prince of Peace? or to bedeck and bespangle themselves in the bloody colors of the war-gods? Is it your mission, O men of the clergy, to reverse the dial of time, and cause the fathers and mothers of this the nineteenth century to be found, like the Carthaginian barbarians, dedicating their children to Baals of eternal Hate? Or is it your mission to baptize our children into the name and nature of Him who is eternal Love? Is war, with its ‘*Delenda Est*,’ your calling? Or are you to join with the angels in the grand acclaim of ‘Peace on earth and good will to all men?’ Were the clergy of this country united for peace and reasoning together, in place of war and fighting each other, as they seem to be, then would the Prince of Peace overcome Mars in an overwhelming victory of gladness and joy; and the hoarse baying of blood-hounds would be hushed by the soft sounds of a happy husbandry. You, gentlemen of the clergy, decide this question of life and death for your people. Joy be unto you if you decide for what is right! And woe be unto you and your people if you choose what is wrong!”

One of the clergy here essayed to reply, but the usual overwhelming sympathy of the people for the sentiments uttered by the old judge when it had a chance to express itself, so uttered itself against preachers running party politics and whooping up war, that the clerical gentleman soon subsided from his effort to show that the Prince of Peace at times indulged in fire and sword practice as well as in the use of oil and balms of Gilead. As a matter of course, this belated and benighted advocate of fire and sword by Christ

had never, and has not to this date, learned the difference between the "letter that kills and the spirit that makes alive,"—not knowing that the enemies of which Christ spoke, who were to be destroyed root and branch, were spiritual enemies, such as hate, lust, strife, which are to be found in every man's heart or individual household. War by fire and sword is justified by a sensual and materialistic priesthood simply because they do not spiritually discern the Scriptures.

As usual, this first Monday of court speaking ended in the peaceable and the warlike elements getting farther apart. In the mean time John had gone over to the parsonage, where fortunately no one was at home but Em. John delivered his message to her; and after he and Em had agreed, and sealed the agreement as sweethearts often seal their vows, they promised "not to talk politics," and John left for home.

At the supper table Emily delivered the invitation of Mrs. Counsellor for all the family to spend the day at her house. On hearing of this, Brother McNal, who was yet "hot under the collar" from the genteel roasting that Judge Counsellor had given him at the speaking, said:

"We will not go. It will not do to encourage such people as the Counsellors."

Both his wife and daughter exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, don't talk so."

"Oh, papa," said Emily, "you know the Counsellors have always been not only good members of our church, but good friends of us all. How many times have we eaten at their table? How many bushels and bushels of apples have they sent us? How many times have they placed their carriage at our disposal to visit in the country? Oh, what have they not done of the things that people that love each other ought to do? And besides, you know that everybody that knows Mrs. Counsellor knows that she is not only an old-time Virginia lady, but is a sure enough Christian. And yet, because this family don't agree with some of us in politics, you say that we must not countenance them! If we can't countenance them, who can we countenance? Oh, I wish that that old Kansas-Nebraska Bill had never been heard of. I wish that all the negroes were in Africa, or somewhere else."

Here Em jumped up from the table and ran out of the dining-room into the yard, and sitting on the grass looked up to the stars in the heavens. She recalled this time in after years, when she was not looking upward but downward into the horrible pit of war, and sniffing of its deadly, intoxicating fumes to the degree of delirium when she did not have so tender a regard for at least some of the Counsellors as she then had. But Em's madness was not like her goodness of heart, "unto everlasting."

On further consideration Mr. McNal and his wife decided to go to the dinner at the Counsellors.

CHAPTER V.

DINNER AT "PREACHERS' HOME."

The Preacher Comes Late to Dinner—The Coining of a Woman's Heart Blood to Keep Life Current—John Inclined to Take His Letter Out of the Church Temporarily for "Cussin'" Exercises—The Intolerance of a Preacher an Explanation of How Slavery is the Foundation-Stone by Which Freedom is Supported—Bob Toombs' Call of the Roll of Slaves at Bunker Hill is Commended—A Strong Man Staggered in Heart—The Twin Whited Sepulchres.

The day that the preacher's family was to spend at the hospitable home of the Counsellors was one of those lovely Indian Summer days for which September is noted in the Missouri climate. The very sunshine seemed so mellow that it could be plumped like a melon when testing its ripeness. The bees on the ripening fruit, the birds about the trees full of berries, the beasts in the meadows, all reveled in the delight of life. A year from that day Mrs. Counsellor was to leave the earthly and enter the heavenly life, and she was ripening for the change of worlds. God on his part does all things meet and good. But, alas, man often mars the good things ordained of God. This indescribably mellow, sunshiny, Indian Summer day was ordained of God; but some men who sported in its glad light like swimmers on the bosom of a soft-flowing river, might yet darken its luster and muddy its waters.

Early in the morning the family carriage, that would seat the driver and three others, was dispatched to the parsonage. John had a friendly spat with the old family coachman as to who should drive it, which was settled by Mrs. Counsellor, contrary to her old Virginia idea of things, deciding that Sim, the regular driver, should help the cook in cleaning chickens and peeling fruit, and John should do the driving.

Now, John had never been very aristocratically inclined, notwithstanding his mother was a Virginian and his father's ancestors had been governors, senators, and generals in America and noblemen

among the Huguenots in France. John himself, with the honors of the class, had passed through the University, that most dangerous of all places calculated to give ambitious youth the "big head;" and he bade fair to carry off the sweepstake blue-ribbon honor in the ring of all entries. (Which he did, although the youngest of the graduating class.) Yet John was boylike and impetuous. Forty-four years after this his wife called him her "big little boy," and he called his wife "baby." During the days of his college life, in vacations at home he vied with the plantation ox-driver in driving the "four yoke of oxen team," and with the family carriage driver and with all the negro boys of his size in cutting wood, shocking hay, and "cutting up corn," and we might add excelled in all miscellaneous "cutting up" about swimming holes in the creek and coon hunts and similar things. He was in no sense of the word a little Lord Fauntleroy; but a brave and generous-hearted boy. So he was delighted to drive the carriage to town for the preacher's family; not, perhaps, because he felt that his mission was to minister rather than be ministered to; for he could never figure out a balanced statement as to how the account of ministration by and ministration to stood when a sweetheart, or in after days a wife, was a factor in the figuring.

Driving up to the parsonage gate, no one ran out to the gate to meet him, as is usual in Southern home life. This, however, did not cool his ardor of feeling. To the house he went and knocked at the door, which knock was answered by Emily, who invited him in, telling him that her father was up town and would be back directly. This at first did not displease John, as he was enjoying the company of about all of the family that he cared much about. But when ten o'clock came and then eleven, and yet Brother McNal had not come, he began to think of his mother's dinner and how she never wanted people to come merely to take dinner, but to bring their knitting and have a long good old fireside talk. These thoughts made John a little nervous. Besides, Sister McNal had as yet failed to come into the room where he was. It was evident that there was some concert of action to go as late and leave as early as possible. About half-past eleven Mr. McNal sauntered leisurely in at the front gate, and came into the parlor where Em and John were sitting, making some inconsequent remark that grated harshly on John's feelings, so much so that he afterward told his father that he felt inclined "to cuss the old scoundrel out, for that is all he is."

It must be called to mind that we are not writing romance, but actual history. Were this not the case, we might perhaps paint our hero as a Puritan or other species of prim Presbyterian precisionist. But it is better that real history be written, for the reason that any who may desire to start the life of regeneration may not be discouraged by not being perfect at the initial step of the new life; but may rather be encouraged by finding a person who is "standing afar off" from places in the temple where the Pharisees play their phylacteried parts. As this history progresses, we shall find our hero progressing with it, and consequently find all "cuss" words give way to words of blessing; because, in the coming out from Babylon and the entering into the city of the "Second Coming," it will be found that other "old things" of a deeper nature than mere "cuss" words will give way to all "new things" in response to the trumpet sound of Him "that sat upon the throne saying, Behold, I make all things new."

Some little time had to be given to Mrs. McNal for "primping," so that it was nearly one o'clock when they arrived at the home of the Counsellors. Mrs. Counsellor, who for years had not been strong, was visibly weakened. Nevertheless she went out to the yard gate to greet the visitors. Whilst she was affirmatively cordial, the preacher and his wife were correspondingly negatively cool. Emily seemed embarrassed, and when Mrs. Counsellor took her hands and kissed her she burst into tears. Mrs. Counsellor, divining the reason of the tender-hearted girl's distress, passed it by without notice and pressed all to go into the house.

Now, Judge Counsellor, who hated all pretense and flummery, and actually believed that Brother McNal would be relieved in not finding him at home, when twelve o'clock came had his horse saddled and rode over to one of his farms, having explained to and satisfied his wife that this was best, as he did not wish to hurt the feelings of any one, let alone those of a minister, at his own house. He could not see his wife imposed upon, and he perceived that her hospitality had been slighted, and to tell the truth he had about the same feelings as those uttered by John. Only he never expressed his feelings to John or to any one except his wife. The absence of her husband in connection with the coolness of her minister affected Mrs. Counsellor greatly. Still she bore up bravely. A really good woman, with her heart breaking, can avoid even the appearance of "hurt or hurting feelings" at her own home in the

presence of guests. The strain, however, costs her at times the expenditure of an exorbitant waste of strength.

The conversation dragged along. Not even up to the dinner table did any one speak of the absence of the Judge. Mrs. Counsellor said nothing, for she could never prevaricate, and did not have the tact to mention the matter without danger of telling the truth about it. John, perhaps thinking that his father would be on hand at dinner, said nothing. But when all had been seated around the table, and the father's chair remained vacant, John asked, not his mother, but the waiter:

"Where is papa, Sim?"

Sim understood the situation, and with a naiveness that will never be noticed by the recording angel, replied:

"Ole Marse was awfully sorry 'cause he couldn't be here to dinner; but he was compelled to go over to the bottom farm, or somebody or somethin' would greatly suffer he said. He looked like he was sufferin' some way. I fear he done got sick down at that ar bottom farm."

Sim did not mention the "who or what" that caused the suffering. Perhaps he did not know and was thus kept from telling a lie, and relieved John and his mother.

Brother McNal, expressed no regrets at the absence of the host, but seemed to be somewhat, as a Texan says, "hoped up," and cheered by Mrs. Counsellor's good coffee he began to be a little more communicative. Up to that time he complained of a "sick headache," and all that his wife or any one else got out of him was by the "corkscrew" process. But hearing that Judge Counsellor would not be on hand to dinner and perhaps helped by the coffee, he said to Mrs. Counsellor:

"Sister Counsellor, I greatly regret, as your pastor, that your husband and son are identifying themselves with elements that are hostile to our church interests."

"Oh, Brother McNal," she replied, "you men seem to me to be perfect children. You never seem to differ about anything without getting a little bit disturbed. I think that you and my husband both mean well, and that one day you will see things alike. Even the best of people cannot see everything alike at all times, can they, Sister McNal?"

"Oh, I suppose not," assented Mrs. McNal.

After a little silence Mr. McNal said to John:

"When do you start for the University, or are you going again?"

"Yes. I start about the 15th of this month," John replied.

"I heard it reported that you were not going any more on account of President Shannon's lectures proving the "divinity of slavery from a Bible standpoint."

Here Mrs. Counsellor, knowing John's impetuous nature, and his weakness for speaking his mind, hastily interposed and said:

"Oh, Brother McNal, we teach John to let anybody have his own opinion in politics; and we always convince him that our argument is right by appealing to him to say whether or not he does not like to have *his own* opinion."

"Well, well," replied the preacher, "as a general thing it is true that each must have his own opinion; but there are things and times when a difference of opinion cannot be tolerated. And I think that in these times of abolition agitation, no man in the South should be permitted to entertain, let alone express, an opinion that is not in keeping with Alexander Stephens' idea that Cotton is King and that slavery is the arch stone of liberty."

"Please explain to me how it can be proved that slavery is the arch stone of liberty," requested John.

"Oh, this can be very easily explained," said the preacher. "Why, you see that a man who owns another man is proud and can never be made a slave himself, and not being a slave, he is free. This is the logic of the case."

John was about to "put in" something about such logic, when his mother, desiring to turn the discussion into fields such as a preacher and his flock may "go in and out" of and find pasture, said:

"Wait a minute, John, there is a question that I want to ask Brother McNal's opinion on, and for fear I forget it, I will do so right now. Can you be interrupted, John, for about a minute to give me time to inquire about a matter that you and I have both discussed, and about which I want our pastor's opinion?"

"Do you allude to what is my opinion about the Kansas-Nebraska Bill?" asked Mr. McNal.

"Oh, no," she replied.

"Perhaps you want my opinion on the disputed point as to whether a negro is a monkey or a man; or, in other words, whether he has any soul?" asked the preacher.

"Oh, I never heard of such a thing being disputed and had never thought of it. I know that our old black mammy, who has

taken care of John and loves him as well as I do, is not a monkey; she seems to have a big soul, and—"

The preacher interrupted:

"What is it, then, that you want to know of? The uppermost thing that I can think of concerns the future of our beloved church. If we of the South succeed, our church is bound to be the leading church, if not to all intents and purposes the State Church. I think that such is bound to be the case. Hence my zeal for the success of slavery in Kansas and for the election of old Buck and Breck over Fremont, for the overthrow of Tom Benton and for getting slavery recognized as a constitutional institution, which the Constitution establishes wherever that Magna Charta of American liberty goes. I think Bob Toombs was right when he said in the Senate that the day would come when the slave owner would call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill. I think that it will be not only extended into Kansas, but all over the earth. It is a divine blessing for the negroes to be taken care of."

Here Mrs. McNal asked Mrs. Counsellor if what he was talking of was what she wanted to inquire about.

"No, not exactly; but let Brother McNal go on, and when he gets through I will ask him about something that has been on my mind greatly here of late and I can't shake it off. Now, go on, Brother McNal."

"I'm about through," said the preacher. "What more can I say except to repeat the statesmanlike sentiments of such men as old Bob Toombs and express the broad and liberal wish that slavery may be extended all over the earth, so as to give the white man a heaven-granted opportunity of civilizing the black man; because no man can deny that this is the logical effect of the divine institution of slavery."

Here the preacher said that he didn't have long to stay after dinner was over,—that, in fact, he had an appointment with a "committee of safety" at two o'clock, and it was nearly that now. Mrs. Counsellor said:

"I greatly regret that you have to go so soon, because there is a thing that has pestered me, and I do so greatly need your advice." And so as not to permit her pastor to go off again into politics she continued:

"Brother McNal, do you believe that people ever have any premonitions of coming death? At times I feel an unearthly peace,

and seem to be asleep and to hear a voice, a tender voice, saying, 'The Lord is going to take you from the evil to come.' To confirm this, not long ago, even John broke out with, 'Oh, mamma, something tells me that you are going away from us!' Now, what do you think about this, Brother McNal?"

The preacher pulled out his watch and said that he hadn't thought much about such things of late, and that it was about time that he must go, when, all rising from the table, they went into the family sitting-room, where they found Em lying on a sofa indisposed. Mr. McNal called for the carriage, which was ready at the gate in charge of Sim, as John had not again volunteered to take Sim's place. Soon all were in the carriage, in which Mrs. Counsellor had placed two big cakes, a canvased ham, a couple of chickens already cooked, and a big pone of light bread, saying it would save Sister McNal getting supper. Good-byes were said, said forever so far as Mrs. Counsellor and her pastor were concerned, for this was the last preacher's dinner at the old-time "preachers' home" ever given by Mrs. Counsellor. Soon after she became ill, and the fingers that had been busy all her life for her family, white and black, and for her neighbors, lost their wonted aptness and she succumbed to a lingering disease.

Late in the afternoon the Judge returned looking weary. John, as was his custom, met him at the gate and told him of the day's doings, and in describing the waiting at the parsonage used rather uncomely language. The father felt the failure of his wife also to meet him at the gate, which she did when her health permitted. Without making any reply to John's remarks, he walked languidly into the house and catching sight of his wife's face saw, as he had never seen before, an expression that also convinced him that she would not long be with him on earth. This so struck him that he staggered like a drunken man to where his wife sat, and said:

"Oh, my sweetheart, would to God that I could pour my life's blood into your veins and make you stronger!"

They both avoided any allusion to the visitors. Judge Counsellor said that as soon as John got off to the University, he would take his wife on a trip for her health, but she took no trip until she made her final visit to the angels.

The reader must not suppose that all the preachers in Missouri were of the kind that the Rev. Mr. McNal is proving himself to be. Far from it. There were yet left many ministers who had not bowed the knee to Baal or worshiped at the shrine of Mars. -

Yes, there were ministers of true Gospel peace and good will to men, such as the Godbeys, the Vandeventers, the Pritchetts, and the then young, but now venerable and most Christian spirited of old-time Virginia types of men, Marshall McIlhany. And many of what were called "local" preachers kept the grace of the Prince of Peace as against the disgrace attached to worshipers of war.

Nearly all of the "regulars," that is, all who were high up in priestly orders, such as bishops and elders, fell down and worshiped Mars and offered their costliest sacrifices on his bloody altars, and with exceeding pain it must be confessed that there was a large number of just such "ministers" as we find in our Brother McNal. The writer, when the "Northern Methodists" got in the saddle in Missouri, found many McNals among them; perhaps a larger per cent than he found among the Southern Methodists. Of this, however, hereafter. We are giving things as they actually were, not for any pleasure, but for the purpose of showing what forces were brought to bear on John Counsellor in his evolution from churchism to genuine Christianity, from priestcraft to Christ. John not only went up against church preachers, but attorneys-at-law, many of whom he found to be as veritable whited sepulchres as ever held within them the bones of dead men.

What a shocking travesty on the proper service of Christ's disciples was the ministration of Minister McNal as evidenced at the home of one of his soon to be sainted parishioners. The wonder how Christianity can survive in the hands of some of its ministers is only equaled by the marvel why the judgments of the courts of law are not held in universal contempt on account of the awful prostitution of justice by its own administrators.

The mother of the Counsellors, in one generation hastened to the grave by the preachers, and a wife of the next generation driven to death by the "officers of the law," when both mother and wife were worthy to walk with angels, are things to stimulate any honest man at least to eschew the greatest of evils if he do not cleave to the greatest of good.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN'S MUSEUM OF MEMENTOES. A SAMPLE SCENE ON A MISSOURI RIVER STEAMBOAT.

John Leaves Home for the Junior Year at the University—He and “Ben” Collect a Museum of Mementoes—The Last “Going Out to the Gate” of John’s Mother—The Last Parting of John and “Ben” at the Steamboat Landing—The Construction Placed on “Squatter Sovereignty” by Some—“Layin’ Low and Sayin’ Nuffin’” a Safe Practice on a Missouri River Steamboat Back in the Fifties—A Sample Act of Ruffianism on the El Paso—The Captain a Fearful Failure—A Seemingly Righteous Retribution Overtakes Both Boat and Captain—The Angels Still in Charge of John.

The time for John’s return to the University had come. Before leaving home he visited each field on the place where he had so often worked and found work a pleasure. He visited the different spots where he had been in the habit of “going in a swimming.” He visited the great orchard where he and the “pecker wood” birds had contended for the earliest ripe apples. He went up the lane, and down the road, and walked about the woodland pastures; and from all of these places he got something to remind him of them when he was far away from home. Whenever, in the madding crowd at the University, he got lonesome, he would go to his room, or out into the woods, and open up his museum of mementoes and live over again the scenes that each “specimen” would suggest; and it may safely be said that no great warrior in reviewing his laurels, or statesman meditating on his achievements, ever had greater leaps of heart than did John in revisiting through these simple treasures the places, persons, and things in and about the home of his boyhood.

His father said, in bidding him farewell:

“My son, always have the courage of your convictions.”

The faithful following of this advice, in after years, caused John to give up, spiritually, father and mother and brothers and sisters.

"Oh, my boy, my boy," wept his mother, with her arms entwined about his neck, "I feel, yes, I know that God will give his angels charge over you and keep you in all your ways. Good-bye, good-bye. If we should never meet on earth, be sure to meet me in Heaven."

She kissed him again and again. John, fearing to miss the boat that was due at ten o'clock, said to the driver:

"Move ahead, Ben!"

His mother lingered until the carriage disappeared down the road, then leaning heavily on "papa's" arm she went from the gate where she was never again to welcome her son at his home-coming.

A negro boy named Ben, about John's age, drove the carriage. John and Ben were companions such as were often to be found in the old-time Southern homes. For years and years they had hunted, fished, swam, sung, danced, worked, and played side by side. This sort of companionship exhibited itself in John's refusing to sit back in the carriage out of the sun. He shared the driver's seat, and little did either think that this would be their last "side by side" ride on earth.

The "El Paso," a popular passenger packet, was at the river landing loading hemp, bacon, and tobacco, when John and Ben arrived. John had his trunk taken on board, but remained with Ben until the last moment. When the boat's bell warned all to "get aboard," he took Ben's hand and said:

"Good-bye, old boy," and feeling something he had never felt before he did something that he had never done before, but which, when certain news came to him one winter day at the University, he was glad he had done. He put his arm around Ben and kissed him on the forehead! Then he hastened to the gang plank as it was being pulled in by the deck hands of the boat.

This little affair was seen by the great crowd of passengers on the boat, who hurrahed; and the incident eventually led to something which we will now relate as actual steamboat history on the Missouri River in the days of the "Border Ruffians."

The Missouri River at that time was a dangerous line of travel, but not because the boats were badly built, or that the river was full of snags and sand bars. The boats were floating palaces, always filled with beauty and chivalry. Somehow, beauty is more beautiful on a boat on the water, and chivalry is generally more chivalrous, although this latter failed to be the case in a certain transaction

that took place on this particular passenger packet. The danger line at this time was such as existed everywhere, such as invaded Congressional halls and caused brutal attacks by young Representative athletes on cultured men of the Senate who refused to bow down to the proslavery Baal, the Kansas-Nebraska issue.

With slavery going up against freedom and freedom going down against slavery—for freedom, like God, goes down to meet things,—in no place was this “going against” each other more marked than on the Missouri River steamboats at this time of the nation’s drunken staggering. In fact, every man who did not believe in Douglas’s Squatter Sovereignty panacea for all our national ills and woes, and who did not further put a construction on this “Squatter Sovereign” balm to the effect that the people of Missouri under the Missouri senator, Atchison, and the people of Florida, under the Florida colonel, Titus; and the people of South Carolina under the South Carolina major, Buford, aliens to Kansas, had the right to march into Kansas on Sunday evening and on Monday morning to vote, not only for the location of county seats, not only for representatives to represent Kansas in Congress, not only for a legislature to legislate for Kansas, but actually to vote for and elect members of constitutional conventions to make permanent constitutions for Kansas; and having done this voting, to return on Tuesday to receive in Missouri plaudits as good and faithful squatter sovereigns;—no man who did not put this construction on the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty was safe on the Missouri River from 1854 to 1861, unless like the rabbit “he lay low and said nuffin’.” Often he was, forced to squeal, however much he desired to “lay low and say nuffin’.”

Even territorial governors appointed by Franklin Pierce and approved by his secretary of war, Jefferson Davis, had a hard time on the Missouri River when they failed to do all the dirty work expected of them in Kansas. One of these fleeing governors, Shannon, was then on the El Paso. About a year before, another of Pierce’s governors, Reeder, had gone down the river in disguise as a deck hand for fear some of the Missouri Squatter Sovereigns would tar and feather him because he did not put the Missouri and South Carolina construction on the Squatter Sovereign doctrine. Reeder objected to Missouri voting in Kansas, and he had, in the language of that day, “to git up and git.”

At this very landing where John got on the boat, another governor (Robinson) of Kansas, elected by the people, and his sick wife were arrested and taken off the boat, sent back to Kansas and held prisoners for four months by the regulators. If such things be done in green trees, what might not be expected in dry ones such as Northern preachers and John Brownites generally?

The boat was crowded with passengers. The beauty and chivalry of such counties as Saline, Lafayette, Jackson, Ray, Clay, and Platte were there, with here and there a bird of prey known as a river gambler. The great majority of the passengers were the *creme de la creme* of the border ruffian counties,—girls and boys on their way to college,—the boys going to the University or Westminster, and the girls to the Christian Church School or the Baptist College at Columbia. These counties were, in public thought, the heart of the border ruffian region of outlaws—the home of the Jesse Jameses, the Bill Andersons, the Jackmans, and of guerrillas generally. Notwithstanding that the majority of the people were of the law-and-order school, there was a turbulent element that made it unsafe for such as pronounced cow, “ke-ow,” and Isaiah, “I-zi-ah.” A minority of the population did not gag at stuffing a ballot-box in Kansas, or shed many tears at the tarring and feathering of Northern preachers.

There went on dancing and card-playing and drinking juleps and talking politics pretty much on one side; for very little liberty of speech was tolerated unless it was of a sort of “jug handle” variety,—all on one side, and that side for making Kansas a slave-holding State.

Owing to this one-sidedness of things, but few incidents occurred worthy of note. Among the beautiful girls aboard was one from Platte County with whom John had a little more than a mere speaking acquaintance. Her father, as one of John’s University friends described such things, “had the scads and a pasture full of mare mules;” and withal, it might be said, had a most lovely daughter in Miss Annie, whose acquaintance John had formed some years before at the governor’s reception at the State capital when his father was governor.

After night, when the stars were shining overhead and the moon upon the surface of the great river made it look like a sheen of silver stretching before the bow of the boat, the voice of revelers was heard below in the cabin, the lonely cry of the whippoorwill

came from the wooded hills bordering the river, mingling with the sound of the splash of the wheels and the puff of the steam escape pipes. The majestic boat moved along like a great thing of life. The old river seemed as of yore, yet it had become almost a veritable river of blood and violence. John, in his thoughts of home, and mother and father, and—well—of Emily, sat in deep meditation upon the hurricane roof, when the Platte County girl on the arm of a gallant came by and said:

"Is that you, Mr. John? You seem lonesome since you left the dusky companion whom you kissed this morning when you got out of the carriage to come on the boat."

Now, John knew that the lovely girl had a Southern heart in her bosom, like his own, and would have done the same thing to her mulatto maid, Lucile, had she thought, in parting from her, that she would never see her again, as it had suddenly come to John about Ben. Hence he did not take the remark as one of pique, though perhaps so intended. He rose to his feet, shook hands with the "Belle of Platte" and unconsciously holding on to her hand, said:

"I think, Miss Annie, that with your big Southern heart you can appreciate the feelings of mine. Even all the world loves a lover. Now, then, if I seemed to love the African lad whom I embraced because we had played together at many a Bingen not on the Rhine, but on the old home farm, now then, if I had a heart big enough to love and embrace a dusky lad without comeliness of feature, what wouldn't my heart do if it once began to pour out its wealth of love to a sweet, lovely, and loving girl? What would be the joy of such love! It would baptize its recipient with love, or with what mamma calls a "baptism of fire," which means an all-over immersion in love."

The young girl, instead of carrying out her "pique," as was usual with many Southern proslavery ladies of the day, deeply blushed and said:

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. John."

In after years, when John was in religious controversy with the scribes and pharisees of the church, the doctrine of love, or charity, which overcometh all things, yet vaunteth not itself, stood him much in hand.

"I envy whoever may be your sweetheart, Mr. John. Good-night," said Miss Annie, and went on her way capturing all hearts that were not preoccupied.

John believed in the love of one for one, and was always loyal to his one sweetheart, absent or present, but through his one sweetheart worshiped all womankind.

Things on the Missouri River at that time were abrupt. Hence our history requires an abrupt change from sentiment to brutality. Further down the river and some miles above where John Counsellor was to get off the boat, to go out to Columbia where the University was situated, the following affair, typical of those days on the Missouri River, took place:

Young Counsellor was seated on the cabin deck with his feet on the boat railing, viewing the scenery gliding swiftly by, when a well-dressed and more than ordinarily cultured looking old gentleman, coming out from breakfast, took a seat along side of him and remarked:

"I saw you yesterday when you got out of your carriage. I was quite struck at your kissing the colored boy. Was he a slave?"

To this John replied:

"Well, yes, as slaves generally go in that section of Missouri."

"What do you mean," said the stranger, "by 'as slaves generally go in that section?' Is not that in what is called the Border Ruffian section of Missouri?"

His inquiry, "Isn't that in the Border Ruffian section?" seemed to have an air of surprise that a colored boy would get such treatment from his master in that section.

There was sitting near a man whom John knew personally to be a pretty tough regulator from Jackson County, where the toughest of the toughs then dominated. This particular man went by the name of Jim Crow—somebody.

John replied to the stranger that most slave-holders in that section had slaves more as an ornament than as a means of money making,—that his father had to support his negroes in part from his professional fees,—that most of them cost more than they came to,—that some had inherited negroes and some had got them by marriage; and told him that the "colored boy" was one of his father's negroes that was of the same age as himself, and that, living in the country, the boy had been a real comrade to him and he was greatly attached to him; and that, while he was not in the habit of kissing the "colored brother," that he did so on this occasion from a sudden impulse which sprang from an indescribable feeling that he would never see the boy again on earth. This seemed

to satisfy the stranger. John then, unfortunately, told his name and where he lived, and, as a matter of course for mere politeness' sake (and the stranger was a gentleman or he belied his looks), the stranger was compelled to tell his name and place of residence.

"My name is Rev. ——" (I now forget the name), said he; "I live in Massachusetts and have been West on some land business."

The regulator sitting near, on hearing the "Rev." mixed up with a residence in Massachusetts, seemed to become obsessed of a devil of some kind, and said in a loud and boisterous manner, so as to attract attention from all around.

"Reverend H—l, from Lawrence, Massachusetts, out West on land business! I'll bet you the treats to the crowd that you are a d—n abolitionist out here looking for a chance to steal niggers."

This raised a great hurrah from the by-standers, who, snuffing a fracas, began to gather around, some crying out, "Go to him, Jim Crow!" and others, "If that fellow is from Lawrence, he ought to be hung."

Now, nobody had said anything about Lawrence except the regulator; but one remark brought on another until one would have imagined, from the remarks, that the stranger had made a red-hot stump speech, and had declared himself an "advance agent of an underground railroad," an "abolitionist," a son of John Brown, or old John, or the devil himself; and that he was in favor of insurrection, murder, burning, and prizing up hell generally. Yet he had not said a word except what he had said to John. The crowd put words in his mouth and charged him with using them. By this means many of the passengers who had not heard the beginning, really believed that he had used the words that the crowd repeated. Perhaps a hundred men were jammed around. Knowing how such things generally ended, John called for Captain Dix. But Dix was a hard egg himself and did not put in an appearance, as in all duty as captain he was bound to do. John, seeing this, endeavored to pacify the crowd, and said:

"If any man is to be hurt, let it be me, for I'm the be-hoy that kissed the negro."

Here the regulator, who, in fact, by marriage was some kin to John, said:

"We aren't making war on boys. Get out of the way and I'll give the d—n Massachusetts nigger-stealer a dose of Border

Ruffianism that will last him all the way from hell to breakfast."

He then seized the stranger by the hair, and, being a powerful man, gave him a jerk, a blow in the face and a kick simultaneously, and landed him between the guards around the steamboat chimney and against the hot chimney itself in a space about large enough to hold the body of a man. Here with the chimney scorching his clothes, prostrate, flat on his back, the regulator stamped him and beat his face into a jelly, the crowd in the mean time yelling and cursing in such words as,

"Give him hell!"

"Go to him, Jim Crow!"

John had been pulled and pushed away from the crowd into the cabin by a couple of fellow students who knew him and knew the danger he was in in standing up for the stranger.

This brutal act was the feather that for once and all determined John that if war came, notwithstanding he and all of his kindred, without one single exception, were Southern born and bred and lived in the South among negroes, he would not go into the war. This was the turning point also in the career of the two students who pulled John out of the mob. Youth is impressible.

And now the strangest part of this historical relation is yet to tell. It is not so strange that men in the heat of such contests as that which shook the political heavens and earth along the Missouri River from 1854 to 1861, should do a great many brutal things; but in this case a steamboat captain in full charge of a boat permitted this horrible brutality to be perpetrated on one of his passengers and made no effort to prevent it, and then he ordered the pilot to round the boat up against the bank in a wild tangled wilderness, and, instead of putting off the assaulting party, he cast off the stranger, wounded and bleeding, and pitched his trunk after him. The trunk broke open, and the contents, which perhaps a loving wife had lovingly packed, were scattered here and there. All this made John feel, although he was always inclined to hope, at least, for universal salvation that, if there is not a hell, there ought to be one for such steamboat captains! He then and there said outright that the "d—n boat ought to burn and the captain with it."

And sure enough, within a few moons from that night, John read in the Missouri Republican an account of the burning at the wharf at St. Louis of the steamboat El Paso, and that "Captain Dix" was burned with his boat."

John thought of his imprecation, and asked God to forgive him and grant that Captain Dix have no more of hell than what had overtaken him in the burning up with his boat. He then thought of the stranger, mangled and bleeding, put ashore in the wilderness wayside place, and prayed to God that he might again meet with him, if not on earth, then in Heaven, so that he might make him a profound apology and ask his forgiveness for not getting off of the El Paso and remaining with him in the wild Missouri woods. Even at this early stage of his regeneration John saw that such action would have been more creditable, or at least more Christian, than his boyish performance of wishing for more of hell to the captain and his boat; for he thought that what he had seen on the El Paso was enough to satisfy any normal hunger for hellish things. Yet he had prayed for more of it!

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN'S JUNIOR YEAR AT STATE UNIVERSITY.

The "Idiocy" of the President—The Death of Ben and What Came Of It With John—"Kentucky"—Mary Ann, or the Girl That Kneled At Church—How "The Second Coming of Christ" is Effectèd—The Rolinses As a Type of Southern Character—The Radical Difference Between a "Southerner" Proper and a "Proslavery" Propagandist.

During the years just preceding the Civil War the State University was red-hot with dispute and debate about the Kansas question, about slavery, about "cotton as king," about the Wilmot proviso, about the right of secession, about the Dred Scott decision, about the glories of prospective war, about one "white man" whipping ten Yankees, and in fact, about every particular lamb, ram, dam, sheep, and mutton of the political breed. Especially at all times and in all places was there discussion and dispute about slavery, about its divinity, its necessity in order to preserve freedom, its unconquerableness, and its glories and prospective sway that would extend from everywhere to everywhere.

Students were gathered there, not only from all over Missouri, but from over the whole West and many of the Gulf States. Two great Female Colleges also gathered from far and wide the daughters of the South and West in close communion with their brothers. It is true that a student from Illinois was killed in the porchway of the University building, but this was not about politics. Why there were not continual killings going on, it is hard to say other than that one of the great virtues of a University life is to make men cosmopolitan and charitable of each other's views. The President of the University during the vacations of these years spent his time in "stumping the State," delivering addresses, lectures, and harangues, proclaiming and endeavoring to prove that "slavery is a divine institution" because it is here and there mentioned in the Bible. By the same kind of proof this eminent preacher might

have proved that polygamy is a divine institution, and cited Solomon with his multitude of wives as proof from holy writ.

There were occasional rows among the students, of not a very serious kind. John, soon after his arrival, had a little "bout" with a long-haired student from Kentucky. When Missouri and Kentucky meet on opposite sides of the fence the fence generally has to take care of itself. The Kentucky student was an ardent believer in and able advocate of the extension of slavery. While personally he and John were friends, politically they were antipodal. "Kentucky," for sometimes students were called after the State or county they came from,—"Kentucky" got word of the episode of John and dusky Ben. John had just heard of the death of poor Ben, and had a message from him in a letter from his mother: "Poor Ben died yesterday. For some days before he was delirious, and imagined that he was hunting or swimming with you. He often spoke out, using such expressions as, 'Oh, Marse John, I know where some apples are ripe. Let's go and get 'em;' 'Let's go and hunt up the cows;' 'Oh, Marse John, what will I do when you go away?' 'Saturday evenin' won't be Saturday evenin' when you ain't here.' Just before he died he was in his right mind, and as I stood at his bedside the last thing he said was, 'Old missus, God bless you. Teli John that I have left him my bow and arrow and the little red rooster that he gave me. That's all I have, or I would leave him more. Tell him not to forget me, for I am one of his best friends.' Here he shook hands with us all and went to sleep and passed into the other life."

After receiving this letter John went to his room and opened his "museum of mementoes." Ben had helped him gather these. Each called to mind some incident. When John came to the "twig," he remembered that when Ben plucked it for him from a sugar tree from which they had made much maple sugar, he said as he handed it to him:

"Here, Marse John, I'm in hopes that things will always be kind ov sweet in your life like this 'ere sugar tree is."

These things filled John's heart with sad and tender memories and his tears would not be repressed. After an effort to compose himself, he started out for a walk in the woods. Just as he reached the gate of his boarding-house yard he met a crowd of students who, seemingly, were out on "a lark." Among these was "Kentucky," who was "drinking" a little.

"Here's Counsellor," said Kentucky, somewhat boisterously. "He is the chap that kissed the nigger. Let's kangaroo him. And if we had the object of his tender affection here, we'd split his black hide with a blacksnake whip. What shall we do with his young master?"

His impetuous nature urging a fiery rejoinder, John said to the roisterer:

"See here, my friend, you may not know the relations existing between the boy, Ben, and myself, and therefore your ungentlemanly language may be excusable. But if you did know how Ben and I stood with each other and then talk as you do, you'd be a d—n unmannerly boor! Whichever way it may be, you know that you are not living in a kind of house that will justify you in casting any kind of stones at me about negroes."

"What do you mean by what you say, Counsellor?" said Kentucky, in a violent manner.

"I mean," replied John, "the thing which you know to be true, and many others know to be true, that you have been more intimate than merely to give a kiss on the forehead with at least four or five lewd negro wenches here in this town. You know that your intimacy with one in particular, cost you nearly one hundred dollars in order to get rid of the effects of it. Dr. Lee will testify to this. My action toward the boy was from a genuine and legitimate affection, and was spasmodic and merely sporadic. Your conduct has become a chronic business, and springs from diabolical and shameful lust. Now that's what I mean, and if you don't like it, you can lump it."

"Come, boys," said one of Kentucky's crowd, "this won't do."

The student who made this remark was a particular friend of John's, and was a stalwart, double-fisted, good-humored fellow who might be called a "peacemaker." He said to Kentucky:

"Kentuck, you've got the worst of it, just like every fellow that gets drunk ought to get. Now let's have no more of this. You owe Counsellor an apology, and when you get sober, if you don't make it, then you can cut my acquaintance." And speaking to the crowd, he said:

"What do you say, boys, to this?"

"Say to what?" blubbered Kentuck.

"Why," said the peacemaker, "that you are drunk and that you've got the bag to hold; and when you get sober, that you must make an apology to Counsellor. Now you know that University

students must not only be, but must act the gentlemen. No boy that's not a gentleman can stay here long."

Here another boy said,

"I move that what Peacemaker says be voted unanimously as being the sentiment of this crowd."

The motion was put and carried unanimously, and Peacemaker and the mover of the motion took "Kentuck" one by each arm, and the squad moved on.

John went to the woods, where he simply sat down and cried like a child. Next day "Kentucky" sent him an apology in writing, to which John replied, also in writing, explaining how it was that he had embraced the dusky Ben and how, when "Kentucky" talked of splitting Ben's black hide with a whip, that he had just heard of Ben's death and his heart was hot. He regretted the whole matter between him and "Kentucky," and wound up by saying that he would rather be killed than unnecessarily wound even any one's feelings. So the big "Peacemaker" proved one of the angels that John's mother had prayed might keep charge over her son to keep his foot from dashing against a stone. "Kentucky" was known to be a "hard nut" and was really a desperate fellow. He became a "bushwhacker" and ran with Bill Anderson and Quantrell during the war. A fellow student reported to John many years afterward that the last he had ever seen of "Kentucky" was on the fatal morning of August 21, 1863, when he saw "Kentucky" shoot down a preacher at the Lawrence massacre. The preacher refused to help him put a bag of gold on his mule that he had taken from a bank. He has long since disappeared among the *debris* of the Civil War.

During this session of the University John got acquainted with a newspaper editor known as Dr. P. In many respects Dr. P. was neither a Moses nor a Solomon—being editor of a proslavery Democratic paper—yet he had some bright ideas, especially about theology. It was he that first planted in John's mind the central truth of all Christianity, without which the whole structure of Christianity is like a body without a head—a something without a beginning or an ending. One Friday evening this newspaper man, as a reporter for his paper, visited a session of the Athenian Society, a literary organization connected with the University, of which John was a member. Seeing from the part which John took in the debate that he had a head of his own and thought for himself, and had but little respect

for mere traditions that were not in keeping with the original landmarks of the commandments, Dr. P. next Sunday at Sunday-school handed him a neatly printed religious journal which had as a motto flying at the head of its columns, the prophetic declaration, "Behold, I make all things new." In this journal, the good newspaper man had marked the following:

SCRIPTURAL PROPOSITION.

1st. That there is but one God.

See Deut. iv. 35, iv. 39, xxii. 39; 2 Kings xix. 15, 19; Psalm lxxxvi. 9, lxxxvii. 10; Isaiah xlii. 8, xliii. 10, xliv. 6, xlv. 8, xlv. 5, 6, 14, 18, 21, 22, xlv. 9; 1 Cor. viii. 4, 6; Mark xii. 29; Mark xii. 32. The "Holy One" so often found in Scripture means that there is but "one" God.

2d. That the Lord Jesus Christ is this one only God.

See Isa. ix. 6; Matt. i. 23; John i. 17, i. 14, xx. 28; Jude v. 25; Col. ii. 9; Rev. i. 8; 1 Tim. iv. 16; Acts xvii. 23; Rev. xxi. 3; Heb. i. 8; 2 Sam. xxii. 32; 2 Chron. ii. 5; Psalm xxxvi. 9; Isa. xxv. 19, xl. 3. In fact, all things predicated in "the law," in "the prophets," and in "the Psalms" are predicated of the Lord Jesus Christ. See Luke xxiv. 21, 27, 44.

3d. There being only one God and the Lord Jesus Christ being "this only wise God our Saviour" (see Jude xxv. 2), it therefore follows:

I. That in Him, the Lord Jesus Christ, dwells all of the fullness of the Godhead (see Col. ii. 9), which "all fullness" is Father, Son, Holy Spirit, Saviour, Redeemer, Creator, and Almighty God; and, in fact, comprehends every name, every feature, and every element which in all the law, psalms, prophets, gospels, epistles, and revelation, is predicated of the Godhead. So that from the First to the Last He is God, "All in All."

II. It follows that the Lord Jesus Christ should be the object of all Christian worship, and that all prayer should be directed to Him, sometimes in His relation to us as "God," sometimes in His relation to us as "the Everlasting Father," sometimes in His relation to us as "Saviour," or Redeemer, but always "not for the sake of another," but for "His own mercies' sake," His own "loving kindness' sake," His own "name's sake."

III. It follows that "out of Christ" we will never "see God," that "out of Christ" we can never "come to God," because "the Christ" is a term that predicates the divine-human body of the Lord God; and we can only come at a person by and through the body.

IV. It follows that any doctrine that is in any wise based on the idea that there is more than one God, such as that one God died to satisfy the justice or wrath of another God, is but a direful heresy which crept like a serpent into the church creeds during the dark ages, and on which fornication many of the kings, or doctrinal creeds of the earthly churches, "have been made drunk." See Revelation, xvii., chap. v. 1-5.)

John had been brought up in the orthodox doctrine of "three persons in the Godhead," Christ being the second person. When he read the statement above cited, it had somewhat of a painful effect on his mind. Perhaps it affected him a little as the declaration of Jesus to the Jews affected the Jewish mind when He said, "Before Abraham was I am." This pained the Jews; all of the teachings of Jesus pained them, because his teachings were contrary to their traditions, even as above Scripture was contrary to John's ecclesiastical dogmas.

John laid the paper aside, not knowing that on full and unprejudiced investigation of the truth in the marked statement all of his theological ideas would be so changed that there would take place in his life a passing away of all old things of a dark-age theology, and the coming of all things new, as prophesied would be the case by Him who "sat on the throne" when he said, "Behold I make all things new."

Some years after that John asked his Methodist pastor about this marked statement. The pastor said that it was a "substantial statement of what all the orthodox churches believed." Subsequently John asked another Methodist presiding elder about it, and the elder angrily declared that it was an "awful heresy." But all along for years and years, as he read "orthodox theology," John could see that this statement was not a substantial statement of what the "orthodox" churches believe. And yet, as from day to day he read the Bible, he could not see that it was "an awful heresy," as many of the elders said it was. John began to feel that his mind theologically was a little like the world as described in the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis, "without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep." But by continual reading of the Bible and some papers handed him by Dr. P., he realized what is stated about light in the third verse of said chapter, but was many a year in entering into the realization of what is stated about the fourth day in verses 14 to 19 inclusive. And after some thirty odd years has but entered into the twilight of the "evening and morning" of the sixth day of personal regeneration, which regeneration is the subject matter of the first chapter of Genesis. The "marked" statement led John, by thought and prayer, to enter the "light" of the "first day" when there was no sun, moon, or stars, and into the light of the "fourth day" when sun, moon, and stars appeared, as will be hereinafter explained.

Little did John then think what would eventually come of the visit of the newspaper man to hear a debate in the halls of the Athenian Society on the subject, "Should Kansas be admitted into the Union under the LeCompton Constitution which recognizes Slavery?"

John was leader on the negative. In after years the question of slavery entering into Kansas, as great as it was just now, paled as a fitful lightning bug's flash before the sun, in presence of the question of entering into the secret of the central truth of all Scripture contained in the marked statement; which central truth will usher the "Second Coming of Christ" into the spiritual horizon of all who receive and understand it.

The session was hastening to its close. John was making satisfactory progress in the studies of the junior year, and was looking forward to home, though he was saddened by the thought of not meeting Ben at the steamboat landing to drive him home and tell him of a thousand things.

He had written to Em, but had never received a reply. The reason for this will be explained in another chapter. In the absence of any letter from Em, John was tempted to try to fall in love with a comely resident of the University town, whom, for any reason, as she may still be alive, we will call Mary Ann. What first attracted John to Mary Ann was that she "knelt down at church" instead of bending her head on a bench in front, or standing up, or worse, as some do, sitting bolt upright during public prayer.

In his busiest day of sowing wild oats, John always said that he would be afraid to marry a girl who "didn't have any religion." It is true that in after years John changed his ideas as to what "having religion" meant. It is a little singular what an attraction a modest, diffident-looking girl, who has pretty eyes and who "kneels down" at church, will have for a University student. John afterward understood that it was not the girl herself, but the qualities indicated by her actions, which impressed him.

So much for Mary Ann. But there was a picture of a then very little girl that first came into John's view in May, 1857. At that time the incident was unnoticeable and was entirely lost sight of for long years. In this case it was not the picture, but the girl represented by the picture, that had to do with John's life a great deal more, perhaps, than did his father and mother and Em and Mary Ann and Ben and all the corps of the University combined.

There lived near the University what is known all over Missouri as the Major Rollins family. Perhaps no family in the State had such an open-door entrance to and assured standing in all the inner circles of culture, intelligence, social favor, wealth, and everything of good repute, as did the Rollins family. The mother, the father, the sons, and beyond all, the daughters of this family, each and all made people coming in contact with them feel that all the works of God, so far as manifested by that family, were good, yea, very good. The father was, perhaps, in the public forum the most eloquent speaker in all the State. He is known as the "Father of the State University." The mother was the impersonation of all the graces of woman, wife, and mother. The sons were living pictures of noble form and manliness. The daughters embodied the grace and refinement of generations of true gentlemen and ladies.

John attended a social reception at the home of this family. A thousand articles of bric-a-brac, daguerreotypes, and souvenirs adorned the mantels and tables of the spacious parlors. Almost lost in this tanglewood of interesting objects lay a small picture of a modest-looking girl that contrasted greatly with the somewhat pretentious young laides promenading about the great rooms of the Rollins mansion.

"Who is this?" said John, taking up the little picture.

"Oh," replied Laura Rollins, "that is the picture of one of our sweetest and dearest little friends, who is now with her father in Europe. Her mother is dead. We all call her our own little Clara."

Nothing more was said; but John thought there must be something much more than ordinary in "our own little Clara." Were not such the case, why should such a manifestly superior girl as Laura Rollins be so stirred at the mere mention of the diffident looking girl's picture?

The junior year was over. Vehicles filled with students lined the plank road that led from Columbia, the seat of the State University, to the steamboat landing at Providence, where John, in better spirits than when he landed there ten months before, embarked for home on the steamboat Martha Jewett.

The mention of the Rollins family in this narrative is made for several purposes. This distinguished family was, like the Counsellors, "tainted" with having at least that sufficiency of heart coupled

with the considerateness of judgment that led them to have an interest in the slaves in their midst higher than the commercial view of the greatest amount of money that could be wrung out of them as "hands." The Rollinses favored the Henry Clay and Jeffersonian doctrine of gradual emancipation, with compensation to owners and colonization of the negroes. So also, like the Counsellors, the Rollinses were opposed to allowing Missourians to vote in Kansas. They were afterward opposed to "secession." Right here we desire to record the fact that the class of people through Missouri and the South, such as we have described the Rollinses and the Counsellors to be, were emancipationists and opposed secession. The bulk of the rabid proslaveryites were not of the old-time Southern stock, though by some means the terms "proslavery" and "Southern" have been falsely considered to convey the same idea. These two families represented what may be called the old-time, genuine Southern people. In the main the rabid and frothy proslavery element consisted, in great part, of men who owned no negroes; of Northern men who had come South as overseers; of commercially inclined Yankees who had come South and married girls who "heired" negroes; of men of brutal instincts, such as thirst for dominating the weak; of men of ambitious, yet cruel, vulgar, and barbarous instincts, such as thirsted for the military renown which might come with war, of which Forrest, the original negro trader, is a type. The basest element of all was the one that was so low down itself that it feared the negro would get above or equal to it.

Now, all see that the Rollinses and the Counsellors did not belong to any of the proslavery elements just named. It is true that, from education and environment, especially from the education that came from "preachers," many good men outside of the classes above named were rabid proslaveryites. But the most of these were young and impulsive. Had the Lees of Virginia not been military men, it is exceedingly doubtful whether they would not have been found opposed to a war the object of which was to make slavery perpetual. As it was, many believe that the great heart of R. E. Lee was broken by a war in which, notwithstanding his most extraordinary career as a general, his affection, or at least his better judgment, was not really enlisted.

However this may be, it should be written down as a matter of history that there were tens of thousands of the real genuine,

warm-hearted "Southern" people who were not "proslaveryites." Just as a vast number of the followers of Seward, Sumner, Chase, Lincoln, and the original antislavery leaders are not to-day partisan Republicans. Seward, Sumner, Lincoln, and their kind represented at the North genuine humanitarians, as the Bentons, Houstons, Clays, Rollinses, and Counsellors did at the South. Hence you might as well say that Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Lincoln were not types of the genuine Northern man, as to say that such men as those here named were not of the stamp of Southern people. The histories of the day are written by partisans,—those miserable vultures! In their histories, written from a partisan standpoint, the men whose names will be conspicuous in the "Lamb's Book of Life" do not, as a matter of course, figure in large letters. The pages of the world's history are monopolized by the names of the self-seeking, the self-pushers, the bloody and brutal bulldozers, such as the Caesars, the Napoleons, the burners of cities, the destroyers of men's lives.

Hence, let it be forthwith and forever known that one may be a rabid proslavery propagandist who has scarcely an element of the genuine Southern character; and that one may be of the highest type of Southerner and yet not be a Border Ruffian, nor an unreasoning proslavery propagandist, nor yet a secessionist with great length of zeal and great shortness of wisdom.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN'S RETURN FROM STATE UNIVERSITY, 1857.

Both Sides and Channel of Missouri River on Same "Side of the Potomac"—Captain Jewett a Model Captain For All In Authority—John Pours Some of His Life Into His Mother's Bosom—Why Young People Go To Church—John Meets Em—Em Not a Bit Foolish—John On a Point of Honor—His Mother Makes an Effort to Meet Him at the Gate—Voting a County Seat in Kansas—John's Mother Is Raised Up Among Her Kindred, the Angels.

John's trip home on the Martha Jewett was without other than pleasant incident. There were two main reasons for this; one of which was that all Northern travel and trade had been driven from the Missouri River route and it was altogether quiet, because both sides and the channel were on the same side of the same Potomac. Then, again, Wm. C. Jewett, the boat's captain, allowed no ruffianism on his boat.

It was a warm, bright day in July, 1857, that John reached home. As Ben was dead, no one met him at the steamboat landing, his father being off on important business prosecuting a noted outlaw. And no one met him at the gate! This seemed strange to him, but he soon learned the reason of this reception, unusual even to strangers at the house gate of the Counsellor home. His mother, not wishing to interfere with his studies, had neither written, nor permitted any one to write, to John as to her fast failing health. So when he came the only thing she could do was to have her bed moved to the window that faced the gate, and feebly wave her handkerchief at him as he walked up from the gate.

John at once saw how things were, and, even at that early age knowing the power of cheerfulness and hopefulness, and that like produces like, he walked gently in at the open door of his mother's room and forced himself to assume a cheeriness of voice and buoyancy of spirit which he was far from feeling. He knew his mother had been a living sacrifice for others. He thought that he

ought to be equally brave and buoyant, especially when he knew how finely strung and consequently how impressible his mother was. John himself was not either of a beef steer or of a jelly-fish nature. His grain was fine—even superfine—to receive and transmit impressions directly into thought and action. On entering the room, he said, kissing and re-kissing his mother:

“Why, mamma, I am so—so glad to see you. Let me look at you. I know you have been sick, but I also know that now you are going to get better. So you see that one unpleasant ‘know’ is offset by another pleasant one, hence this whole sickness business is canceled, and you are just as you used to be, my own dear mamma. Where is papa?”

Without waiting for an answer, desiring to give his mother time to get over the excitement of his coming home, he got up from the bedside and said:

“I forgot to settle with the hack-driver; and besides I’ve got some of the ‘bestest’ strawberries you ever saw. They are just the apple dumplings for any kind of a darling, especially for my darling mamma, and I’ll go and, as Jack Riley says, ‘fotch’ them in.”

Sure enough, John’s cheerfulness started the blood to flowing afresh in his mother’s veins; and since “the life is in the blood,” as the blood flowed it carried fresh life into his mother’s feeble body. So that, when his father came home the next day, John and his mother walked out to the gate to meet him. This little incident lit up the whole countenance of Judge Counsellor. Oh, lost to the strongest way of making a guest at home—of making one feel a real welcome—is that host, or home-keeper, who fails to greet comers at the gate, and God-speed goes by a walk with them to the gate. This courtesy of antebellum days was characteristic of every genuine Southern home.

For weeks John kept pouring this kind of balm into his mother’s bosom, and she seemed to be slowly regaining her wonted strength and good spirits.

Mrs. Counsellor, having eaten with a relish the berries that John brought in from the hack, sent for the housemaid to come and help her put on her new dress. She would try to sit up for a while; and having accomplished this, the cook was directed to have an old-fashioned fried chicken for supper and have her place fixed at the table, for she would try once more to sit at the head of the table and pour out John’s coffee.

"Because," she said, "I know he is tired, and a little of our old-time coffee will do him good."

At the supper table Mrs. Counsellor recounted to John such neighborhood news as she had not been able to write to him; telling him among other things that Emily was prettier than ever, and that she was the only one of "our preacher's" family that ever visited her; that Emily had wondered why John did not write to her, and said to tell John when he came that he "needn't be so stuck up" because he was a University student as to forget her, but that she was not coming to see him.

"Though," said she, "I won't run off from home, or send out my card that 'Miss Em is not at home' if he comes to see me."

To John this seemed strange talk, coming from one to whom he had written a very fervid letter and had received no reply. So, next day being Sunday, he determined to "spruce up" and go up to town Sunday-school and church, not particularly to learn of the things of the heavenly world, but to find out from Em a few things about the "life that now is,"—especially that part of it in which he and she were figuring. The truth is that at that day, and even at this, about nine-tenths of the young people attend the sanctuary with about this same purpose.

On Saturday night John visited the negro quarters and said a kind word to each and all; and had not only a kind word, but gave a little present to each one. He took one of Ben's brothers, and, as the moon was shining, went down to the orchard to Ben's grave and there sat in the silence for nearly an hour. A multitude of scenes and incidents of their common boyhood days like a living cyclorama passed before his eyes. He arose and said to Ben's brother,

"Well, Phil, you will be my Ben."

But Phil wasn't built that way, and never became a Ben to John. He became a Republican politician.

Early next morning John was up and all over the place. After breakfast he sat in his mother's room and "chatted" with her until Sunday-school time. He even said that he would not go to Sunday-school if she would go to church with him. He insisted on this, but his mother was never to "go to church" on earth again! She told John that she was afraid to venture from home. She might get sick and put people to trouble. But she strongly insisted that he should go to Sunday-school, and he went.

The parsonage was between the church and John's home. Hence he went by the parsonage on his way, and, by accident, overtook Em by herself on the street. He at once dismounted, and, tying his horse to the first post, went boldly up to Em, bowing very politely, and said,

"Good morning, Miss Emily."

The girl blushed deeply and looked confused, but rallying, said,

"John, why don't you call me 'Em' as you used to do—and shake hands?"

"Why," said John, "I didn't know that one who would not answer my letter would recognize me as a bowing acquaintance, let alone shake hands with me."

"Now, John," said Em, "if I didn't know that you were one of the most truthful boys that I ever saw, I would think you were trying to fool me about writing. But if you say you did write, I will say that I did not get your letter, else I would have answered it. I now suspect that the truth is that father got the letter out of the post-office and never gave it to me; because I now remember hearing mamma say to papa, about a week or ten days after you left, that he ought to give that letter to—I didn't hear to whom, but now nearly know that it was to me."

John said that he had written the very day he arrived at the University.

"Well," said the girl, "now call me Em, as you used to do, and shake hands before we go into the church." And John was not backward.

After Sunday-school was over John rejoined Em at the door, and walked with her in the direction of home to the spot where he had hitched his horse. The walk took about three times as long as was necessary to traverse the distance. Em, knowing that John was pretty high strung, and being a little uneasy lest her father might not treat him as courteously as she would like in case he went home with her to the parsonage, told him that perhaps he would better not go any further; but that she had an engagement to visit her sister, Mrs. Georgia Ewell, that afternoon at three o'clock.

John was not only "high strung" but was the very soul of honor, most especially where women were concerned. So, as he mounted his horse, he said:

"Em, I know, whether you do or not, how I love you. Now, it occurs to me that it is not right to meet you away from home if I

cannot meet you at home. I've been out in the world a little more than you have; so, while you can altogether rely on what is to me the most pleasant of facts, that I am your—your sweetheart, your anything that you say,—yet I cannot come to see you at your sister's. Love like ours will find some honorable way for us to see each other. So, my sweetheart, good-bye."

John decided not to go to church, but to go home at once to his mother, as she had been looking a little wistful and weak when he left her that morning. Reaching home, he found her making a great effort to come out to the gate to meet him. From a distance, he saw her start from the porch with tottering step, then stop, then sit down on a bench that had been placed by the path under the shade of a great spreading cottonwood tree. John at once divined why she sat down before she reached the gate, and being some distance away, the boy burst into tears. This was well; by the time he reached his mother's side he could the better restrain himself. So, riding up to the gate, he hitched his horse and composed himself as he walked up to his mother and said:

"Why, mamma, I am glad to see you able to be out of doors such a beautiful morning as this. I will sit beside you, and we will talk until papa comes."

He chatted pleasantly with his mother for some time, telling her of a good many things that took place at the University, the people he had met in town, and of his meeting with Em and the outcome of it,—which outcome his mother approved of heartily.

Presently Judge Counsellor came up the lane, and found his wife and son. Mrs. Counsellor said faintly,

"Papa, you and John help me to the house. I feel that this is the last time that we will all sit out in our beautiful yard together."

The Judge and John tenderly helped "mamma," as both of them called her, into the house. It was well that John had not made the engagement suggested by Em, as he would have had an explanation to make for not keeping it. His mother was taken with a relapse, and for ten days lingered between life and death, during which time John did not go outside the yard. At the end of this period his mother revived, and she and "papa" and John had many a pleasant conversation.

John's meeting with Em was farther off than he expected. Her father was transferred by the annual conference, and with his family went to one of the churches down the river, where, in a few months, he died.

More than a year passed before Em and John met face to face again. When they did meet John was reading law in the office of an ex-attorney-general at the capital city.

Some of the citizens of the county where John lived had laid off a town site in one of the richest counties in Kansas, bordering on the Missouri River. The county seat of this county was to be determined by election. It was necessary to have votes to select it. One of Judge Counsellor's neighbors had a large interest in the town which Missourians had located, and this town was in the race for the county seat.

Some weeks before the election John and his father were sitting out on the bars that led into a meadow where the negroes were cutting and shocking hay. The public road ran by where they were sitting, and their attention was attracted by the clattering sound of the hoofs of a horse being hurried by its rider, who was one of the boomers of the Kansas town that was a candidate for the county-seat-ship. Riding hastily up to where John and his father were sitting, the town boomer said,

"How many hands, Judge, can you send over to Kansas to vote?"

"To vote for what?" asked Judge Counsellor. "There have been so many things to vote for in Kansas, such as legislators, state constitutions, and this and that, it is hard for us people here in Missouri to keep up with the days when elections are to be held and what they are for. What is now to be voted for or against?"

"Why," replied the boomer, "that ar town of Kickapoo, that a whole lot of your neighbors are interested in, has got to be elected as county seat and we want a company of one hundred men to go over and vote one thousand votes, if necessary, to elect our Kick."

"Let me tell you, my friend," said Judge Counsellor, "this thing of Missourians going into Kansas to vote for any person, place, or thing is wrong. It is a violation of law. It will lead to anarchy, and anarchy brings war, and war brings everything of bloodshed and of burning. I have never been to Kansas to vote, and I never will go there to vote unless I become a citizen. And I will not advise, let alone assist, any one to go there and vote."

"Why," replied the boomer, "do you consider yourself better than Senator Atchison, General Stringham, and even a whole lot of preachers, who advise us that we must go over the Jordan and clean the heathen up and take possession of the promised land?"

"Perhaps this might do," replied the Judge, "if Kansas were a land specially promised to us Missourians,—but who promised it to us? This 'promised land' business and killing the heathen is all bosh! Yes, worse than bosh; it is a burning shame—a crime!"

"I believe all of you big slave-holders are turning d—n abolitionists. I'll go down in the bottom below here and get some boys who will go and vote old Kickapoo through," said the boomer, as he put spurs to his horse and hurriedly rode off.

At the election which took place the next week "old Kick" got about two thousand votes, when it was, perhaps, entitled to some one hundred, or two hundred at most.

The vacation was drawing to a close. John's mother had lingered along between life and death. One night, about the middle of September, husband and son were sitting by the old-fashioned fireplace in the room where she was quietly sleeping. Just at the turn of midnight Mrs. Counsellor, waking, called,

"Papa, papa, you and John come here to the bedside."

They did so, and speaking in clear, distinct tones, the dying woman said:

"I am dying. It is better that I do die. I cannot help any one and every one is only helping me. I feel very happy. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I am passing through the valley and He is with me. I feel that He is even now raising me up out of the valley of death into a heavenly place. I am now beginning to understand what He meant when He said, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' and wherever He is there is no death. He is with me. My body will die, but I will not. I will go to sleep like a child, and Jesus, who is the Resurrection and the Life, will wake me up in Heaven in a very little time—not over three days at longest—for the Book says, 'After two days will He revive us; in the third day, He will raise, or resurrect, us and we shall live in His sight.' Oh, how plain this is to me. Our good Methodist preachers think that the resurrection is a day away off; but I see now that they are, like Martha the Jewess, innocently but altogether mistaken. Martha's idea about her brother, as she said, was, 'I know that he shall rise again at the resurrection on the last day,' but Jesus said to her, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' and in order to show by an earthly object lesson that He could at once raise or resurrect people, he 'raised' Lazarus up. So He will me—not my body—but me. For my body will return to dust because it is material, but I, as an ever-

living soul, or spirit, will be raised up to live with God. See my old marked up Bible. All of these things and very many others are marked there,—in my old Bible which I have read more than ever since our good preachers have quit coming to see us. I wish our poor good Methodist preachers understood what the resurrection really is, and that they would quit preaching the letter that kills, and preach the spirit that makes alive; get their minds off the body and the graveyard, and place them on the 'living soul' as a real spiritual person in the world of spirit. God said that He is a Spirit, and where He is we shall be; and He is not in the graveyard, but in the spiritual world. I see this so clearly now,—and how it cheers me up. When my body is dead and you tenderly bury it, don't think that it is I. It is the mere earthly house that I lived in while on earth. I have inside this earthly body a heavenly body in which I will live in Heaven, just as I lived in this earthly body here. I'll still be your wife, papa. I'll still be your mother, John. Oh, don't think of me as dead, but as more alive than ever. Think of me as living in some heavenly country, something like one of the sunnier, balmier countries of earth, where I will get my health back and be stronger than ever, and where I will love you both more than ever. I see how this is now. I wish you could see it as I do. But as you and John read and depend on what the Bible says, and not on what our poor mistaken preachers say so much, I know that you will both see that, instead of me lying in the graveyard, that I have been resurrected, or raised up among the angels; and that I am living and not dead,—because Jesus says that He is not only the Resurrection, but the Life, and that He is not the God of the dead but of the living. Now, I want John to learn this and if he will some day to preach it—preach the Lord Jesus Christ as the only wise God our Saviour, our Redeemer, our Heavenly Father, our Resurrection and our Life, our all in all. I leave my marked up Bible to John. In it he will find more things marked than I can now tell of. Now, papa, you and John kiss me while we are the only ones here."

Judge Counsellor kissed and kissed again his dying wife, and John laid his head on her bosom and sobbed and sobbed. Then Mrs. Counsellor said:

"Go and wake up all of the servants and tell them to come in to see me for the last time. I want to tell them farewell."

John went out and waked up the servants. All having come in, the dying woman said:

"Little children,"—she was in the habit of calling everything helpless or dependent "baby" or "little children." She always regarded the negroes, so helpless and dependent were they, as little children. Addressing the family negroes who were all sobbing about her bedside, she said:

"Little children, I'm going away from you, but I will never forget any of you. I want you all to meet me in Heaven. If you have an humble place on earth, you will be invited up to higher places in Heaven. Love one another. Be good children and I will try to get the good Lord to let me meet you when you come into the other world, and welcome you to your home; because there every one has his own home—'his own vine and fig tree,' as the Bible says. Here my home has been your home, but there each one of you will have a home—just such a one as he wants. Now, little children, you must believe this, 'because God's Bible says so. John, I hope, will teach you what this Bible says.'" Fast sinking, Mrs. Counsellor went on, as if in a revery: "I hear singing. Oh, it is so, so sweet. Is it you singing, little children? Good-bye. Good-bye, papa. Good-bye, John. Good-bye, little children. God bless you all. Now I'm rea-rea-ready," and the Christian woman, wife and mother, fell into a gentle slumber, and, just as the morning of a beautiful Indian Summer day in September came up over the familiar field and forest east of the old home, she went away from her earthly to her heavenly home. She was unclothed of the earthly body, and clothed upon with her body not made with hands, already, or eternal, in the heavens above.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BURIAL. JOHN'S LAST YEAR AT THE UNIVERSITY.

None of the "Orthodox" Clergy at the Burial—Judge Counsellor Officiates As Priest In His Own Family—He States the Faith in Which His Wife Lived—The Old Family Cook Worships God in Her Acceptable Way—John's Visions Of His Mother—A Sensual, Materialistic Priest a Source of Discord at the Burial of Such as Understand What the Resurrection Is—An Earthly Angel Averts an Altercation—John Graduates with the "Sweepstake" Ribbon.

On the third day after the departure of John's mother from the earthly to the heavenly life, services as to the burial of her body took place. In the home orchard, under apple trees then in full fruit, was her body tenderly laid in the bosom of mother earth. No clergyman officiated. Her husband, thinking that she died in the faith of the true resurrection as taught by Christ, but not by the local clergy, wanted no strange fire or feigned sanctity at her grave. So felt John, forty-four years after this, at the burial of another.

There was a vast concourse of friends, neighbors, and even strangers at the burial services; for the entire community, saving some of the clergy, recognized Mrs. Counsellor as a neighbor whose helpfulness never failed, as a good woman whose charity never vaunted itself, and a Christian whose zeal never in the least rejoiced in iniquity but always rejoiced in the truth; whose religion was an alembic that resolved all commandments into one word—love,—love to God and the neighbor. Many had learned things from her about the Christ that they had never learned in the churches. And some, knowing of the neglect, if not desertion, of her by her church preachers, and who had never been to a religious sacrament before, came to do honor to one whom the priests and Levites had passed by on the other side. All the negroes from the adjoining farms were there. Some of the Judge's personal friends from neighboring

cities were there, among them many noted public men. But in all the concourse there was not a single member of the "orthodox" clergy.

Judge Counsellor, according to ancient ways, officiated as priest in his own family. At the grave he read from his wife's Bible passages marked by her own hand, among them the following:

"The end of all the Commandments is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned; from which some having swerved have turned aside into vain jangling; desiring to be teachers of the law, understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm" (1 Tim. i. 5-7).

Again:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth" (Job xix. 25).

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called the Wonderful Counsellor, the Almighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6).

Then again:

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9).

"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John xi. 25).

"After two days He will revive us: in the third day He will resurrect (or raise) us up, and we shall live in His sight" (Hosea vi. 2).

The Judge, in his plain, judicial way of expressing ideas, then explained that as to doctrine his wife was a Christian, because she looked upon and worshiped the Lord Jesus Christ as the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the Resurrection and the Life, and as the "only Wise God and Saviour."

That his wife was a Christian as to life, because, as a woman, as a wife, and as a mother, she did what Christ commanded.

He then went on to explain the beautiful doctrine of the Lord Jesus being the First and the Last, the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and End, the "Only Wise God, our Saviour;" and also his wife's faith as to Christ as the ever-present Resurrection and Life, and related what she had said on that point just before her death. He then closed by saying:

"Her body is here with us. Tenderly we commit it to that which is like unto it,—earth to earth; but her great womanly, wifely spirit is with God, who is also a Spirit; like in the same world with

like : material body in the material world, ever there to remain, spirit as a living soul—a real living person—in the spiritual world, there to remain forever with the angels like herself. For all are finally gathered together with their kindred.”

After the deposit of the earthly body in the earth, the old Judge asked that all unite with him in, not reciting, but praying the Lord's Prayer.

Unknown to the Judge, the old family cook had prepared a bountiful repast for any who might be so far away as not to be able to reach home by dinner time. This old soul had somehow learned from her “old Missus” that all religion consisted in doing right whatever you had to do, with a good intent to others ; and what better part, she thought, could she take in the burial services than to feed the hungry, as the Master did in the wilderness ? She thought that “old Missus” would be pleased with this.

“Because ole Missus know dat I'm only a cook, and dat I can't do anything else to please her.” For Mrs. Counsellor always praised the old Mammy's cooking.

As to John, ever since his mother died he seemed to be living in two worlds,—listening to his father's words in this world and ever hearing the words of his mother as coming from the spiritual world. In the visions of the night he thought he saw her in a beautiful home in company with the kindest people that he ever saw ; and she seemed to have everything she wanted. The kind people could not do too much for her, and she was not sick any more. He awoke from this dream—a dream that was the truth, sealed as wisdom in a vision—thinking of Jesus healing all manner of sickness, and of a world in which there is no more sickness or death. He asked his father why none of the preachers were at his mother's funeral. To which question, Judge Counsellor replied :

“That was all right, John. If in a few years you do not see it yourself, I will then tell you. You know that at the University you had to learn arithmetic before you did algebra. So it is in the Bible,—some things are to be learned before other things *can* be learned.”

Judge Counsellor knew that John was too young and had not read and understood the Bible sufficiently to be like his mother—having no need of an earthly priest or preacher, seeing that “God-in-Christ” was her only high-priest, without spot or blemish.

It was some dozen years before John realized how people can worship God in temples not made with hands, and how there is no

need of an earthly priest either to forgive sins or to do anything else that the Lord Jesus Christ does for those who come direct to Him as the "only wise God, the Saviour and the Heavenly Father."

A good woman, who is in the degree of a "faith unfeigned," and whose guilelessness is pained at feigning things, would certainly be grieved, if she were cognizant of it, when, at her grave, a minister holds one idea of God and she another. The preacher would be confused in thought while preaching of the resurrection of the material body at the last day, while she then and there is experiencing the raising up, or resurrection, of herself as a spiritual person in a spiritual body into a spiritual world.

In the other life such discord separates people as far as the east is from the west. It pains a good spirit to hear a sensual and materialistic interpretation of that which is above flesh and blood. In fact, the letter kills,—kills all real intelligence, kills all peace and joy. But the proper understanding of the spirit fills our mind with light and our life with joy and peace in the Holy Spirit.

John was already more than due at the University, where he went to complete his senior year. Ben was gone; Emily was gone; his mother gone; and his father, being lonely at home, accompanied John to the steamboat landing and remained there until the steamer came down the river. It would have been better, at least for John's peace of mind, had his father left for home before the boat came. It lay for an hour at the landing, taking on hemp, bacon, and similar freight. Judge Counsellor went on board with John, and was sitting talking with him about his mother's death and of things in her life, when he heard a rough voice from a crowd that was drinking at the bar, saying:

"Isn't that that d—n old free-soil abolitionist sitting out there?"

There were some four men who had just completed a game of cards in the crowd. Among these four were two noted professional gamblers who made a business of traveling on the river boats for the purpose of following their trade. They were, without exception, of the "On to Kansas" type of bulldozers. They would, by talking politics of the proslavery kind, inveigle gentlemen traveling on the boat into an acquaintance with them. Southern gentlemen are always social-hearted, especially the warm-hearted and generous youths. In one sense, these desperado gamblers were fascinating serpents in dove-cotes. The other two persons who were taking drinks were two young men, one of whom was a classmate of John's,

en route, like John, to the University. The gamblers had permitted these young men to beat them out of the "treats" as a lure for getting them into a game of cards for money, when, as a matter of course, another result would follow.

Both Judge Counsellor and John heard the remark, yet, although both knew that it referred to the Judge, neither took any notice of it. They were too gentlemanly for that. Besides the old Judge knew the advantage of being wary, and of keeping in the right and remaining quiet until the time for affirmative action came. As for John, though his whole life had just been baptized with his mother's gentle spirit that bore and endured all things with a charity that hoped all things, yet he had not become a veteran, like his mother, in the battle of life. Therefore, as may be guessed, the remark of the ruffian hit him square in the heart. Oh, how he wished for the pistol that he had carried for years, but which his mother had persuaded him to lay aside. Perhaps if he had had it with him, he would have wheeled and confronted the bulldozing gambler and demanded a retraction. He thought of his mother, of home, and looked at his aged father. His heart was hot within him. He could not sit still. So far he had not noticed his classmate, a son of General Sterling Price, as being one of the four drinking at the bar. But now catching the eye of young Price, he stepped quickly forward, not so much to exchange a friendly greeting with him, but to get a chance to knock the ruffian in the mouth. And if the angels had not held him up in their hands, as prayed for by his mother, John, doubtless, during these border ruffian times, would have dashed his head as well as his foot against many a stone, some of which, no doubt, would have ground him to pieces. It is said that, on the spiritual plane of life, a devil is abashed and paralyzed in the innocent presence of the power of even a little child. However, the will of the Lord is not yet as manifest on earth as in Heaven; yet there are sporadic cases in proof of the fact that devils on earth fall back in the presence of courageous right as a wild beast does in the presence of fire. Without noticing the bully, John said to his young friend, calling him by the name familiar at the University:

"Why, my dear friend Celsus, I am glad to meet you. How have you been? How is the General, your father? And how is the one of all people in every family the best, your mother? Do you know my father? My mother is just dead and he is all that is left to me. I am ready to die for him at any time." Here John looked

the gambler full in the face and with a steady gaze was about to address him, when young Price, seeing the situation, said to John:

"I am anxious to get acquainted with your father. Although he and you differ from me in politics, yet I know him to be a gentleman, and I'll stand by you in even killing the d—n scoundrel that would touch the hair of his head." This was literally proved in after years when Judge Counsellor was a prisoner in the camp of the father of "Excelsius."

"Let's go and see the old gentleman," he continued, and taking John by the arm he said, "Introduce me to your father."

This turn of affairs prevented, no doubt, a bad altercation between John and the gambler, and while Judge Counsellor and the boys were talking, the Highland Mary, a boat that was at that time the paradise of gamblers, came alongside, and the two pirates left the Russell and took passage back up the river on the Mary, as was their custom. In the mean time the Russell had taken on all her freight, and Judge Counsellor bade John good-bye, his parting word being as usual:

"John, always seek the right, and have the courage of your convictions to follow it."

The trip on the Russell was uneventful, except that it enabled John and young Price to strengthen their friendship, which during the troublous times ahead on several occasions stood each of them in good stead.

John, being to some extent disentangled from thoughts of earthly friends, and having his mind opened upward, found that his studies were easier, and his last year at the University proved pleasant and profitable. He graduated with the "Sweepstake,"—highest honor of his class, though he was the youngest member.

During this session he boarded at the same house as a student from Texas by the name of Thurston, and one from Illinois by the name of Wansley. Thurston was a Calhoun Secession Democrat and belonged to the Episcopal Church; and Wansley was a Lincoln Republican, and belonged to the Christian or Campbellite Church; while John was at this date a Douglas Democrat, leaning a little over to the Independent, and a sort of baptized-in-fire member of the Methodist Church South, with a leaning toward having a church within himself, or a kingdom of heaven ruled over by Christ and His Word, rather than an ambitious church with a carnal priesthood that might eventuate in a pope instead of a Heavenly Father. Not-

withstanding these three students differed radically in both politics and religion, they always reasoned in good faith and good spirit about their differences.

On graduating, John went back to his old home, or what was once his home. It is extremely seldom that a home remains such after the departure of the mother. How painful is the discovery of that fact to the sons and daughters brought up in its sheltering folds. The brother may go, the sister may go, the father may go, yes, brother, sister, and father may all go; yet if the mother remains at the old homestead, it is always "home" to all the children.

With his mother's expressed wish that he preach the beautiful Gospel in the faith of which she died, feebly contending with his wish to be a lawyer, John left home and went to the capital city to read law and to prepare to enter a profession which, in the long run, he found as demoralized as his mother had found the church, and as he would find the church in which he had been brought up. During his travels through the dry tanglewood of rudimentary elements and technical traditions to be found in law books, there was one spring in the wilderness—one shade tree in the lonely desert. Emily was then living with her mother in that city.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE CAPITAL.

John Kept From the Weakness of a "One-Sided, or One-Ideaed" Crank—Advantages of a Capital City Over a Rural "Deestrick"—John Sees the Party Politician in His Native Jungle, the State Legislature—John and Em Renew Their Former Pleasant Relations—A Speech by Representative Chancellor—The Effect of This Speech Side-Trackd by a Typical Party Demagogue Named Waiscott—John's letter to His Home Paper After Hearing an "On to Secession" Tirade—The Fate of a Colleague of Representative Chancellor's and a State Senator—A Night to Come Before Day.

The hand of Providence is in all things and sees the end from the beginning, and makes all things work together for some definite good. Apparently, this Providence had two ends in view in leading John to the capital city; one of which was that he might be brought into immediate personal contact with the antipodals of the civil war then impending, so that he would be saved from that murderous partisanship so malignantly fatal in public affairs. The other was that he might not become so totally absorbed in the study of law that, like those in the world of the lost, he could not see beyond his immediate professional environment, and thus become one-sided, one-ideaed, or a crank; as every man becomes who studies and knows but one thing.

The many-sided man is a better man, a better citizen, a better companion, than the one-sided man; just as many good things are more desirable than any one thing of the many. "These things ye ought to do, and not leave the other undone," is of more than human wisdom. A man may enter into the life of heaven more or less "abundant." If, on earth, he keep one of the major commandments, or even one of the minor precepts, with good intent, when he departs from the earth he will enter into the life and use of such commandment or precept in the world to come, and the doors of all other commandments or precepts will be "closed" against his entrance. But if, while on earth, he enter into the life of all the

major commandments and the life of innumerable precepts springing from the commandments, you will see at once that his entrance into life in either this or the world to come will be more abundant than if he had only entered into obedience to one. This is the divine truth taught by the Master, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," and which the apostle expressed in his declaration, "For so an entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly into the kingdom of the Lord."

Woe, to some extent, to the man who knows nothing outside of his profession. He not only becomes a subject to be exploited by all others, but he never enters into the life of many things that might open their doors for him.

A State capital is in many respects like the city of the heavenly vision, that had many sides and many gates on each side, and is an ideal place for making a rounded and cosmopolitan man. It excels the ordinary provincial town even as a University excels a country district school. Hence, as John Counsellor was destined to the high estate of believing that God lets his sun shine and his rain fall on all alike, he was led up from the regions of Border Ruffiandom through a University country to round off life in a place where all the ends of the earth meet.

Texas statesmanship showed its wisdom in locating its State University at the State capital, thus enabling its youths to combine a University education with capitolian cosmopolitan finish.

Woe to the citizen who is a mere farmer, or mechanic, or merchant, or lawyer, or even preacher, and neglects to acquaint himself with those relations, and the obligations and blessings or curses that arise from the relations, which every man bears to every other man.

Emily was now living in the capital city from which she was soon to go away, and another, in a far different plane of life from that occupied by Em was to come into John's life and ascend to a still higher plane than either lived on at the time of their joining companionship for a journey through long, long years of evolving out of old things and involuting into new ones.

As a matter of course, it will be understood that John's main work in his residence was to read law, and that he did that work well. Hence we will say nothing more on that subject than that he read and, as a committee reported, understood the books in the course of legal study necessary to get a license to practice at the bar.

John renewed his pleasant relations with Emily. By marriage and by birth her mother was connected with some of the leading people socially, religiously, and politically. Hence her home was, to the brilliant and influential people who congregated at the capital city from all parts of the State, what one of the salons of the brilliant women of Paris was to the lords, dukes, and princes that gathered from all parts of the world to Paris in the days preceding the French Revolution.

If John had been disposed to be jealous, the presence of so many bright young men, such as newspaper reporters, clerks of legislative committees, visiting young capitalists, or lobby members, and bright young politicians, members of the Legislature itself, to say nothing of young and brilliant and successful lawyers in attendance on the sessions of the Supreme Court,—the presence of these in the social home of Em's mother would have inspired him with the torments of the green dragon. But he always felt, as a sensible man should, that "if Em is mine and I am hers" nothing but death can come between us; but if Em is not really mine in heart, the sooner some one comes to whom she is in heart a real sweetheart, the better for both. So he never had a thought of jealousy in all those Indian Summer days of his love to and from Em.

The war came on. Em's folks were all strong secessionists while John's were all unionists. But Em and John, being "in love," were true to each other, notwithstanding about them raged a revolution that was like the kingdom of heaven in only one respect—that of being at hand—in which there was a death struggle to divide even the country itself in twain. John was always true, knowing that in order to have friends one must remain friendly to the end. And it is needless to say that it was no grievous task to be friendly with such a girl.

During the time that John was reading law the State Legislature of Missouri met. Somewhere in Holy Writ is a scripture that teaches that many devils may so concentrate in one body as to be called one name—"Legion." So from all over the State there was gathered into this one body a legion of party politicians. From occasion to occasion John visited the sessions of this body. For the purposes of this historical romance we will make one general remark and then one personal or particular one.

Generally speaking, no one could be such a dullard as not to see, from the speeches of the Democratic party legion assembled in the

legislative body, that the country was fast floating downstream into the Gulf of Revolution. The members of this body seemed to be obsessed of the same devils that obsessed the members of the French King's Council in the days just before the Revolution. They seemed to be judicially stricken blind.

Sitting in the lobby one day, listening to the debates, John said to a friend at his side:

"General Hackford, it would save the people of Missouri millions of dollars and perhaps ten thousands of lives if they would establish a public school in which every man who aspires to be a legislator should be a student; and all pupils should be required to study three books in the preparatory department, the same three in the freshman class, the same three in the sophomore, junior, and senior classes. These books should be a book on the importance of legislators having a little common horse sense, Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," and the Bible. These big men seem to have no common sense. They are pushing and pulling the country into revolution. They are smiting and sawing asunder again the prophets that forewarn them of coming danger."

This was the general impression that the Legislature of 1858-'9 made on John. And now to a particular. Before John left his old home county he had united with the law-and-order element in electing an anti-revolutionist to this legislative body. He was a graduate of the State University, and was a kinsman of John. We may call him Walter Chancellor.

There was also a member from one of the up-river counties, named Waiscoat. Waiscoat was one of the storm petrels dashing about on the spray of the coming storm, and was quite a dashy orator—a stump speaker and nothing more. In speech he deceived his looks; because as to looks he seemed to be a cross between a terrapin and a Rotterdam Dutchman; and had the appearance of being a graduate of the Gold Cure curriculum exclusively. Yet, all of the sophistry, all of the heated blood that people were getting drunk on, all the scaly fascination of a beguiling serpent were factors in the general make-up of Colonel Waiscoat. He was one of those peculiar self-pushers that always do what Mrs. Fremont saw was necessary for the personal success of her husband, "Keep yourself asserted." Colonel Waiscoat kept himself asserted. After helping to bring on the war by this union with Yancey in firing the Southern heart, he

managed to keep out of all range of musketry and cannon, and, while the boys were fighting at the front, he kept a "soft place" at the Confederate National Capital.

Now, Representative Chancellor one day made a speech the burden of which was, negatively, for eschewing the impending evil of secession and war; and, affirmatively, for learning the good to be found in the peaceable solution of the negro problem by means of gradual emancipation, with compensation to owners, coupled with providing homes for the freedmen through colonization. It was a masterly effort. It was an effort worthy of any of the days or of any of the councils of the best era of the Republic.

The revolutionary element felt that something must be done to side-crack the effect of this speech. They had no hope of answering it, but to side-track its effects by the use of sophistry, by use of vulgar anecdote, by use of any means that stabs in the back or makes side thrusts instead of face to face, fact against fact, or foot to foot, principle against principle methods. Sense must be overcome with sound, and the voices of reason be strangled in a frothy flood such as the dragon of the Apocalypse spewed out in an effort to drown the woman and her male child.

Hence the "on to secession" enthusiasts called upon Colonel Waiscoat to answer the great speech of Representative Walter Chancellor. His answer was characteristic of all the speeches of that day of getting drunk on fire and blood to vomit up violence and miscarriage. He alternately ridiculed and denounced; then denounced and ridiculed; he overrated himself and underrated his neighbors; he applied language to white that all history and all common sense show is only predicable of black; his eulogies and "live-for-evens" were offered as bridal gifts to slavery; while his maledictions were hurtlingly thrown as "anathema maranathas" and "delenda ests" at freedom and at freedom's apostles and prophets. And yet, the ugly offspring resulting from an ill-considered marriage of Passion as a bride with Prejudice as a groom was, to the morbidly impassioned politicians of that legislature, a fair, very fair child—was fair and in all things worthy of the inheritance of all estates of government. While the male child of the woman in the wilderness, whose cause Representative Chancellor had espoused, was ill-formed and deserved to be driven out and drowned in a wilderness. The Waiscoats and "the great red dragon" were in the ascendant in those days.

John, on hearing the speech of Representative Waiscoat and the applause which greeted it, wrote to his home paper the following:

DEAR EDITOR OF THE CONSERVATOR:—Our representative, Chancellor, made a truly great speech to-day. It was simply unanswerable in its logical and judicial presentation of the fundamental principles of civil and Christianized government, with their application to existing conditions. But, notwithstanding I have adopted and pasted in all my text books the motto, "*Nil Desperandum*," yet to-night I am in actual despair of the Republic. The great speech of our representative was utterly counteracted by a tirade delivered by a "fire-eater" named Waiscoat, who resorted to the usual tactics of rabble rousing which demagogues, who, having no statesmanship, employ. What affected me most was to see one of our own county representatives, elected on the same ticket with Representative Chancellor, taking sides with the revolutionists. Also our senator did the same. Both of these are personally good men, but, neither being much in public life, are easily seduced by the blandishments that are brought to bear on new men by old-timers. They, I fear, have succumbed. In fact, things and things, and persons and persons, here at the State capital point as inevitably to violence and bloodshed as causes point to effects.

And, notwithstanding your correspondent has an abiding faith that the success of the right over the wrong is as certain as day is sure to follow night, and as summer is to follow winter, yet you may print, in box-car letters, in your paper, that *there is going to be night before day, and winter before summer*; and that

"All night long, the battle is going to rage,
On the mountains and in the marshes down by the winter sea."

CAPITOLIAN.

And sure enough, both the senator and the colleague of Representative Chancellor were among the first to die in battle raging on mountains and in marshes of the Southwest.

They were both better men than the spouter who played the dragonistic part of spewing out dirty waters, and who will do so again when some great commoner of the people is confronting, in an impending crisis, some other Plutocracy.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK ON THE BORDER.

John Begins the Practice of Law in a Border Ruffian County Seat—He and Em Are Married—With a Small Stock of "Methodist" Religion, They Join the Church—An Opening Episode of the "War"—Emily's Health Fails—John Carries Her Away From the Border to the Capital—The Influence of Such Men as the Doniphans—The Taking of Camp Jackson—The Missouri State Government "On Wheels"—Price and Jackson Leave the Capital—The Removal of Bank Money—John Believes He is Still in the Charge of Good Angels.

John, having completed his law course and received his law license, went back to a county more central in the Border Ruffian region than the one in which he was reared. Here John opened a law office. He had become disgusted with party politicians, and gave himself up entirely to his legal profession for a while with the result that he soon had a large practice.

Inasmuch as the law is deemed one of the leading, if not the "noblest" of the "professions" (whatever that term may mean), it may be well enough just at this point to relate a few instances that will show in some respects in what the "nobility of the legal profession," as generally practiced, consists, even with such practitioners as John, who had been brought up by a Christian mother.

At L—y, where John was now "settled" as a "promising young lawyer," there was an old personal friend of his father who was judge of the probate court. This friend of his father insisted that John should have his office with him, not as a partner, but as young lawyers often associate with older ones and take such business as their seniors have no time or inclination to see after.

The very first day that John went into the office of Judge R—t, an administrator of a large estate came into the office and asked the judge if it were not time for making an annual report of the estate. The judge looked at his docket, informed the administrator that the report was overdue, and told him he would better get

"Captain Counsellor" (everybody at that day had a military title) to make out the report, which was done. It took John some two hours to do the work. The estate was large, but not complicated, consisting mostly of lands and "cash on hand." John and the administrator agreed on John's fee being allowed for \$50, which John thought a good-sized one, considering the work he had done and the fifty dollars being paid cash. In fact, he felt as if he were guilty of robbery, and would not have taken so much, but as usual he had first consulted his client, and the client suggested fifty dollars. Now, it is a little hard for even so distinguished a man as a lawyer is supposed to be to "take less than he is offered."

John spoke to the judge about the "good-sized" fee, being a little apprehensive that the judge would not allow it. But the judge said:

"John, where were you born and educated,—especially educated in the first duty of a lawyer,—which is, first to get his fee fixed, and fixed for all if not more than it is worth?"

To this John replied that the judge knew all about his place of "raising."

The judge then said:

"Yes, I know your father. He is too honest to live in such a world as this. And I believe that his boy is going to pattern after him." Then in a friendly, offhand way, he remarked:

"D—n it, John. The next time you get business like the Mike Arthur estate, you charge a fee of \$250!"

The next instance reflects more on John's squareness at that time than the one related above reflects on his greenness in the "first duty of a lawyer."

There was a village called Missouri City, located below Kansas City on the Missouri River. Every two weeks justice' court was held at this river city. Just below the "city" was a very extensive wooded bottom where hundreds of "wood-choppers" were employed. These wood-choppers generally constituted the "jury" in the trial of cases in the justice' court. In a round about way, which even John hardly comprehended, it came to pass that every time John won a case he would have to treat, not only the jury, but as many "wood-choppers" as were on hand. It is sufficient to say that with a jury of wood-choppers, and witnesses of the same when necessary, John never lost a case. And the wood-choppers never lost a treat!

At that time John didn't have his letter in the church. And if the history of the "noblest of professions" should be truly written, very few attorneys-at-law do have their "letter in the church," when its "being out" brings more shekels and more reputation.

So one can see that, with this kind of a "push" by the judge and a "pull" on the part of the jury, John soon, not only had the reputation of a "promising and brilliant young lawyer," but a sufficient virtuous income to "marry on," which is one of the goals of every even semi-civilized man.

Another thing that struck John, even in the first year of his practice as an attorney, was the peculiar quality of the many "amended answers" of defendants as pleaded by their "able" counsel.

John and Em married.

These are short words and quickly written, quickly read. But if the things bound up in them were to be enumerated, it would take a world of volumes to sum them up. They dwelt together in harmony in a day when the "going apart" of even old friends seemed to be the order. Belonging to families that were in all political things opposite, their mutual faith and common sympathies gave John an extraordinary opportunity to see from experience how people may be mistaken as to the motives at least of their political adversaries.

Now, the Methodist Church in the faith of which both John and his bride had been brought up, was at the place of their present residence a weak and insignificant congregation, so far as either numerical or social prestige was concerned. So much so was this that John, with his usual disposition of being with the "little dog in a fight," said to his bride the Sunday after she came with him to L—y:

"Em, let's join the Methodist Church to-day. I don't believe altogether in it since my mother died; but I believe in you, and you are a Methodist, and I can live pretty much anywhere you can."

Most women, whether they understand or not a single article of its faith, feel like being in a church; and nothing pleases them better than to have their husbands go with them. So Em gladly accepted John's proposition, and that day in a little church building, with a little congregation in attendance, and a little preacher in charge, John, with very little real religion, and Em, with a great deal of such as it was, walked up hand in hand and "joined the church."

This was in the year 1860. The war clouds were gathering and about ready to burst, and the very first clap of thunder with a little lightning did take place in less than a year from that time. In view of the window of the room in the Arthur House, where John was stopping, a squad of Price's Recruits were captured and the "Johnnies" sent back home by Captain Prince of the Regulators.

The health of poor Em began to fail fast, even faster than that of John's mother. To get away from scenes incident to the border, she went to her mother's home at the capital. Soon things took a great change. Governor Jackson and a legislature that had been elected on the Douglas Union ticket, as opposed to the Breckenridge Secession ticket, all of a sudden turned "secesh." They called a State Constitutional Convention, the object of which, so far as callers were concerned, was to dissolve Missouri's connection with the Union. The election took place in February, 1861, and to the surprise of the callers, only three outspoken secessionists were elected members of the convention of ninety-nine. The district in which John lived, although composed of three so-called Border Ruffian counties, elected three avowed Union men to this convention, all able men,—Doniphan, Norton, and Birch.

In March this convention met at the capital city and refused to "secede," and adjourned subject to recall in an emergency.

In the mean time, the legislature elected on the "Douglass Union ticket," but which turned "secesh," had enacted a militia law organizing everybody into "men of war." General Sterling Price, who was a near kinsman of John's wife, had been elected to the State Convention as a Union man and was elected president of that Convention as a Union man. Governor Jackson offered him the robe of military royalty, which robe he donned one raw and gusty day in the early months of 1861. He proceeded to organize a State Militia Encampment near the United States Arsenal in St. Louis. The encampment was known as "Camp Jackson."

Such men as Blair and Boernstein, scenting danger, organized four regiments of Home Guards in St. Louis. Through spies and by other means it was discovered that Camp Jackson was in correspondence with the Confederate Government at Montgomery, with the intent of capturing the arsenal at St. Louis with all its munitions of war.

At the instance of President Lincoln, "the Dutch" (as the Unionists were then called by the "Rebs"), under Lyon, Blair, and

others, went quietly out to Camp Jackson, one evening in May, 1861, and took it in 'out of the weather, dismissed the school, and sent all the boys quietly home.

Price and Jackson were then at the capital. So was John Counsellor, but for an entirely different purpose. He was there at the bedside of his sick wife, while Price and Jackson were there at the death-bed of a very sick State government. John was present when General Price heard the news of the capture of Camp Jackson. The general to that day had lived in hopes of a peaceable settlement of things. He was naturally a man of peace. The news caused him to look extraordinarily glum, and he rather acted the part of the rabbit in "layin' low and sayin' nuffin'," at least publicly. On the street, in front of the Virginia Hotel, where he was stopping, John said to him:

"General, what are you going to do?"

To this he replied:

"Well, John, we will throw a few chips at them, if we can't do more." These were the general's exact words.

Now, as General Price knew John's family, he naturally would not say much to any of them about any movements looking to a dissolution of the Union, even if at that time he expected that event, which perhaps he did not. He then claimed to be a Unionist in favor of armed neutrality. But Governor Jackson was a blusterer. He at once issued a red-hot proclamation calling on all the captains of militia to rendezvous at once with their commands at Jefferson City. But one company came. Others would have done so, but hadn't time. As soon as Lyon and Blair received "Jackson's call," they concluded that they would answer it at once by proceeding instanter to the capital city. So on railroad and on steamboats they embarked four full "regiments of Dutch." But this was not the kind of "militia" that Jackson wanted. Still, they were coming. John had engaged passage early that morning on the steamboat *Sunshine* to go up to his home on the Border on business, his wife being a little better. The boat did not "pull out" as advertised. On John's inquiring why "he didn't get up steam and go," the captain told him that Governor Jackson and General Price had ordered him to "hold the boat for further orders." Here was the first instance of military power that John saw exercised, the stopping of a boat full of passengers by a paper order saying, "Hold up the boat until further orders."

But the boat wasn't held up long. The Dutch were still coming. To prevent them coming too fast Jackson removed the railroad bridges crossing the Osage and Gasconade Rivers, which flowed between the four regiments of Blair's "Dutch invaders" and the one company of "Jackson's Defenders." Such was the language in the days of May, 1861, at least in "Secesh" circles.

But still the "Dutch" came,—came "marching mit Sigel," some on foot, some by boat, and some in cattle cars,—with such column leaders as Sigel and Boernstein and such West Pointers as Lyon, impelled by such indomitable and restless spirits as Blair.

With such captains in the lead, Jackson was given no time for his "Defenders" to rally around him. John had been with the boat "tied up" all day. Late in the afternoon, impatient to start on his journey, he saw Jackson's one company, that of Captain Kelly of St. Louis, marching toward the boat. They marched on board and stacked their arms. Then came boxes containing what was said to be "archives of the State Government." Then came members of the State Government. Then came General Price and Governor Jackson. In the mean time two cannons and much bacon had been brought aboard. The boat shoved out from the wharf and the Missouri State Government was afloat on the water with an upstream pull. Nevermore was either Price or Jackson to be in their own State capital again. That night, about midnight, the Sunshine was taking on cordwood at a wood-yard about half-way between Jefferson City and Booneville. A horseman with his fine animal flaked with foam and nostrils wide open, rode up to the boat landing. Jumping off, he boarded the boat and called out:

"Where is Governor Jackson or General Price?"

"Here," responded General Price, who was sitting at a table in the cabin over which a dull flickering lamp was burning.

"Here is a dispatch from Jefferson City for you, general," said the horseman.

Taking the dispatch, General Price quickly rose from his chair, and holding the dispatch up to the dim light of the lamp, read it. Governor Jackson came out of the berth to which he had retired, and inquired of General Price,

"What is the news?"

The general replied: "A dispatch from one of my aids at Jefferson city says that "four thousand Dutch under Blair were at the Gasconade bridge at noon yesterday, that they are capturing the

bridge, that six steamboats have left St. Louis and will doubtless reach the Gasconade to-night, that these boats will be used to bring the "Dutch" to Jefferson City in case they cannot repair the bridges, that they will perhaps be in Jefferson City by noon to-morrow. It is thought that their intention is to take possession of the capital, declare martial law, leave a regiment in command, and proceed at once after Governor Jackson to prevent his making a rally. It is said that one thousand men will join Blair's column here."

The reading of this dispatch caused a general gloom. John went outside and took a seat on the boat's guard. He thought of the burial of Sir John Moore and the "lanterns dimly burning." Far back in the woods a "hoot owl" ominously hooted, and he heard the howl of a wolf in the thick tanglewood near the river. He was never so lonesome in all his life. His mother dead, his wife sick, his State Government fleeing, the real genuine stuff of war actually at hand, and he unwillingly in the very midst of its first convulsions. Not from fear, but weighed down with an overpowering feeling of loneliness, he wept—wept until weeping gave way to an unutterable peace, for something told him:

"Neither you nor any of yours are responsible for this war. Come what may, the angels will take charge of you and keep you in all your ways and hold you up in their hands." This peace remained with John every day during the entire war.

As incongruous as were the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, and the presence of men of war with thoughts about angels, yet such were the things that discomfited him on the one hand and comforted him on the other. Many a soldier, who was a soldier from principle and not from passion, has felt this comforting in the midst of battle!

At daybreak the boat reached Booneville where Price and Jackson had ordered another rally. The last time in this life that John saw General Price and Governor Jackson, the general was standing on the wharf at Booneville, with his hands in his old slouchy duster-coat pockets, superintending the unloading of the Missouri State Government from the Sunshine,—which State Government at that time consisted of some boxes, two cannon, about five thousand pounds of bacon, incumbered with Governor Jackson, standing by with his arm over the neck of his Arabian roadster which he had brought with him. This horse, as things turned out, stood him much in hand in his charge on Arkansas!

The Sunshine with John aboard "pulled out" and proceeded up the river. What took place at Booneville in a few days is a matter of history, and not a matter of John's actual observation and experience, as things in this book are intended to be.

Stopping for a few days at his old home, John found people running to and fro, some wild with frenzy and some dazed at the approaching horrors of war already begun. Brown, Rives, Conroe, and Hubbell were inflaming the Southern heart with a fire with which they themselves, far away from home, were consumed. All of them perished in the far-off tanglewoods of the war. Judge Counsellor and his like were elements of peace and of law and order. The Unionists began home-guard organizations to keep things quiet at home; while the Secession element began to organize companies to carry "banner, brand, and bow" against the foe, anywhere from the Missouri River to the Gulf that was to be frozen over before surrender!

The last Sunday evening before going on up the river to his new home, John spent at the residence of Judge Dunn, whose son, then dead, had been to John as a brother. The judge was "on the fence," and approachable from both sides. While John was at the judge's house, Captain Aaron Conroe, then member of the legislature and a leading lawyer, called to bid the judge good-bye. Conroe was sanguine of success and brandished a large dangerous-looking weapon that might be called either a butcher knife, or a short sword, or a Spanish machete. It seemed to be of a home-made blacksmith brand.

Poor Aaron! With a kind of "I'll see you again" air, he hurriedly left, never to see or be seen again in the old familiar places that had known him from his birth. He was killed in Mexico by guerrillas with, perhaps, about the same kind of knife that he had thought there was safety in. Often by the very evil with which one proposes to slay another, by that same evil is he himself slain! He that taketh up the sword shall by the sword perish.

John's father, as usual, was calm and considerate. He never said, "I told you so." He was above that kind of pique. But he felt that he had not sowed to this wind, and that he would not reap any of the whirlwind from it. He was like a rock with the spray of waters beating about it, but not affecting it. He knew that the horrible struggle against which he had fought all of his life as a Jackson Democrat was on. He resolved to take no part in it except

such as would enable him to keep the people who were compelled to remain at home from cutting each other's throats, or from being burned out, robbed, and murdered by those who were in arms, but would prefer to fight and terrorize non-combatants who had no arms in hand, than to fight men whose business it was to fight and had arms for that purpose.

For safety, John chose as a traveling companion a noted ballot-box stuffer in Kansas elections and an influential regulator, and went on to his new home at L—y. The first night he got there he put up at the Arthur Hotel. During the night a St. Joe company of the State militia on the way to join Price and Jackson camped in view of the window of the room where John slept. At break of day next morning this company was taken by surprise by a troop of regulars under command of Colonel Prince and captured and paroled. Here everything and everybody was in a state of chaos. There was scarcely anything familiar and home-like except the domestic animals and the usual cackling of hens when they laid their eggs. The suite of rooms occupied by John and his bride at the Arthur House was lonesome enough to John with his wife far away and sick. So he hurried through with his professional business and was about to leave direct for the capital city where he had left his wife.

The Bank at L—y had some \$250,000 of cash on hand. Its officers were uneasy. They wanted to get the \$250,000 to a safer settlement than the Border then seemed to be, so they determined to remove the money to St. Louis. The president of the bank, Ned Samuels, and its cashier, Greenup Bird, father of the wife of the present Governor of Missouri, were instructed to organize a body guard of true and trusty men to carry the \$250,000 cash to St. Louis. John was selected as one of this number, and with eight other "guards" proceeded with the money in a round about way to St. Louis, traveling through the lines of both Union and "Secesh" forces alternately. At Hannibal a boat, the Warsaw, had just unloaded a regiment of one thousand Union soldiers. The great building that served for both railroad and steamboat depot was rammed and jammed with soldiers, women, and children. Everything was in confusion. One of the bank money guards, Uncle Joe Fields, got separated from the rest, and mislaid a carpet sack in which was \$60,000 cash. This was not discovered until all were on board and the boat had pulled in its stage plank. The carpet sack was then

missed. By persuasion, the captain replaced the stage plank and search was made for it. It was found tumbled on the floor of the depot with its contents all safe.

Uncle Joe was one of the principal stockholders in the bank, and during the balance of the trip did all the "treating" to such things as the bank guard wanted. John at that time was a "tee-totaler" and took only lemonade.

With such men as Perry Moss, Steve Shrader, Ned Samuels, Greenup Bird, and Joe Fields in that "guard" there would have been a hot time in any crowd that would have attempted the robbery of the "cash assets" on hand. To-day every one of that guard is in heaven except Shrader and John, who are still water bound on the earth.

Via St. Louis, John was once more out of Border Ruffiandom and at the State capital, with the guardian angels still in charge and holding him up "lest he dash his foot against a stone." At least this was John's growing faith.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY DAYS OF 1861.

The Northern "Lambs" and Southern "Lions" Change Places—The Recall of the State Convention—Lincoln Opposes, While Provost Marshals and Methodists Favor Martial Law—A State Government "On Wheels" Replaced by a State Government at the State Capital—Gamble, Hall, Oliver, and Other Members of State Government Described—The "Reb" Scylla and the "Red" Charybdis Threaten the Wreckage of the New Civil State Government—A Discipline of the Prince of Peace Not at Home in a "Round Up" of the Votaries of Mars.

In the early days of 1861 there was no telling what a day might bring forth. It was in early summer that John left the Border in the hands of Kansas "Redlegs" instead of Missouri Regulators. Some thirty days before he had left the capital city in the hands of the lieutenants of Price and Jackson. On his return he found it in charge of provost marshals of the Boernstein and Blair school. While the "regulators" were in the saddle, the Southern Methodists were the "lions" and the Northern Methodists the "lambs," seemingly ready to be led dumb before the shearers.

But here within thirty days the Southern Methodist preachers were on trial, not before mobs, but before about as dangerous a crowd as a mob, before provost marshals running the vengeful machinery of drumhead court-martials; and the Northern Methodist brother appeared as "lion" instead of his usual role of the "lamb." John reflected that "every dog has its day," and was impressed by the apparent truth "that all men are made of the same mud," that about all of them show some dog when they get a little power. But more of this hereafter. We only say here that Boernstein had one of the subterranean rooms at the capital full of Southern Methodist preachers, and was proceeding to try them when a peremptory telegram from President Lincoln put an end to such disgraceful proceedings.

Edward Bates and Abraham Lincoln and Hamilton R. Gamble had been old-line Henry Clay Whigs together, and as such were old personal friends. Lincoln was now president, Bates was his attorney-general, and Gamble was president *pro tempore* of the Missouri State Constitutional Convention; and, as Sterling Price who was its president was then "absent in Arkansas," Gamble was the acting presiding officer.

Lincoln was greatly opposed to martial law. He got Bates to come West to see Gamble as to whether something could not be done in a peaceable and orderly manner to get the capital of Missouri and Missouri itself free from martial law, and under the rule of its own civil authorities. Lincoln suggested the calling together of the members of the State Constitutional Convention, who had been elected by the people of the State as late as February, 1861, free from bayonets at the polls. This body had met, refused to secede, and adjourned subject to the call of its president. Let this convention reorganize civil government in Missouri, the former civil government then being on wheels or in camp down in Arkansas. And right here it may be remarked that military men generally were opposed to the call of a civil body, and proposed "an eye for an eye and tooth for tooth" way of running things.

However, Lincoln urged the call of the convention, saying that he would back its action by all the powers of the Government as long as it kept Missouri peaceable.

The convention, against the remonstrance of provost marshals and Methodist preachers generally, was called together. By an overwhelming majority it declared vacant the office of State governor and all other State offices whose occupants had gone off with Jackson and Price, and proceeded to fill the same with such old Missouri public men as H. R. Gamble as governor, William P. Hall as lieutenant-governor, Mordecai Oliver as secretary of state, General Geo. C. Bingham as state treasurer, Welsh as attorney-general, and Sample Orr as register of lands.

Wm. C. Mosely, the auditor of public accounts who was elected with Jackson in 1860, refused to desert his office when Jackson left, and was permitted by the convention to hold the same. Perhaps no set of men ever selected for office were better calculated to meet, not only all the requirements of the office, but of the times, than this provisional State Government of Missouri.

John Counsellor was, by the new secretary of state, appointed as chief assistant secretary, and in that relation he was on terms of

personal intimacy with all of the members of the State Government. In a letter to his father in the latter part of 1863, he thus described them :

Jefferson City, Mo., ——— 1863.

DEAR PAPA (John never got over his old Virginia way of calling his parents "mamma" and "papa"),—You ask me to give you my honest opinion of the present State Government, and whether I think they will be able to steer the ship of state between the Scylla of "Rebs" on one hand and the Charybdis of "Reds" on the other, and whether Lincoln is disposed to sustain them in their efforts to conserve law and order? To all of which I reply: 1st, That Governor Gamble is an old Virginian by blood, an old-school Presbyterian by tradition, and a strong law-and-order man by instinct. He is honest, and one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in the West. He is absolutely void of malice, and will hew to the line of justice and judgment regardless of where the chips may fall. Be assured that as long as he is governor every citizen will be protected in all of his rights, and the laws made by the civil authorities will be executed.

There have been tremendous efforts made by the "Reds" to get him to embark in a violent course of vengeance against all who do not see things as they do. But he is not like a reed that is shaken by the wind. He remains firm in his advocacy of law and order as the surest and only possible honest way of running public affairs.

Privately he is as simple as a child, plain as an old farmer, and as kindly as a woman. Publicly he is a Roman with Christian instincts.

You know Governor Hall. The people have often elected him to public office, and never found him wanting. If Gamble should die, Hall would fill his shoes admirably. Were it not for this I would fear that some of the worst of the "Reds" might "remove" him by assassination.

You also know "our old and our own" Major Oliver. I would speak of him more fully than I do, but you know that he has treated me in so fatherly a way, that speaking of him would be something like speaking of you. I will, however, say that the convention could not have chosen a more gentlemanly, a more efficient, or a more influential man for secretary of state than Mordecai Oliver. His long public service in offices to which the people of Missouri have so often elected him has given him the confidence of men of all parties; and he is a tower of strength in the State Government, and has brought to its support many public men who otherwise would have been lukewarm.

The state treasurer, George C. Bingham, is also an old Virginian. Perhaps no man in the whole nation has better qualifications for treasurer than General Bingham. He is more than honest, as firm as a rock, and as polite as any old Virginia gentleman could be. To this date, no doubt he could have made over one hundred thousand dollars out of things that his office throws in his way without the State losing a cent; yet he has made only his salary.

The remainder of the state officers are all right. Sample Orr has a great deal of old Andrew Jackson honesty and fearless integrity. He is said to look like Jackson and to be of near kin to him. At least Orr is of Jacksonian build and cast of courage.

The one officer who was elected on the state ticket with Jackson in 1860, who is now a member of the State Government, Wm. C. Mosely, state auditor, is a paragon public officer, as well as a gentleman.

General Welch has proved to be all that his most sanguine friends predicted for him as attorney-general.

In fact, with the "Reb" Scylla on the one side and the "Red" Charybdis on the other, either ready to wreck the ship of state, perhaps no set of men could have steered so clear of both as the present State Government. Had we not had such men in command in Missouri of state affairs, there would scarcely have been left a secure remnant of either life or property. Only the records of Heaven, to be unfolded with all things written as they occurred, will ever show how signally our State Government saved our people of Missouri from utter destruction. And it is only the truth to say that, in this supreme and successful effort of saving men's lives and property, instead of destroying them, our State Government has been cordially sustained and defended by President Lincoln.

Very affectionately,

JOHN COUNSELLOR.

As assistant secretary of state, John was again convinced that the Lord, through His earthly or heavenly angels, provides for His own. Having influential friends on both sides of the line, he could have obtained honorable positions where laurels might have been won at the front, or positions at the rear in commissary or contract lines where great riches could have been accumulated.

But the gruesome scenes amid which he lived on the "Border" from 1854 to 1860 had so shocked his ideas of Christian civilization that, before the first gun in the civil war was fired, he had calmly and considerately made up his mind to take no part in the great fratricidal struggle. He knew that neither he nor any of his kindred were responsible for the war. He knew that he and all of his kindred were in states of heart and intelligence to reason together rationally with all citizens of all political faiths about any and all public matters, and to settle the same without burning up each other's property and murdering each other in detail or by wholesale.

It is true that he recognized the prevalence of a violence that had to be confronted. Yet he also recognized that he was not responsible for such violence; and on the principle that vengeance belongeth not to man, but to the Lord, and that the righteous are exhorted not to stretch forth their hand for vengeance lest they

hurt themselves; that the wicked are used as weapons for executing wrath on the wicked; that all people who pretend to be of the Christian fold are exhorted, "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves; but rather give place unto wrath. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him, and be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," and knowing that any overcoming of evil with evil is but a veritable bottomless pit; and that he that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword,—knowing such things John gladly entered the civil ark found in the office of the civil department of state. In this ark he was lifted above the muddy and bloody waters that deluged the land from 1861 to 1865.

Notwithstanding John was ambitious, and all of his early ambitions were shattered by this determination of not worshiping at the altar of the murderous Mars; notwithstanding he was in futurity deprived of participating in the great annual round-ups of Grand Army or United Confederate Encampments to get drunk periodically on memories of violence, with the net result of vomiting up an ever-increasing pension roll on the one hand, and on the other hand impotently wallowing in the quagmires of self-glorification,—notwithstanding all this, John Counsellor to-day, with forty years of observation of the bottomless-pit procedures in overcoming evil with evil, is not only content with his choice of enlisting under the banner of the Prince of Peace, but is absolutely thankful that he did so.

The faith of John's Virginia mother as to the disposition of slavery is as much superior to the faith of those who by sword hoped to dispose of it, as the "Only All-wise God, our Saviour," who was incarnated as the Son of Man, is superior to the god of war whose incarnation is ever in "the Beast." For, after forty years in the wilderness, about the only advance that has been made toward a healthy and permanent settlement of the African slave question is that they are "governed without their consent;" that they are being burned at the stake, not of martyrdom, but of lust; that they are in the government but not of it; that they feel all the shame and suffer all the indignities of an inferior race endeavoring to live under the same vine and fig tree of a vastly superior race. Yea, like the germs that are foreign to the system, the African element is being suppressed in our national body, and, again like the germs of disease suppressed in the human system, these alien elements will inevitably break out in burning fevers and violent par-

oxysms and convulsions. Beside this, the country is over-burdened with a national debt that, ever being rolled uphill, returns each year in greater volume to the foot hills of the people, to be hopelessly pushed up again like the stone of Sisyphus.

In a civil office John was kept free from the drunkenness that inevitably overtakes men who deal in violence and wrath. Socially, through his wife who was near of kin to the foremost of the Secession leaders of Missouri, John came into personal contact with all the spheres that surrounded and animated the dis-union elements; while, through his own kindred and through the civil State Government, he came in contact personally and officially with the radical Union elements. And thus seeing and hearing both sides of the case, he was enabled to see things as they are seen from the view-point of one who looks all around and upon all phases. Sufficient for the present to say that he saw things that enabled him in after years to understand how mistaken people can be in judging others, and how solemnly true it is that all men are much the same when clothed with a little brief authority.

We have seen the part played by some of the Southern Methodist clergy during the days before Blair, Boernstein, and the "Dutch" had overthrown the "Border Ruffian" elements in Missouri. They breathed out threatening and slaughter, and were the pets if not in some cases the "pals" of the "regulators." During these times of impotency, the Northern Methodist brother had the cast-down countenance of the persecuted saint, with a look of being "crowded on" that was so pitiable that it appealed to all men who believed in fair play.

It was this latter feeling that led John Counsellor to form a friendship for some of the leading ministers of the Northern Church, with the hope that he might be able to do something to bridge the bloody gulf between the Southern and Northern factions. This hope, after much effort, it may be remarked, was never realized. But it gave John a good opportunity of viewing things from a better standpoint than he could have done had he never come into personal as well as church relations with the Northern Methodist clergy.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

Reminiscences of General Sterling Price—Price's Opinion of a Festive Occasion of the High Rollers—The Death of Emily—Its Effect on John—Thoughts Arising From Visiting Preachers in Prison—Sheridan, the Publican, and Stonewall Jackson, the Dervish—Perhaps a Difference Between the West Point Professors of War and the Ministrations of the Angels of the Prince of Peace.

Em's family was closely related to General Sterling Price, and during the days just before Price and Jackson left Jefferson City John often met the general at the home of Em's mother. However much one might differ politically with "Uncle Sterling," as Em called him, those who came in contact with him in social life could not help liking him. While he was not very demonstrative or "chatty," yet he had a sort of kindly and friendly way of talking that made one feel that he was a friend. With young men his demeanor was that of a father to a son. Hence, during the war all the young men in his army called him "Old Pap." His political career had been a little mixed. He had succeeded John's father as Governor of Missouri. John's father was governor at the time Mr. Calhoun introduced in the United States Senate his celebrated State Rights Secession Resolution. Claib Jackson, then a member of the Missouri State Legislature, had championed a joint resolution instructing the Missouri senators, Benton and Atchison, to support the Calhoun measure. Governor Counsellor vetoed this first move for secession in Missouri, and Senator Benton refused to vote for the Calhoun Trojan war measure. The Democratic Party divided on the question as to whether a State could secede and throw off all relations to the National Government at its own pleasure.

When Governor Price was elected, it was supposed that he was, like Governor Counsellor, a Tom Benton and Andrew Jackson Democrat and opposed to secession and nullification in all of their

ominous aspects. But, like Governor Fox Jackson in later years, Governor Price, just as soon as he was elected, began to throw all of his influence with the Claib-Fox-Jackson Anti-Benton nullification democracy; and when Fox Jackson was elected governor, he appointed "Old Pap" to a fat office.

At the February election, 1861, "Old Pap" was elected as a straight out "Union man" to the Missouri State Convention, and there voted against the State seceding. But as soon as the convention adjourned Claib Fox appointed "Old Pap" as commanding general of the Missouri State Guard; and under the manipulation of Governor Jackson and General Price, this Guard was wheeled into the service of the Montgomery Confederate Government, as far as it could be wheeled.

Still General Price was greatly indisposed to have Missouri go into the war. He had been an officer in the Mexican War and thus had a taste of war, and knew that it was no May-day picnic recreation. His anticipations of it were altogether dissimilar from those of the merry-hearted daughter, who immortalized herself by her zeal, which found vent in the ever familiar words, "O mother, wake me early, for to-morrow's the first of the May."

Price did not hanker after being "waked early" to go into the war. A little incident will show his drift of mind. Early in the spring, before the taking of Camp Jackson, there had been a rally at Jefferson City of all the high-rolling young officers of the Missouri State Guard. The whole affair seemed to be a picnic occasion. From all parts of the State, the well-dressed, dashing-looking young lieutenants and captains who afterwards rode with Shelby and fought with Marmaduke, or in some cases became guerrillas with Quantrell, came like plumed eagles to the capital city. From the counties of Platte and Jackson, in the Border Ruffian regions, to Cape Girardeau and Ste. Genevieve about the "negro-wool swamps," the high-born and haughty girls of the old proslavery *regime* came also to this great "round up" of "brave men and fair women." It is true that these proslavery beauties did not come like the young gallants, with banner, brand, and bow; but they came with hearts all afire and eyes all aglow, arrayed in garments that were only equaled in glory by the magnificent bouquets with which their hands were filled for joyous bestowment on the eager knights of the coming cause of a Confederacy that, in the picturesque language of a haughty rebel belle, in her pretty little

speech in presenting to Captain K's company a company flag, should eclipse every classical predecessor.

"A coming Confederacy," said the young beauty, "that will outvie Rome in the valor of its men; that will eclipse the classical culture of Greece in the Arcadian modesty of its mothers; and whose young men and maidens will again usher in the golden age of the world, when love for one another out of hearts without commercial guile was the end of all things: A Confederacy in whose country wealth will be gained, not from the grease and turmoil of factories with their begrimed minions; but from the soil, through which the heavens themselves in princely munificence will pour their gifts to a race of patrician men who will from generation to generation be like bridegrooms going forth to run races along the highways of noble ambition and classical culture."

While the rebel beauties from the highlands and from the lowlands, in their frocks of Babylonian scarlet and purple, added splendor to the outer world, the local capitolian lasses added cheer to the inner man by a profusion of viands that were only equaled in abundance by the scarcity in after time of any sort of edibles in the "parched corn" and "blackberry" larders of the actual Confederacy.

In fact, the whole affair had the air and the aroma of a bridal festivity. Yet, amid all the careless gayety, General Sterling Price was seen to shed tears in seclusion, and on one occasion he remarked:

"These young men do not know what war is. It is a desolate and deathly affair at best. These girls will weep twice where they sing and dance once now. May something avert war, should be the prayer of us all."

The general seemed utterly sad, yet he went into the storm of mingled burning and blood and bayonets and bullets, and remained in it to the last!

He has passed into the spiritual world. He there has all of the experience that he gained in the Mexican and the great Civil War. His career with its sudden careenings only shows that men, however strong, are but "reeds shaken" of this and that wind. His whole career demonstrates that he was really a man of peace, of quiet, and of neighborly instinct; and there is but little doubt that when he went to the world of spirits, the place of judgment where the hay, dross, and stubble in every man are separated from the gold and silver in him, his experience in the Mexican and Civil Wars enabled

him to decide against engaging in any more bloody wars; for in that world they have wars as in this; for wars are on all planes of life where the tares and wheat, or the goats and sheep come in contact. And more especially is this true on planes where all are goats or all are tares. The world of spirits has in it a mingled population of good and bad not yet judged, and separated, and assigned homes. The hells are tares and goats pure and simple.

Being interiorly a man of peace, General Price in the world of judgment would take the side of law and order against "hell turned loose," as war is, and he would be saved from his warrior-like weakness, from which all must necessarily be delivered before they can be admitted into the house of the Prince of Peace as angels in heaven. That General Price was essentially an orderly man may be seen in another part of this story, where John has an interview with Captain Celsus Price, his son. This son in after years went to the far east, and amid the solitudes of Persia became an adept of that oriental occultism of which Madame Blavatsky was one of the prophetesses. Of Captain Celsus Price we shall see more hereafter.

Emily's health, never strong, amid the blare and glare of 1861, failed rapidly. On her account John gave himself altogether to attending to the duties of his civil office at the capital, scarcely ever alluding to the war. He rarely even read the accounts of the great battles that took place in the summer of that year, such as Wilson's Creek in Missouri and Pull Run in Virginia. On a beautiful day in the spring of 1862 Em passed from earth to the life above. Her death staggered John greatly, and made him shut his eyes and stop his ears more closely to the things of war and to apply himself more devotedly to his civil duties, as well as to works of charity, such as visiting prisoners in the military prisons and doing everything possible to soften the asperities of the fratricidal strife then raging on sea and land. The Bible was his sole study. It may be added that he visited several Southern Methodist ministers who were under arrest for acts of disloyalty. He was somewhat struck at finding that these preachers were, perhaps, a little more haughty and stiff-necked than the ordinary run of military prisoners of that day. It was about this time that John began to enter really into the genuine light of the true religion of the Prince of Peace; and any expression of a so-called Christian minister favoring or in any wise glorifying war struck him as unpleasantly as the sight of a woman drunk and cursing.

Such an impression did a dervish-like preacher, shrieking and howling for war, make on John at this time that never in all after years would he go to hear any preacher who, either at a Grand Army Encampment or at a United Confederate Reunion, glorified Mars and with lungs of brass bellowed the praises of men whose only merit was that they were more successful than others in shedding blood and wasting the substance of their neighbor. He had a lively hope that such men as Lincoln on one side and Lee on the other had some genuine Christian religion, enough, perhaps, as hidden leaven to save them in the great day of final account. But this hope was based, not on the number of men they had killed and the number of towns destroyed, but on their well-known sadness of heart at having to hurt any one at all!

John used to say that about the only difference between the two dashing leaders, Phil Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson, was that Sheridan was an outright publican and regarded "war as hell;" while Stonewall Jackson was a kind of religious zealot, like a Mohammedan dervish, who would go into war with a black-flag spirit shouting the praise of Allah! And that, as between the two, the dashing publican had a better chance of being on the side of the Prince of Peace than did the praying dervish. This because the publican recognized war as hell, and the dervish recognized it as a thing on which Christians might enter with great glory, killing as many people as possible!

John realized what the Prince of Peace meant when he said that publicans and harlots would enter the kingdom of heaven before a set of children of the kingdom, so called, who thought they were serving God in killing others. Such mistakes are fatal to any citizenship in the realms of the Prince of Peace. Sheridan, the outright publican, who recognized war as hell, in the other life when the books are opened, would probably be brought much sooner to recognize evil and eschew it, than a dervish of the Soudan who on earth mingled his prayers and his thanksgiving with the shedding of blood.

In the world to come it is more difficult to separate a man from the dross that is within him, if on earth he has made that dross—through mistaken religious zeal—take the place of the silver and gold. This every man does who justifies and glories in the things necessarily belonging to the sons of Mars, and which do not belong to the sons of God!

But John thought that either Sheridan, the outright publican and sinner, or Jackson, the ever successful and fearless dervish, had a better show of being enlisted under the banners of the Prince of Peace than had any preacher who would set the hearts of his flock in flames with the exceedingly false fire that is strange to the Spirit of the Prince of Peace, such fire as a large majority of both "Red" and "Reb" preachers brought to the altars of worship during the bloody moons of our Civil War, and still shovel out at all of the "Old Soldier Reunions."

It is true that so common is it for so-called ministers of the Prince of Peace to turn aside and worship at the altars of Mars—even as the Israelites continually went aside to worship the gods of the heathen—that the great prevalence of such strange worship has made it seem somewhat right; as the running with a multitude to commit any sin makes that sin appear to be right.

But John always held that, however appearances might be, no disciple of Mars ever became a child of the Prince of Peace in the Father's house of Love, who went up there from a life of killing his fellow-man. However, he thought that doubtless all well-meaning soldiers when taken away from the ministration of the West Point and Annapolis professors of war, and from carnal earthly preachers, and placed under the ministration of the angels of the Prince of Peace, as is the case with all who from the earth enter into judgment in the "world of spirits," will be saved by the angels separating the tares of Mars from the wheat of Jesus; both of which are found in each and every heart.

But John could never see how a war preacher could be saved unless, when placed under the instruction of angels, he would learn the exceeding error of his ways and would deeply repent of his grievous sin and learn the ways of righteousness as taught in all the colleges of all climes, whether in heaven or on earth, where Christ, as the Prince of Peace, is the ruler.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOCIAL LIFE AT THE MISSOURI STATE CAPITAL DURING THE CIVIL WAR. A LESSON IN STATESMANSHIP TO BE LEARNED FROM IT.

The Little Lord Fauntleroy and the Mademoiselle Consuelo Vanderbilts of the Outgoing Regime, and the Men and Women of the "Hoi Polloi"—"Rebs" and "Reds" Not Much in Favor—The "Committee of Invitation" of Rebel Rosebuds—John in His Role of "Overcoming Evil With Good"—The Daguerreotype Among the Bric-a-Brac of the Rollins' Mansion Center-Table Appears as a Reality—Attempt to be Fixed as a Star in the Heavens of Another—The "Destructive" and "Constructive" Elements Run Up Against Each Other.

Perhaps not in the whole country, North and South, was there such a social earthquake as the one that took place at the Missouri State capital as one of the incidents, if not effects, of the great Civil War. Since the going out of political power of the old-time Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy, which occurred with the administration of John's father, Governor Counsellor, in the early fifties, there had been gathering about the State capital a very haughty and high-stepping proslavery aristocracy, the "belles" and "beaux" of which completely dominated in their turn all the social salons. The beaux of this aristocracy were naturally high strung, which, added to their assumed superiority over mere "plain people," made Little Lord Fauntleroy of the younger brood, and of its young men it made a dashing gentry of the Navarre and Chevalier Bayard type; while of its older men it made an uncompromising class of ambitious "rule-or-ruin" brilliant Burrs and conscientious Catalines.

Corresponding with these high-instepped Little Lord Fauntleroy, Chevalier Bayards, and revolutionizing senatorial Catalines, there were the Mademoiselles Consuelo Vanderbilts of proslavery pelf, and the Mesdames DeStaels of proslavery pride, even in the rustle of whose silken petticoats there was the charm of music, to

say nothing of that peculiarly persuasive tone of voice and that peculiar expression of countenance that differentiate the high-bounding blood of a princess from the sullen slough water of a *parvenu*.

Somehow or other, as far toward the Polar Seas as Missouri was situated, all of the hot blood that surged in the veins of the Calhouns and Rhetts and Yanceys and Bob Toombs of the far-away South, seemingly without obstruction and with congenial flow, poured itself through the hearts of these Missouri proslavery propagandists; and not only fired their hearts with the lust of domination, but filled their dreams with visions of the spread of what they deemed the "balm of civilization for barbarism," not only to the prairies of Kansas, but to the very shadow of Bunker Hill itself!

Such dreams of the coming Kingdom of Slavery were everywhere indulged in as though it were the coming of some Messiah. Even a somewhat cold-blooded propagandist would indulge in such flights of fancy as did one of the speakers of an "On to Kansas" meeting at Lexington, Missouri, when he said:

"Kansas being consecrated to slavery, then comes Nebraska; then the half-dozen States that are to be framed out of the territory between the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska and the Golden Gate that overlooks the Pacific. Then, turning northward, we shall civilize all the country to Puget's Sound; and thence eastward the course of civilization will sweep back again over the mountains, cross the great valleys, and the dream of our great Senator Toombs will be realized by hearing the benign master of slaves civilized and redeemed from barbarism, call his slave roll evening and morning under the shadow of Bunker Hill!"

How it was possible to conquer such a lordly and lording set of men, whose nostrils continually inhaled the exhalations of praise shed like the very sunshine, from such hot-bosomed women as were their daughters, sisters, sweethearts, wives, and mothers,—how it was possible to overthrow such men—the Naptons, the Greens, the Jacksons, the Prices, the Ewings, the Shalbys, the Stringfellows, the Cockrells, the Vests, the little Lord Fauntleroy, and the Navarres and Bayards of all this school, they could not dream! They never had even a suspicion of defeat.

Not one of these ever dreamed at any one of their great Belshazzar feasts that fate was just writing "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," on the walls of their palaces of power and pride.

And that such a babboon as an uncouth, rail-splitting Illinois plebeian, should overthrow and throw out of the governing realm such a prodigy of chivalry as was to be found in the Mississippi patrician enthroned in the presidential chair among the magnolias of the Montgomery capital,—such a thing as this was not for a moment thought of by any of their sweethearts or wives.

How such men, in all the purple of pride and upheld by the warm hearts of so many tropically zoned fair women, fought and died, is a wonder even to their enemies! Perhaps at the great roll-call at the final “round-up” of the “Life Beyond” there will be no greater sin for which the preachers who fired the Southern heart will be called on to answer, than having taken such material for good as was to be found in the heart of Southern manhood and kindling it with the “strange fire” of rebellion against a government which even they themselves had dominated for generations, which attempt all now admit was not only ill considered, but would have been utterly disastrous if it had succeeded. The universal sentiment of the South is that it has been good for all that the attempt failed.

The tremendous energy, the unexcelled bravery that bordered on desperation itself, displayed by the proslavery sons of the South,—what might it not have accomplished had it been spent in some great cause for humanity at large, such as the overthrow of plutocracy and the setting free of the labor and the homes and the commerce and the common country of all the sons of men!

My God! To think of what might have been accomplished had the fervor, the affection, the high-pulsing love of the high-blooded Southern women been sacrificed in the interest of the Prince of Peace, instead of being poured as brimstone on the altars of Mars!

In coming years, at the great crises of civil commotion, let the clergy, let the possessors of political prestige, let all civilized Christian people, beware how they divert the immense wealth of culture and affection of the nation into wrong channels, as the Roosevelts of the sword and the pampered lady pets of the Plutocracy are to-day in the fatally mistaken effort to do.

But to our story of social life at the proslavery capital. For a generation the proslavery aristocracy had been in full sway. But early in the sixties the proslavery sun began to get low, and another sun was to rise on a new day, the “morning” of which, like the days of Genesis, succeeded “the evening,” when the evening and the morning were “the first day” of a new age.

The evening of a departing day of chaos and confusion is succeeded by morning after the darkness caused by such chaos has spent its force for evil.

At the government offices at the capital old "fire eaters" had given way to men of the *auream mediocritatem* school. The fiery (if not foxy) Jackson had given way to the calm and considerate Presbyterian elder, Gamble. With perhaps one single exception, a whole State government of purblind political partisans had given way to the patriots of the people.

About the arsenals and in the "shoulder-strapped" places of power, the captains of a cotton confederacy had given way to the lieutenants of one who proclaimed a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The Chevalier Bayards were mostly "absent in Arkansas," and their places were filled by plain Johns and Georges, whose neighborly qualities greatly outweighed the gaudy quicksteps of the mere Beau Brummels. As counselors visiting the capital, the Stringfellows had given way to the Rollinses; the Vests had given way to the Blairs; the Naptons to the Nortons; and the J. T. V. Thompsons had been supplanted by the Doniphans and Mosses; and the Border Ruffians had been succeeded by the Counsellors. Not, however, until the last year of the war had the "Reb" given way to the "Red;" but the "Reb" had given way to law and order, and special franchise to none and equal rights to all peaceable citizens, which were the characteristics of the Constitutional State Government of this Border Ruffian State administered from July, 1861, to January, 1865.

For some years there seemed to be an impassable gulf between the lordlings and ladies of the old *regime* and the men and women of the new. But the men and women of the law and order State government kept such good faith with all, that soon the bloody chasm became first passable, then actually passed over, and eventually filled up altogether.

Under this considerate administration of State affairs, all of which was upheld by Mr. Lincoln, war had disappeared from the neighborhood of the State capital. The gallant with Union "shoulder straps" was cordially invited to and warmly received in the homes of the most rabid Secession ladies; and we may say that many of the high-spirited and hot-hearted Southern girls went so far even as to become the wives of the "Lieutenants of Lincoln."

On one occasion John was present at a meeting of a committee on invitations composed of some of the ladies of the select "upper ten" who were getting up a "sociable." This was in the year 1863. None but the flower of the fast-fading *regime* was present. It was a kind of a *creme-de-la-creme* assembly of the proud but warm-hearted girls who had in days gone by danced and flirted, laughed and chatted, with the chevaliers of the Southern cause. A little part of the proceedings of this committee will show, perhaps in a better way than could otherwise be done, how pleasantly old things may give way to new ones, especially where the new ones offer something that savors of kindness and goodness to all concerned.

The committee was called to order. A near kinswoman of John's then dead wife was chairman. Miss Anna E., whose personal fortune was afterward united in the closest and holiest of bonds with that of a United States senator, was secretary. After disposing of the question of when and where the "sociable" was to be held, there came up the most important question of all, "Whom shall we invite?"

A pretty rebel "rosebud" whose better nature, as well as better sense, had not yet bloomed out, who is yet alive and whose name is omitted for that reason, arose and said:

"I move, Mr. President, that we invite no one who is not in sympathy with our Southern cause."

And in support of this motion, she went on to say:

"What would Ashley, who is with Price, think of our club president dancing with a Yankee? How would General C. feel if he should see our pretty secretary flirting with a Lincolnite colonel? Through the grapevine post-office route I got a letter from—well, you all know from whom— The letter was from one of General Parsons' boys in camp down in Arkansas. I will read you a part of it.

DEAR ROSEBUD:

We boys down here have heard that some of our Southern girls that we left as sweethearts are getting mighty thick with the Yankee fellows. How do you think I'd feel to hear that you were ever looking at a Yankee as you used to look at me? The mere thought of you letting a Yankee look at you, let alone you looking at the Yankee, nearly runs me mad. What, oh, my darling would I do, if I thought that a Yankee, even in a dance, had his arms around you, just as I would like to have mine around you now? Why, I'd just shoot my brains out."

Now, it must be admitted that, had it not been the case that a big majority of the girls on this committee had come in personal contact with the young men about the State capital, and the young officers of the Missouri State Militia, and had found them to be not only human beings, but humane—not only men, but gentlemen,—and while not “Secesh” yet with all the instincts of true Southern manhood,—had it not been for this fact there is no doubt that the motion of pretty pouting Miss “Rosebud” would have carried; but, as it was, it did not even so much as receive a second in good faith. However, in order that she might offer some remarks on the subject, the president of the club asked the secretary to take the chair, and said:

“I will second Miss Rosebud’s motion, not that I favor it, but that it may be got before the committee so that I can offer some remarks on the subject. You all know my relations to the Southern cause. My kindred are commanding some of its armies. Some of you know the specially friendly relations existing before the war, and existing now, between some of the young men in General Price’s gallant army and myself; and I will say that, if you all knew my real, honest feelings, you would know that I would give even my life if I thought that would make it right and make it possible for the establishment of our Southern Confederacy. I confess that my heart is one way and my head another. Out of my heart I would choose that our men succeed; but the Bible says we are fools to trust to our hearts or our feelings uncontrolled by our head. You all here know John Counsellor. I have seen him every day since the war began, because he boards at our house. You all know he is a gentleman. Besides, John seems to know more about the Bible than most of our preachers. John says that when we ‘spiritually discern,’ or get the practical spiritual truth contained in the declaration made to Eve, that ‘thy desire shall be unto thy husband and he shall rule over thee,’ we must believe that our hearts—our feelings, which Eve represents—must be controlled by our heads, by our better judgment. John says that, while a woman is as good, if not better, than a man, yet that one’s feelings are not as safe a guide as one’s cool judgment. Now, we all from experience know that it will not do to follow after our feelings merely, but that we must subject them to the control of knowledge and reason, and that the decision of a well-informed, cool, and considerate head is better than the mere impulse of passion and feeling; and

we must recognize that so far do feelings go astray as often to confirm the scriptural declaration, 'The fool saith in his heart there is no God,' and 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely shall be delivered.' Wisdom is of the head, but passion is of the heart. We must cease from mere Passion Plays!

"So about this matter. We must exercise judgment. We must appeal to the dictates of wisdom, and not to the impulses of passion. Doing this, we shall recognize merit and honor and bravery wherever we find them, whether in Confederate or Federal bosoms. How many of us have found friends and protectors in such men as Governor Gamble and General Bingham? Why, even Abe Lincoln told Mrs. Brentwood, when she went to see him about the pardon of her son Charley, who was under sentence of death as a 'guerrilla,' that 'he would pardon every bushwhacker in the woods and rebel soldier in the Southern army if he believed that they would become peaceable citizens;' and, notwithstanding Charley was one of Quantrell's most dare-devil lieutenants, that for his mother's sake and on her word that her son would go home and go to work to help his mother, he would more than gladly pardon him. And he did pardon him. Mrs. Brentwood said that Secretary of War Stanton tore up the order for the pardon of her son which President Lincoln had sent him by her hands. She was in despair, and thought that this had been arranged between the President and the vengeful Secretary of War. But when she went back to Mr. Lincoln and reported what Mr. Stanton had done, the President, with a kind of sad, far-away look, said:

" 'Well, my daughter, Mr. Stanton is often overvexed, but he is not quite as influential in matters of this kind as a good mother with a son's life at stake, when backed by even a third-rate President. I will write you a personal order to General Halleck, commanding the Department of Missouri, to release your son and furnish you and him transportation to your home.'

"This the President did. This kindness has been repeated a thousand times by a man against whom, in the beginning, we all had bitter feelings, even so bitter as to call him a 'gorilla,' an uncouth 'baboon,' a vulgar 'buffoon,' and similar ugly names. We then trusted to our feelings—to the unwisdom within us that is beguiled by the seduction of the serpent of passion. We then had zeal without knowledge, which all know to be a dangerous condition,

as dangerous as a mighty steam-engine without a safety-valve and without a capable engineer. So far as I can see, if the mothers of the South should be deaf to the great tender tones that have been heard by thousands of them in the sad but firm words of the Federal President, as he has uttered and reuttered and continues to utter in words of fatherly kindness, such as he spoke to our friend, Mrs. Brentwood, they will be not human. 'A good mother with the help of a third-rate President can run this government so far as saving the lives of its children is concerned. So, my daughter, here is an order for saving the life of your boy.' "

Here Mrs. Brentwood, who was present, rose and said that the facts as stated by the last speaker were true in every particular.

Another speaker then said that if such appeals as those stated by Mrs. Brentwood found no response of good will from all true Southern womanhood, such womanhood would be more despicable than its bitterest traducers could possibly accuse it of being.

Another rebel beauty, whose betrothed was in the tanglewoods of a Louisiana Campus Martius, said she would not be ashamed for her betrothed to be conquered by such brave and generous men as she had found among the Federal soldiers. She then related a case where, up in Jackson County, some camp followers of a Federal army division had come to her father's house, he being away in the Southern army. These camp followers were in the act of robbing the house of such articles of furniture and apparel as they could carry off, when the general commanding the division happened along and had them all arrested, bucked and gagged, and thrown into a freight wagon, like so many hogs, with instructions to his chief of staff to see that they be tried and punished with the severest penalty known to the army regulations of all respectable governments.

Dozens of such things were related by these daughters of the South. Even our hero, John, was unwillingly made a witness of the fact that principle and not passion actuated the lives of many who were known as Union men. Miss Anna E., whose father was a noted rebel sympathizer and a very talented and influential public man, then resided at the capital. Miss Anna and John were born on adjoining farms in one of the Border Ruffian counties, and were on familiar terms of personal friendship. This Border Ruffian belle, who afterward became a very popular leader of society at the Federal national capital, as the wife of a distinguished United States Senator, said to the committee:

"I wish to add my mite to the sentiment that there are some people outside of those who side with us in this war that are worthy of our association and high regard. Now, there is a little personal thing that I am going to mention which appertains to my friend John Counsellor and to my father. I do not think that John knows that I know these facts; and if I mistake them, he will please correct me.

"Directly before the battle of Lexington John's venerable father was living on his farm, some six miles north of Lexington. General Price's army was then in southwestern Missouri *en route* for Lexington. A band of recruits from northwestern Missouri, headed by a guerrilla captain, passed by the home of John's father on their way to Price's army, arrested Judge Counsellor, and took him along with them as a prisoner. My father and John's had both been judges, and both had held distinguished civil positions before the war. The Federal general then commanding at Jefferson City, knowing John and knowing of his father's arrest and detention as a prisoner in Price's army, sent for John and said:

" 'John, I have official knowledge, through my secret detective agents, that Sterling Price has your father as a prisoner in his camp; and that he is not receiving that treatment that one of his age and one of his unblemished public life deserves. I even hear that some of the 'hangers-on' and camp followers threaten his life. At any rate, Claib Jackson, who is his old inveterate political foe, says that he must be carried down into Arkansas and given a diet of acorns and swamp water, which he hopes will put a final quietus on his so-called appeals to the 'Union, now and forever' sentiment. Now, you say the word, and I will at once issue an order for the arrest of Judge E. and any other half-dozen rebel sympathizers that you may name, and hold them as hostages for the safe keeping and early release of your father.'

"To this I heard that John replied to the general, that if he should cause the arrest of men who were at home and not in arms, he would be in the same fix as the desperadoes who had arrested his father; and that he would give to the families of those whom he caused to be arrested the same ground of just complaint as he had against the cowardly set who had arrested his father at his peaceable home; and that, while he greatly thanked the general for his expressions of kindly interest in the welfare of his father, he must oppose the arrest of non-combatants, especially when his re-

lations to those non-combatants and their families were of a personally friendly kind. He would trust to other means for the safety of his father than the 'eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth' way of overcoming evil by another evil."

Here Miss Anna, calling upon John, asked him if the facts as stated by her were true, to which John replied that he was glad to say that they were; and further said:

"Suppose I had caused the arrest of Miss Anna's father, and Miss F.'s brother-in-law, and the fathers of two other bright-eyed, friendly looking girls that I see here in this committee, how everlastingly little would I feel just at this moment! But as it is, though differing from you politically as the east differs from the west, I can look into your open eyes with a feeling that I am your brother and you are my sisters, and—and"—here John looked one of the Southern beauties squarely in the face and continued laughingly—"some day might find it exquisitely pleasant to be a leetle nearer' to some of you than a brother is to a sister."

With a kind of "good for John" applause the committee voted down unanimously the motion of the little Rebel Rosebud, and proceeded to invite all of the respectable young men of the city to their "Sociable" regardless of political differences. This was the closing up of the "chasm."

A little episode occurred here which it might be well to relate as incidental to an almighty factor that soon was to enter, not the units or tens column, but the many millions column, of John's problem of life. Having disposed of the list of "gentlemen" to be invited, the question then was, what ladies, or rather "what girls," shall be invited?

Even up to this day there had been somewhat strained relations between what were known as the "rebel" and the "union" girls of the city. Without giving the particulars of this, it will be sufficient to say that when the name of Clara B., the daughter of a noted Unionist, came to pass the muster for invitation, the President of the Club said:

"Why, yes; if all knew Clara as I know her, we should invite her, even if she added to her love of the Union the raving rabies of a John Brown abolitionist, which she does not. There is something peculiarly distinguished looking about this quiet yet talented girl. It is hard to tell what it is, but it once and for all stamps her

as of a nobility that even our proud old Southern mothers would like to have their daughters kin to, and their sons to woo and wed."

This was the same "little Clara" whose daguerreotype John had seen when a student at the University, where it was lying on a center table at the Rollins' mansion.

It may be said that, at this particular time, John's only interest in this girl of the peculiar but indefinable look of a princess of royal blood, was that he was playing the part toward her that the envoy of a king plays in the courtship of a foreign princess. John was actually courting her for a "rebel" general—General James S. H.—and John had put the president of the "Invitation Committee" up to seeing that Clara B. was invited for the sake of the said rebel general, who was then at home as one of the many "stay-at-homes" engaged in making more money out of the war than could be made out of peace.

Thousands of such incidents as the above might be recited illustrative of social life at a Border Ruffian State capital. The ones cited are merely for the purpose of showing the hues and the strength of the golden thread that runs through our story, of how evil may be overcome by good, and that conservatives of the golden-mean school, such as Lincoln and the Missouri State Government, did much, perhaps much more than did the "Reds," to restore unity and harmony among the people. The "Reds" were destructive, but the conservatives were constructive; and the destruction of the "Reds" would have gone on with an unquenchable hell of hate and vengeance, had it not been for the constructive qualities of the men of the golden mean.

The words of Grant at Appomattox did more to conciliate strong men than his parks of cannon had ever been able to do. The act of Horace Greeley in going on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis had more life-giving balm than all his half-century of philippics against slavery and slave-holders had ever had in their fierce blasts of death and damnation!

The conservative State Government of Missouri, elected by a convention of its own people at an untrammelled free election, did more for the people of Missouri than all of the military satraps and consuls and proconsuls sent out as carpet-bag rulers from the Federal Rome into the Southern province ever did, or ever could do, for any State; and this Missouri State Government was made up of neither "Rebs" nor "Reds" nor carpet-baggers!

It would have been pre-eminently for the public good had carpet-bag government never been resorted to. Mr. Lincoln was the wisest and, though not even of any ecclesiastical relation, the most Christian-spirited of all our Presidents. It was he that first suggested the substitution of the Civil State Government under the guidance of the Presbyterian elder, Gamble, in place of the provost-marshal *regime* that was set up at Jefferson City when Jackson fled. Lincoln knew the genius of genuine Democracy, which is that people should be served by public servants of the same kith and kin as themselves, and as far as possible chosen by themselves. Had Lincoln survived the Civil War there would have been no carpet-baggers placed in power in any part of the country; for he knew that such a procedure would be a crime against the ideal of such a government as he prayed for,—“a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.”

CHAPTER XV.

NEWSPAPER MAN ON MARRIAGE. A BEVY OF REAL ANGELS.

About Marriage in General—About Second Marriages—Second Marriages That Are Adulterous, and Those That Are Pure and Virtuous—John Taken “Charge of by the Angels”—A Personal Description of These “Angels”—One Not a “Finical Fool”—One Might be Taken for a “Real Angel.”

The newspaper reporter who, at an afternoon session of the Athenian Society at the State University, had handed to John “the statement” that there is but One God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this one “only wise God,” had, in the general break-up of things, floated to the capital city. Although, up to this date, the late fall of 1863, John had eyes that were looking, he had not as yet seen, or understood, the great truth contained in that remarkable statement.

One afternoon our newspaper reporter dropped into the secretary’s office. The business of the day was over, and no one except John was in the office. It is due the reporter to say that he was not a “proselyter,” neither would he ever push drink on one that was not thirsty. Hence he never foisted his views on one beyond throwing out a casual remark or handing some little leaflet or statement which he called “leaves of life for the healing of the nations.”

In the course of a general talk John said to him:

“Do you recollect, doctor, one afternoon over at Columbia, when you handed to me a printed statement about all the fullness of the Godhead being in Christ?”

“Well, yes,” replied the doctor; “I saw from what you said in your debate that you probably had independence of mind sufficient to think outside of and undeterred by the traditions or creeds of the ecclesiastical elders. So I gave you the statement you allude to. I did not then think that I was casting seed by the way side, but that I was sowing by waters that would cause a harvest some day. After these many days, how is it with you?”

"To tell the exact truth, doctor, I hardly know how it is," replied John. "Some one, and I suspect it was you, sent me a 'leaflet for the healing of the nations' in which it was stated that the first chapter of Genesis is an exact description, not of the creation of the material world, but of the regeneration of the 'new man,' which we all must become in going through the Christian regeneration. Now, if this is true, and I have no reason to doubt it, my present status is about that in the line of progress of which it is stated: 'God said, Let there be light, and there was light; and the evening and the morning were the first day.'

"Now, while I confess that the light which I am in is not like that of either the sun or the moon, which did not come until the fourth day, yet I see somewhat in a glass darkly; and really have seen a good many things in the light of the first day that I never saw before."

The newspaper man laughed cheerfully, and said:

"Good for you, John! Go on. Your light will increase unto the perfect day. 'They that follow on to know shall know.' I think you will finally go all the steps of the six days of creation. But you will find in each that the evening is always before the morning."

"What, doctor, is the meaning of that rather singular statement that 'the evening and the morning' were such and such a day, —evening being always mentioned as preceding morning?" asked John.

"Well," said the doctor. "'Evening' is the end of an old state of life, and morning is the beginning of a new one. The first day of one undergoing regeneration is like that on which the earth is described as being 'without form and void,' with darkness upon the face of things. This state is the evening of one's earthly pride, his carnal 'know it all,' his stuck-up idea of himself as needing nothing. This must lapse into a state of feeling of unworthiness in the sight of God, into a knowledge of our own weakness, of our inability to keep the daughters of music from being brought low and the doors from being shut in the street. Just in this 'evening state' comes the Spirit of God and moves upon the darkness and desolation, and there is light at evening tide, and this light succeeding the darkness is called the 'morning,' because morning means the coming of light.

"Let us take for illustration some particular case or state of life, the more practical the better; and you will please excuse me for taking a case that I think is your own. Some eighteen months ago your wife died. Judging from your looks and what I have seen and heard of you, you have been since that time in considerable of an 'evening state' of life. There is no light in the window of your home. No man can have a home without a wife. A home is the residence of a family. Man alone is not a family,—he is simply alone. 'It is not good for man to be alone,' without a home, without a wife! With a wife morning would come to your evening."

"But," said John, "I've had a wife, and it seems disloyal to her memory to think about getting another."

"I admit," replied the newspaper man, "that there are cases in which it would be positive adultery to marry the second time; but there are circumstances under which it would be a positive virtue to marry again."

"I'll state cases," said the reporter, "and let you judge for yourself. First, a case where a second marriage would be adultery. Now, if you and 'Em,' as you affectionately call your first wife, had been in all things agreed, such as religiously, politically, personally, mentally, socially, and in every other way in perfect harmony of mind and heart, then it is most probable that you and she were 'joined together of God' and ordained of God to live together as husband and wife forever, both in this and in the life to come,—for what God has joined together not even death separates,—and failure on your part to love her,—not love her memory—but to love *her* with all your mind, heart, soul, and strength, would be disloyal to her; and any love of another woman would be actual adultery.

"Now, there is a thing like a white stone with a name written in it that none can know except he that hath it. You know whether or not you and Em were 'one,'—were in a state of at-one-ment or perfect unity with each other. If so, you would better not marry again. Yea, if so, you will never marry again, for you are married as the angels, and will be husband and wife forever. You will not only never marry another, but will not even think of such a thing any more than you thought of marrying some one else when Em was on earth. But there are exceedingly few of such marriages,—not one, perhaps, in ten thousand. Most marriages of this day are of the marrying-and-given-in-marriage kind,—a sort of commercialism so exceedingly carnal that the flesh and blood consideration does not

undergo the resurrection into the other life. The consideration being of the earth, earthy, is left on the earth, and the earthly marriage does not inherit the heavenly marriage, as flesh and blood do not inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"It would not be proper for me to ask how this is with you and your first wife. You may not exactly know yourself. But one thing is sure, if you and she are really joined together in marriage such as God would have, your hearts are still up against one another and you will never feel that home feeling for another that you feel for her. If you ever should feel such a home feeling for another, then take it for granted that you and Em, by death, have ceased to be wife and husband,—and you should marry again."

"Do I understand you to say," replied John, "that there are marriages that last forever and some that do not survive the earthly life?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "When God joins two together, and 'the twain become one,' this 'one world of life,' consisting of man and woman, one husband and one wife, becomes a little world to itself, of which the woman is the land and the man is the water. In the other life it is not good for man to be alone any more than in this; and the same must be said of a woman. Hence they come together sooner or later, as the angels—as equal parts of one whole human cosmos, and as 'flesh of flesh' and 'bone of bone' of each other, living together in unity and as 'one,'—a unit that cannot be divided or separated into other units."

"What about the other kind of marriages, that are dissolved by the death of the body?" asked John.

"All merely commercial marriages," replied the doctor, "are dissolved by death, for the reason that the consideration or spirit of them was earthy, and as 'dust returns to dust' at death. For instance, the custom of a woman marrying her dead husband's brother, even to the seventh brother, which was a law of marriage among the Jews, was based on the commercial condition of increasing citizenship. This kind of consideration fails at death, on the earth, for there is no increase of citizenship in heaven, except as its citizens come from the earth. There are no children born in heaven; but the fruits of the marriage union there are such as arise from the association of two perfectly congenial people, such as spring from the union of two hearts that beat as one and of two minds that think as one,—of two people whose thought and love and whole work and aim of life are as one."

"How about these commercial marriages?" inquired John. "Are they wicked?"

"By no means," replied the doctor. "It is true that a merely commercial marriage is only allowed, as so many things are allowed in the Bible, on account of the hardness of people's hearts. At one time even slavery and war and polygamy itself were, on this account, allowed. The Lord utilizes all things; for it is frequently written in the Book, 'Verily, verily, they have their reward.' By this we may learn that, as inferior as a marriage may be when based on an inferior motive, yet it has its reward. And very great sometimes is its reward.

"The marriage of one man with one woman is good, even if such marriage exists only during the earthly life. Great good can come out of such a marriage. Not an invisible and intangible good merely, but such as you can count on your fingers. For instance, take your own case. If you ever spoke an unkind word to Em during her life, you know that after her death you would have given the world to have such word back; and if you ever marry again, you will at least not speak quite so many unkind words to your wife.

"Since your wife's death you call to mind many little omissions of kind words and kind acts which hurt her feelings. Now you feel that if she were at your side again you would say so many little words and do so many little kind acts that the world would not hold them! And you know how Em's heart would have leaped for joy and her eyes laughed with happiness at the little words of affection and little deeds of kindness. It does you good to confess your sins; and, moreover, if you ever get another wife, I expect you will fill her home with a good many more kindly words and deeds of affection than you did that of your first wife. In the mean time the angels who have taken charge of Em will make up in kind attention what she missed from you on earth. And it will be the sweeter for her because the realization of a soul hunger, or any kind of a hunger, is more blessed than if there had never been any hunger. In fact," continued the doctor, "it is thought that third marriages are even happier than second ones, and second ones happier than first ones.' But this all depends on whether the man or woman has met the one who will altogether fill up his or her life to the exclusion of all others. If such has been the case in the first marriage, happy

and blest forever is this first marriage! Such partakes of the 'marriage of the Lamb' itself, and should be sought after by all. But, like the strait way and exceedingly narrow gate, few find it on earth. However, under the ministration of angels in the life to come, all will eventually find this—the greatest of the Father's gifts to his sons and daughters on earth—the *final, supreme, and perfect love of one man for one woman, and of one woman for one man!* This, and this alone, will make a perfect home! Everything contrary to this one final supreme love will be consumed in this conjugal love even as hay, dross, and stubble are consumed in a great fire.

"My advice to you, John, is to go into society," continued the doctor, as he meditatively smoked his cigar with an expression just the opposite of John's melancholy.

"Don't go into society with any definite view of marrying at all. Above all, don't go in as a King of Maverickdom would go into a cattle range with a lariat to rope in the first heifer he met and brand her in his own name for her worth as beef or as a mother stock. Don't marry anybody simply to get a cook, or a housekeeper, or merely as the mother of your children. *In fact, don't think of marriage as an object at all!* Let it come, if it comes, as the effect of certain causes, as light and heat come as the effects of the coming of the sun in the morning. For instance, you find a pure-hearted girl, not looking for a husband, but yearning for congenial companionship, as all healthy-minded and right-hearted people do, and in this girl you find one who is mentally and socially and religiously and politically and generally in sympathy with yourself; so you begin, like one born of the spirit, you hardly know how, to feel at home with her and a good deal of un-at-home-ness without her. Such a girl you would better marry rather than spend your life in unavailing moans about things that you cannot help."

Now, the truth of history is this, that upon the death of Em John had become despondent. He quit society. He shut himself up and away from the gardens, from the banqueting halls, from all the zest of life. The spirit of monasticism, of the recluse, of the evening, of night itself, was as darkness upon the face of all things of his world. He even went so far as to imagine that these things of evening were a glory. These the newspaper man knew were the habits and states of John's life, and knowing such to be the case, he did not hesitate to say:

"John, there is such a thing as believing a lie and being damned, or much damaged!"

At the conclusion of these words, there came into the office a bevy of pretty girls who wanted John to show them the Capitol building, as the keys were in the custody of the secretary of state.

The sage of newspaperdom retired, and John found himself actually taken charge of by this company of pretty, warm-hearted, laughing girls of whom the daughter of the State treasurer was the chaperon—as these were some of her visitors from other parts of the State.

As members of families of the same State government, John had frequently met Clara Bingham much as if they were members of the same family. Clara was a model in the simplicity of her innocence, and was the exact fulfillment of the girl who goes into society without the least thought of courting or being courted, or any thought of marriage whatever. But she just let her face shine like the sun in the heavens, because she could not help it.

With an ease that always made one feel at home, Clara said to John:

"Now, John, the secretary said that you had the keys of the senate chamber and house of representatives and the dome of the Capitol, and that he did not expect that you would greatly object to help me chaperon these girls and show them the Capitol."

John, for the first time perhaps since the death of his wife, indulged in a humorous sally:

"Why, my mother on her death-bed spoke of the angels taking charge of me, and here they are, I reckon, come for that purpose."

All of the girls took this in better part, seemingly, than did the one who really was to be even more than a guardian over John for thirty-eight years. She was so sincere that anything like mere flattery somewhat abashed her. So, with a somewhat shy look, like that of a child, she introduced John to her visitors by saying:

"This is Miss Mary Phelps; you have met Miss Ida Manson, and you know Ollie Oliver and Alice Mosely."

The "Miss Mary" was the daughter of the old "ten-termed Congressman" from southwest Missouri, who was afterward governor of the State. She had large lustrous eyes and a complexion that had in it all the fresh elements of health itself. She was just out of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" at St. Louis, and, as usual in such cases, the long repressed spirit of companionship with those

of the opposite sex was ready to burst out in full leafage and flower when thrown together with the youth of the outside world, even as the bosom of earth, coming out of winter into the presence of spring, pulsates with a new life. She was an accomplished musician, and had the rare good sense to accommodate her music to her audience. She played and sang the golden old-time melodies to those who enjoyed them. To those who appreciated operatic airs she would play and sing to perfection, without making light of the taste of the nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand who preferred the old and simple melodies. It is a rule, with scarcely an exception, that those who indulge exclusively in high-strained music, in the jangling jargon of which a wayfarer hears no melody, are always in love with themselves, but no one else ever loves them. Happy are they who have the talent coupled with the wisdom of reaching people on all planes of life.

"Miss Ida" was one of the belles up in John's old haunts of Border Ruffiandom; and as she is still living, we will not give other description than to say that she had every element that promised to make of her "the happy wife of a happy husband," which turned out to be the case, and as such she fulfilled all the law and gospel of the heaven of home.

"Miss Ollie" was the daughter of the secretary of State, and was the type and personification of womanly grace and statuesque beauty that would have delighted a Grecian sculptor or painter. She afterward married Governor Hall.

The "Miss Alice" was the daughter of one of the State officers, Colonel Wm. L. Mosely, whose daughter equaled her father in all of those tender and delicate traits of character that make the perfect gentleman and lady. Miss Alice afterward married the son of Judge Wells, who when a young man would not study geography, because, he said, "he never expected to travel over the world." Yet, strange to say, he did travel over the entire globe.

Now as to Clara Bingham, with whom John was to do the joint chaperoning. Out of her large, dusky brown eyes a something indescribable pleasantly peered forth, which, if not a real angel, was at least a daughter of music looking out into the streets of life. Modest to the border of the very blush-hood of a child, she had that graceful air that impressed every one that met her gaze as belonging to a girl who would make a womanly woman, a wifely wife, and a motherly mother.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JOINT CHAPERONSHIP OF JOHN AND CLARA. THE VISION.

Paintings Hanging in the Capitol—A Painted Canvas or the Cheek of a Living Child, Which?—"A Vision of the Night"—The Doctrine of Visions in General.

Our last chapter left John "in charge of the angels." We shall now discover what disposition they made of him. It will readily be seen that the circumstance of being taken charge of by a bevy of pretty girls, taken in connection with the sermon on marriage preached by his old newspaper friend, would make some impression on John's life. It really turned out to be the passing of "the evening" which precedes the "coming of the morning." Light began to shine on his path. How this was will be seen as we follow John's joint chaperoning with Clara. In the course of their visit about the Capitol building the bevy entered the senate chamber. In this hung a good many great paintings by Clara's father, for some of which he had been paid by the State as much as five thousand dollars. In the presence of these Clara seemed to be dumb and lost in reverie. As she afterward told John, her mind wandered back to scenes on the Rhine, where as a child she often sat in her father's studio and lovingly looked into his face as he was breathing the breath of his genius into the canvas that displayed it in the portrayal of the living features of real people; and the great-hearted girl cried like a child while looking at her father's paintings.

Along side of her father's paintings was a modest picture of George Washington. On first view it looked like a painting, but on close inspection it was found to be wrought in needlework. This was the handiwork of Clara's artistic fingers before she was yet fourteen years of age, and while she was still on the Rhine. At odd times, while she was in Europe with her father, she had wrought this. Jointly with her father she had presented it to the State. The State Legislature voted her a five-hundred-dollar medal in recognition of her genius.

Here, side by side with John, one Saturday evening in September, 1863, now in her nineteenth year, was the girl who on the Rhine years before had wrought a work that indicated that she might have been a genius of renown. But her old Virginia father, with all the instincts of the old-time Southern gentleman for keeping the women folk from the glare and glare of publicity, had discouraged his daughter from the life of an artist—a life that might bring her into fields of labor and of fame that would interfere with the home life of the woman, the wife, and the mother. And with such a womanly-hearted girl as Clara it was neither difficult nor in any wise saddening to her to give up prospects of fields of fame for a quiet home life, because her heart was such that paintings on canvas hung in ten thousand public buildings and gazed on by myriads of applauders would not elate her spirits so much as would the dimpled cheeks of one living babe pressed against her bosom!

O woman! O motherhood! Thou deservest to be crowned as chief in the Pantheon of the Immortals,—as the greatest in the temples of Greathood,—yea, as the one “altogether lovely” among saints!

This feeling seemed to take possession involuntarily of the girls when they stood in the presence of this picture and of its modest author and finisher, and they then and there proposed to crown the blushing girl as a queen with what flowers they had.

Up to this incident John had never entertained the least thought of making an effort to crown this singularly graced girl as his queen. There seemed to be a veil over his heart.

From the halls the party proceeded to the dome of the Capitol. From thence could be seen some twenty-five miles' stretch of the Missouri River, with a steamboat here and there on its sullen-looking bosom. Over the other side of this river was the “Kingdom of Callaway” where the guerrilla held sway. Over to the southwest lay a stretch of rugged hill country, along which, a year from that time General Sterling Price was to march his scarred and veteran legions on his great “raid” that proved disastrous, and was the last of his heroic efforts to gain a foothold in the State over which he had once presided as governor. Among these rugged hills fell a captain boy from Texas, who will hereafter be noted as figuring in the life of Captain Celsus Price.

The sun was sinking in a bank of Indian Summer haze when the party had finished their view from the capitolian dome. Just at this time, one of the girls, the daughter of the secretary, said:

"I am going to have a little reception at my house Tuesday evening in honor of our visitors, Mary Phelps and Ida Manson. You must all come; and John, you tell General Hackney and Mr. Janis and Charley Sloan and Tom Smallwood to be sure to be there."

This was the old-fashioned way in those days of getting up and extending invitations to "parties." It seemed that things and things had taken charge of John, and he was expected to do things as a matter of course; and in this easy and natural way he was led out of the dusk of the evening of one state into the light of the morning of another. In looking back over life, he sees how it is that the Divine Providence leads people forward by ways of which they had nothing to do in devising.

John, with his mother's old-time instinct, walked with the company of "angels" that had been in charge of him, instead of them being in his charge, down to the great stone steps leading out of the capitolian campus, and bade them good-bye with a general feeling of lonesomeness that made him begin to think of what his newspaper friend had said upon this subject. Going into his private room adjoining the office of the secretary of state, he looked up at the picture of Em, and stretching forth his hands, exclaimed:

"O Em! Em! My darling! Am I becoming disloyal to your memory?"

At that time John's idea was about being loyal or disloyal to a mere something called "memory," instead, as in later years, of being loyal or disloyal to the person and character, instead of the recollection of the departed one. In a perplexed state of mind, he took up his Bible, as he was accustomed to doing on such occasions, and read the words on the right side of the page which he happened to open. On this occasion the words he read were as follows: "And God spake unto Israel in visions of the night."

It was not quite dusk. John lay down on a lounge and fell into a slumber, and finally into a deep sleep. This sleep lasted far into the night—so far that John failed to go to his supper. During this sleep he was somewhat like Paul when he didn't know whether he was in the body or out of it,—in this world or the other. But everything was as vivid and real as though it took place on earth. The scene was a beautiful country-looking place. The whole view vividly called to mind that exquisite gem of rural life to be found in "Locksley Hall:"

Many a night I saw the Pleiades,
Rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies
Tangled in a silver braid!

A small vine-clad cottage, with porches all around it, nestled like a dove amid the shade trees on an inclined plateau which ran back from the east side of a silvery river which flowed at the foot of the garden encompassing the cottage. The cottage and its surroundings were exactly such as John and Em had pictured as the kind they would like to live in when they got married. People in the other life have what they hunger and thirst for on earth, and their surroundings, together with their dress, answer to their thoughts and affections.

On each side of the river, seemingly, was an intermingling of vines and fruit trees, which called to mind the trees of twelve manner of fruit seen by the evangelist in his apocalyptic vision. John found himself at the gate of the beautiful garden that surrounded the vine-clad cottage. Out of the cottage two persons came toward the gate. At first the forms of the approaching persons were very indistinct, but they gradually assumed distinct form. John saw that one of them was Em looking exactly as she did in her days of best health and spirits while on earth—only more “all alive.”

Somehow there had been a feeling of composure superinduced on John's mind, so that everything appeared as natural as though on earth, though he recognized that, somehow or other, he had been “raised up” or “caught up” into a place or state of mind above the earth. He himself seemed to be unable to talk, which made him call to mind Paul's experience of not having speakable words to tell what he saw.

But Em not only looked the same as when on earth, but talked in the same way, only her voice was softer and she seemed to talk with greater ease. Her dress was a dazzlingly beautiful robe that looked like the sunshine as it mingles itself with the hues of some variegated rose. She said that this mingling of colors in her dress indicated that she was yet in mixed states of life, in which all are previous to their being translated from the place of judgment in the world of spirits to their homes as angels in their Father's House; because, without “holiness” or oneness of heart and mind as well as of wedding garment, no one is admitted into the presence of God. Em's dress was held to her person at the waist by a belt that had all manner of rubies, sapphires, and other precious jewels in it. Her mentor's dress was all of one color, white. She was an angel.

As familiarly as she ever came into the parlor of the parsonage in the Border Ruffian region of Missouri when John called to see

her, she came up to the gate where he stood and shook hands as naturally as she had ever done on earth, and invited him to "come in." He did so, and the two sat down side by side, on a seat in the rose-bowered boudoir.

"Oh, John, I am so glad to see you! Such seeing of each other as this, I have learned since being here, is not often granted, and is only permitted on most extraordinary occasions, for some special purpose which cannot be accomplished in any other way. If you will examine your Bible you will see some hundreds of instances where the Heavenly Father has permitted spirits or angels to see and talk to people on earth. My mentor here (looking at the beautiful and motherly-looking woman at her side) is one of the "angels that have charge over me." She is separating the tares from the wheat in my heart. She is doing all of those things for me that the Bible says will be done by angels for those who are to be "the heirs of salvation." She has undergone the resurrection into this the world of spirits. She has passed through the judgment which takes place in this world, and in the judgment has had all of the dross and all of the tares, everything impure, separated from and cast out of her life. Then she was translated from this world of spirits—this Paradise, or intermediate place, where the Christ came to preach to spirits—and underwent the second resurrection by being raised up as an angel into heaven. She is one of the angels sent forth out of the heavens to minister to me who as yet am only a spirit; but my dear elder sister here, who is my guardian angel as well as my mentor, says that she thinks I also will soon be permitted to become an angel, which none can become until he gets to be holy, or rid of all the errors of mind and evil affections of heart which he had when he left the earth life. So far I have been almost altogether engaged in unlearning the errors that I had learned on earth. It took my dear mentor nearly a year to make me quit looking backward to the earth and thinking of getting into my earthly body. Why, you see I have a body which the wise Apostle Paul said we all should have when we leave off the earthly body, a body which now is and always was a spiritual body. The sorest trial I had was to learn the truth of the first commandment about there being but '*One God*.' Our preachers on earth had led me to believe that there were at least three Gods—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. But my mentor here knows more than our poor earthly preachers did, and has shown me the truth of all those scriptures that you once showed to me as being

handed to you by some one while you were a student at the State University about the Lord Jesus Christ being the 'Only God.' I have learned this, and how easily everything else is learned after knowing who the Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, and the Everlasting Father is,—that the Lord Jesus Christ is this Wonderful Counselor, this Almighty God, this everlasting Father, this Prince of Peace.

"My dear father is yet here in this world undergoing his judgment in having the tares or errors of doctrine separated from the truth in his mind. I am permitted in the presence of my mentor to see him whenever he and I at the same time desire to see each other. He is in a country much lower than this in which I am, about as much lower as the swamps in southeast Missouri as indicated on your earth map are lower than where we lived in the upper Missouri region. But the angels have charge of him, and are fast getting him winnowed of his two main false principles, that of having the idea in his mind of three Gods, and that of adulterating the worship of the Prince of Peace with the unholy sacrifice to the pagan gods of war.

"My mentor tells me that your mother was one of the 'few' spoken of by the Lord when He said, 'The gate is strait and the way is narrow, and few there be that find it.' Your mother went straight from earth, through this world where we are, into heaven! But poor father is in that class in which Peter, in the Acts of the Apostles, said David (a man of war) was,—David is not ascended into the heavens. If David remained in this intermediate world from the day he died until Peter's day, it will be hard to say how long poor father will take to get through his judgment here.

"But my mentor tells me that I am digressing from the special object of this interview with you. She says that you yourself are learning on earth from earthly sources all about who the Father is, and who God is, and what the Holy Spirit is,—that all these are embodied in the Lord Jesus Christ and in Him dwells bodily 'all the fullness of the Godhead,'—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—and she tells me to attend to the special object of this meeting, which is to impart a truth which apparently cannot be learned by you from earthly teachers. It is something that relates to both you and myself. Now and then, ever since I have been in this world, I have felt at times as if I were going backward instead of forward. My mentor explained to me the bad consequences of 'looking backward' as illustrated in the case of Lot's wife. At first she spoke only in general

terms. She said that it was such a delicate matter and one which so nearly and so tenderly affected, not only me, but another on earth, that it was better that I enter the particulars of it by gradual degrees. And it was found impossible for me to learn fully and satisfactorily of it without seeing and talking to you. Not that such is the case with all, but has been found to be the case with you and myself. It is this: You and I loved each other so sincerely that, seemingly, our love was well-nigh perfect. Now, there are all kinds of love, each good and approved of the Father in its place. There is the love existing between sincere friends. There is the love existing between children. There is the love existing between parents and children. There is the love existing between brother and sister;—and a hundred other loves that my mentor has taught me about. The greatest of all these loves is that existing between husband and wife,—a love which the Master taught as being so much greater than the others that, on its account and by its power, it would lead to the overcoming and forsaking of the loves for father and mother and brothers and sisters, so that the husband would cleave unto his wife and the wife would cleave to the husband, forsaking all others.

“My mentor tells me that but few in this age have this love on earth,—that nearly nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand marriages that take place on earth are based on other loves than true marriage love such as exists among the angels. You know that it pained both you and me on the earth to feel that, notwithstanding we were such good friends, such pleasant comrades, such brother and sister to each other, such so many hundred pleasant things to each, yet somehow our love was not so perfect, so overwhelming as to baptize our minds with a unity of spirit so that we could think alike on all subjects,—for instance, on politics. You know that it was a subject we had to avoid. Even in some religious matters we did not see alike; and from the bent or trend of mind acquired by each of us on earth, we may always differ in many particulars. As long as this is the case, while a couple may be pleasantly and profitably joined to each other in marriage while on earth, which was the case with you and me, yet it cannot be the case in marriages among the angels. Such marriages must be like everything else in heaven, perfect in every particular, so that the angel husband will think in approval of what the angel wife loves, and the angel wife will love with approval every thought of the husband. Otherwise, they not only cannot live in the same home as husband and wife do, but will not even live in the same locality in heaven.

Differences of thought, much more differences of affection or taste, separate them, just as the nationalities of earth divide into separate countries. The German cast of mind or thought causes Germans to live in Germany. The French thought and heart life causes the French 'to be gathered together' in France. So of the Indian; so of the negro. Men flock to their kind. You know we southern people had a good deal of trouble on this point, that while we could not live on terms of social equality with the negro on earth, we thought that, somehow or other, we would be brought to do so in heaven; but we could not see how. It will never be seen, for it never will be the case; because there is a law which provides that 'like shall be gathered with like' in this world, and that unlike persons and things shall be separated. The negro and white races are more distinctly apart and separate in this world than on the earth. There unlike things, may grow together until the harvest, or end of the life, when the angels separate them. Here the Indians, the Germans, the English, and each and every nationality have their separate house or country,—their own vine and fig tree,—more distinctly than they do on earth. Each 'goes to his own.' Each lives with his own. But all are friendly, even as all nations on earth should be friendly and helpful to each other.

"So of people of the same nation. Some live in hill countries, indicating high states of spiritual regeneration; and others in valleys, indicating lower states of life. Even such do not all live in the same 'mansion,' but are all measurably in the same 'house,' for in every house there are 'many mansions.' So, dear John, you and I will live in this world, when you come, not as husband and wife, but as brother and sister, or as friend and friend, as children of a common Father who have much in common. The learning of this great truth relieved me of that 'drawing down' feeling which I had up to a few days ago, when I was wont to dream about how you and I would live together when you came up here. We shall live together in the sincerest affection that one friend can have for another. There is a peculiar law in this world by which one's memory can be made perfectly *oblivious to things that are of no use here*, and which it would be unpleasant to remember. Such the Master said in His Book, 'shall be covered up and never mentioned,' or never brought to memory. So you see that all things of the earthly life, including things of our married life, *that are not useful and pleasant*, will be 'blotted out,' 'covered up' and 'removed from us as far as the east is from the west,' while all agreeable and use-

ful things will be preserved, just as Moses exhorted the women of Israel to borrow 'jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment' of the Egyptians and take them with them into the representative land of Canaan. All things of earth that may be reckoned jewels are brought up here, but nothing else.

"My mentor tells me that you have been burdened on the point of which I speak. Do not be so any longer. From this time on you and I will love each other as friends, as companionable associates. This really is what we were on earth, and will be so forever."

Here Em kissed John as a sister would kiss a brother, and resumed:

"My mentor says for me to ask of you that you neither desire nor expect, let alone seek, any more than this interview with me. It is better for both that such be the case.

"There are so many wonderful and useful things in this world of spirits that it would take a thousand years to tell the half. For instance, all along the borderland between this world and the earth there are innumerable cordons of beautiful cottages like the one you see here. These cottages are the residences of the ministering angels who take charge of all who come from the earth, and keep these newly arrived spirits until they can be prepared for heaven. No one, however wicked, is ever driven away from these homes of instruction and preparation by these good angels! An angel would no more think of driving any one from his home than a mother on earth would think of driving a sick child from her home! The angels keep all, good and bad, just as long as they choose to stay with them!

"The only way the wicked ever get away from these angel homes, is as the prodigal got away from his Father's place,—of their own choice! Here, as on earth, the law is, 'whoever will,' 'choose ye!' It is said that those who do leave of their own accord meet with a sorrowful fate in what is called the hells; but that the angels are always ready to receive them back if, like the prodigal, they choose to return.

"The reason why things in this world are so much like those on earth is that not only is God unchangeable, being the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, but His laws of action or of life are the same in all worlds. His will is done in heaven as He would like it to be done on earth. Hence the prayer taught by Him to His people on earth, 'Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven.' That God's laws are the same in this life as on earth is declared in the

one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, where it is written, 'Forever, O Lord, thy word is established in heaven.' This Psalm in each of its many verses—the longest in the Bible—treats of God's laws.

"My mentor says that all the things that I have spoken of are clearly taught in the Bible, and that you are getting in such freedom of mind as to study the Word without being blinded by what the poor preachers and church creeds say about spiritual things, and that you will soon see everything as I have told you. Study the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures. Good-bye until you come up here and we become as brother and sister of the same Heavenly Father."

She shook hands with John as she would have done on earth, and slowly walked toward her beautiful cottage home, where she disappeared. And John awoke.

From this time John felt that he and Em were altogether as mere brother and sister to each other. Any thought of their married life was merely as the thought of young people who had been simply "engaged to each other," but with whom for good reasons, mutually satisfactory, the engagement had been dissolved. John awoke from this sleep with a burden removed,—a burden that had been on his mind ever since the death of Em. Now, he was not superstitious. In fact, he was extremely far removed from that mental temperament; but he was an unqualified believer in the Bible. He used to say, "I believe everything in it, from kiv-er to kiv-er." Had he been superstitious or overcredulous, this vision would have been hurtful to him, and hence not allowed. Any self-sought seership or communication with the other life is hurtful. Hence "spiritualism" is disorderly and harmful. But unsought vision is often God's way of teaching things that cannot be learned otherwise. The Bible is full of such. All through church history there have been thousands of such cases. If John had been "credulous" he never would have doubted even the traditions of the elders, which he had rejected.

To find out the truth on this subject, he got up and lit his lamp and "searched the Scriptures" more thoroughly on the subject of visions. In fact, the matter was so critical and of such vital consequence that he searched the Scriptures until daybreak and far into the Sabbath, even doing without breakfast. And among other pertinent matter he found the following: "When thou speakest in vision to thy Holy One" (Psalm lxxxix. 19). "Where there is no vision the people perish" (Prov. xxix. 18). In Isaiah, twenty-ninth

chapter, the Lord, speaking of the wicked, shows that one of their curses is to have "their vision become as a closed book," and "their see-ers hath he covered." In Lamentations (ii.9) the fate of wicked prophets is given, "her prophets also find no vision from the Lord." In Acts xvi.9, and xviii.9, visions appeared to Paul. In Acts xxvi. 19, the apostle says that "he was not disobedient to vision." In Job (iv.12, 13) it is written: "Now a thing was secretly brought to me and mine ear received a little thereof: in thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep is fallen on men." In Joel ii.28 and Acts ii.17, it is written: "Thy young men shall see visions." In Second Corinthians (v. 12) Paul places visions on an equality with revelations themselves. When introducing an account of his being caught up into the third heaven, he says, "I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord." In Job (xxxiii. 15, 16) it is written: "In a dream, in a vision of the night when deep sleep falleth on man in slumbering on the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

These and a hundred other passages of Scripture which John read and pondered all went to show that the Divine Providence "in visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men" instructs them. He also called to mind the multitude of well authenticated instances where men and women, in all ages, even in the present age, have been warned or instructed in dreams and visions. There is scarcely a living person who has not had these "visions" himself, or knows some friend who has had them. We could fill a volume of thousands of pages with apparently well established cases of visions in dreams that were as true as the actual every-day experiences of our common earthly life.

John also called to mind the preaching of his friend, the reporter. He remembered the fact that a tree is known by its fruit, and he knew that his mind had been unburdened of a grievous load by his dream, just as though he had seen Em and talked to her face to face. Besides, John had begun to recognize that people were living "souls" and not mere things. Under the reading of some books that his friend, the newspaper man, had lent him, such as "Man a Spiritual Being and Not a Mere Animal," John had thrown the flesh and blood nightmare of materialism from off his bosom and was enabled to breathe the air of that which is spiritual. In carefully reading the Bible he discovered that as much, if not more, was said about the "ministration of angels" as co-workers with and ministers of God in the serving of men, as is said about the ministra-

tions of earthly priests or ministers. From reason he could see how much greater influence an angel, acting interiorly, could exert on a person than could be exerted by another person acting exteriorly. And, in reading early church history, when the whole church thought and life were right up against its first teachings, he saw that that history was replete with the relation of men on earth to the angels in heaven, and much was said about "angelic ministration." But during the Dark Ages men became so material that they lost sight entirely of angels and their part in the ministration of God's life to men; so that the church itself denied and denounced the truth that angels had anything to do with men on earth, or that they had anything to do in the world of spirits, or the place of judgment, in separating the good from the evil in each man, notwithstanding the Master himself said that "the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just," and taught in the parable of the tares the same doctrine of the angels separating the tares from the wheat, which is a process of judgment by which the hay, dross, and stubble, the tare, the goat, the evil, which each man has in his life, is got out of his life through the ministration of angels by the use of means the same as mothers use to get such things out of their children, and by which ministers weed such things out of the lives of the members of their flock. Only the angels are greater adepts at such things than earthly mothers and ministers can be, and make no mistakes.

He found that the church had "fallen" away from the idea of "use," and had substituted "faith alone" for doing the will of God in heaven, vainly imagining heaven to be a kind of circus place where the people that went there saw sights and sung songs and looked about without anything to do, which is but a species of vagabondism. He began to see that the angels had a great deal to do in straightening out Em and Brother McNal, and he knew they would have a great deal to do to straighten him out, if he should go where Em was.

All that Sabbath day he read the Bible and pondered on such things, and became thoroughly convinced that his vision was based on both the Bible and on early church history, as well as on the very nature of man as a spiritual being, yea, as a very spirit, clothed temporarily with flesh, even as the one true living God clothed Himself with an earthly body of flesh and manifested Himself by living on earth as the "Immanuel," or God personally and visibly present with men in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHN AND CLARA'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

What Became Respectively of the Bevy of Angels That Had Chap-
eroned John—John and Clara Never Had "A Courtship"—A Proviso
About the Marriage Ceremony—John Had the Minister to "Spiritually
Discern" the Word "Obey" and so Omit it Altogether—Now Light Falls
on the Minister.

According to the arrangement made Saturday evening, John
betook himself to the home of the secretary of state. Between the
Saturday evening at the Capitol and the Tuesday evening following,
at the reception given in honor of the visiting girls, John seemed to
himself to have passed through nearly a life time. From Saturday
at dinner until the next Monday morning he had not tasted a morsel
of food or drink, but had remained in the wilderness or solitude of
his own private room at the Capitol. On Monday morning he felt
that he had been on some Mount of Transfiguration. He knew that
he had passed through some distinct epoch of his life,—had ex-
perienced some phase of one of the six days of the creation spoken
of in the first chapter of Genesis,—for there had been a very dim
and dusky "evening" succeeded by a real "morning,"—and this
"evening and morning" made a distinct state, or day, in his life. He
felt the same freshness and buoyancy of life that had characterized
him before the sickness and death of Em.

In this buoyancy of spirit he attended the party given by the
daughter of the secretary of state. He was invited there especially
to entertain Miss Mary P., who was described in a preceding chapter.

Now, it might be supposed that John, while not exactly running
between a very rocky Scylla on one side, and a flint-hard Charybdis
on the other, nor yet finding himself between the devil and the deep
blue sea, yet was in a very critical state in being associated with
such girls as he had chaperoned at the Capitol on Saturday.

So far all the courting he had had with Clara B. was in behalf
of his friend General Hackney. He had met Miss Ida M. on a

steamboat, which of all places on sea or land is calculated to make young people fall in love with each other, and this boat had lain for nearly a week on the great sand-bar at Malta Bend on the Missouri River. From the time he went into the office of her father, he had seen daily the stately daughter of the secretary. With Alice M. he had been nearly as a brother.

John, at various little "sociables," and on several excursions to neighboring vineyards, was brought much together with the convent girl, who, seemingly, had every magnetic element to attract a young man who admired classical culture, patrician beauty of face, rounded symmetry of form, combined with a cheery spirit and a big warm heart. And this association did awake in John many thoughts of admiration and emotions that pulsed with very warm blood, but there seemed to be wanting, perhaps on the part of both, that love that should exist between those who are to be "one." Hence, in all the heights of admiration in which they basked, and in all the depths of friendly affection in which they bathed, John never felt that peculiar throb of the one peculiar love that could influence him to give this lovely girl the pleasure, or pain, as the case may have been, of refusing his hand and heart. And it was well,—well for both. Mary happily married a Pacific Coast millionaire and is the happy home-loving mother of some lovely children in whom she lives over again her own beautiful child life. The multimillionaire heiress is yet to be found by John.

As to General Hackney, with all of John's courting Clara for him, Clara never on her part gave the slightest response. John made a square failure with her on that line, and in after years he was led to believe that with any other "entry" than himself there would always have been a failure to reach the goal of the approving love of a girl who was a multimillionaire in the riches of her own heart, which like the cruse of oil of the woman of Sarepta, in all kinds of dearths and famines, "never failed until it rained," and multiplied itself more and more as the years came and went, in love of home, in love of husband, and in love of children,—a girl who would measure up to the standard of being great as a woman in the world, and yet greater as a wife in the life of her husband, and greatest of all in the family home as a mother. Long after that time, far away in Texas, after thirty-eight years of married life, in a Texas paper it was written of this one of the bevy of angels that chaperoned John that Saturday evening at the Missouri Capitol,

that "she lived and died in that spirit of charity that overcomes all things contrary to its own sunshine,—a charity that 'hoped all things, and bore all things, and never failed.' "

There never was any "courtship," in the ordinary meaning of that term, between John and Clara, no courtship that implied the using of this and that art "to gain favor." Neither was there any commercial element or worldly consideration in their coming together.

It can be truthfully said, from the beginning to the end of the association of John with Clara, that things were so natural, that the sun did shine so as a matter of course, the dews did fall so silently, the rains came so regularly in their due season, the spring went into summer so gently and gradually, that their love was like the birth of seasons, coming when and whence and where neither of them scarcely ever knew. Yet it came like that most genuine and powerful of all things—like that birth in which all old things of single selfishness passed away to give place to the new life of double blessedness,—that of mutually loving and being loved, which is the primal and the greatest source of happiness vouchsafed by the great Father to His sons and daughters, either on earth or in heaven!

And so the time came to speak to the minister who was to pronounce them ceremonially "one," as they were already in heart "one."

Just at this point we will introduce a conversation which was almost a controversy that took place between John and the minister when he went to engage him to "perform the marriage ceremony." The minister was an aged preacher, the father of Major-General Schofield. He belonged to the Baptist Church, a church that was never much of a favorite with John, yet out of deference to the family of the bride, who were Baptists, John readily acquiesced in this Baptist preacher performing the ceremony, *provided* that he, the minister, had passed up to that degree of the regenerate life in which he recognized that a woman is as good as a man, that a husband and a wife are in all things joint, and several partners with equal rights and of equal authority, and thus believing, he would omit from the marriage ceremony all words indicating that the wife was to be the subject of her husband, and to substitute such words in their place as would indicate that the wife and husband were joint and coequal partners, and hence joint and coequal sovereigns of the "Ferdinand and Isabella" type.

So John, in speaking to the minister, called his attention to the above proviso, whereupon the old minister said to him:

"Do you not believe in the Bible, Mr. Counsellor?"

"Most assuredly I do," replied John; "I believe in its every letter, in its every word, in its every verse, in its every chapter, in its every law, prophecy, psalm, gospel, and apocalypse."

"Then," replied the minister, "in view of the words to be found in the 16th verse of the third chapter of Genesis, where the Lord said to the woman, 'Thy desire shall be unto thy husband and he shall rule over thee,' how can you get around these words; and in view of them how can you ask me to omit the words in the church ritual pledging the wife to 'obey her husband?'"

"I do not propose to get around these words," replied John. "When properly understood they do not teach the lesson that a wife must obey her husband any more than that the husband shall obey the wife. In the first place, the Bible is the Word of God, who is a Spirit; and God declares Himself that 'My words are spirit' and 'must be spiritually discerned.' And what is more to the point, it is emphatically declared that 'the letter kills, but the spirit maketh alive.' Now, the disregard of this truth, like the disregard of all truth, has led to grievous results. By taking the literal wars of the people of Israel in destroying their enemies, men, women, children, and cattle, the most fiendish wars of history have been justified. Truly 'the letter kills,'—often kills all ideas of humanity itself. But 'spiritually discerning' the Scripture about these exterminating wars, and seeing spiritually that the 'foes to be exterminated' root and branch are those of a 'man's own household,'—in his own heart, such as envy, hate, murder, uncleanness, and all evil and error,—then the whole matter is made 'alive' with present personal interest to all of us, and we see the necessity of making a war of the exterminating kind on such enemies. The old Adam must die. The literal toleration of many wives in the letter 'kills'—kills all idea of marital decency, and absolutely kills that highest and holiest of all loves—true marriage love, that can make only one man and one woman 'one'—one living world of two equal moral hemispheres.

"But when we 'spiritually discern' and say that by husband is meant God, and by wife is meant the Church, we then see that there is much good in God having churches to suit all kinds of people—even twenty odd different Methodist churches, and over a dozen Baptist churches, and about as many churches in all as Solomon had wives—and that whenever in any of these churches there is the mustard seed of truth, or the smoking flax of good affection, the great God,

as the bridegroom, joins himself to this truth and good, and lets his rain fall and his sun shine on all. Literally, a multiplicity of wives 'kills.' Spiritually, a multiplicity of churches, allegorized as wives, 'makes alive.' So of every seemingly 'hard saying' in the Bible. The letter may 'kill,' but the spirit 'makes alive.'

"Now, the scripture that you quote in the letter 'kills'—kills all idea of the 'oneness' of man and wife,—kills all idea of that fitness that makes a loving woman a loving companion, by making her a slave,—kills all idea of the queenly portion of the good Isabella by making her the subject of a master Ferdinand, instead of his co-sovereign. But spiritually discerned, this scripture teaches an interesting and 'live' lesson, inasmuch as it applies to-day to you and to me, as well as to our wives. Spiritually, man is made in the 'image and likeness' of God. His 'image' nature is known as his head or thoughts, his 'likeness' nature is known as his heart or affections. Now, every man as well as every woman has this 'image' and this 'likeness' nature in his own bosom. Further, it is known that the man is more of head than of heart, and that the woman is more of heart than of head. Hence, men represent the thought life, and woman the feelings or affectionate life. It is well known that men first fell by being led astray by their passions, their feelings, their affections. Hence it is written, 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemies, pride, and foolishness.' In view of this; it is also written that 'he is a fool that trusteth to his own heart.' Hence the scripture that you quote to justify making a woman subject to a man, when spiritually discerned,' is simply this: A man's feelings must be subject to his better thought, passion must be under the control of the judgment, or in other words a man's heart must be subject to his head. Because, it will be seen that, while the heart may love all the catalogue of sins named as proceeding from the heart, yet the mind or better judgment of any sane man would disapprove of them. I could illustrate by ten thousand texts of Scripture in which the letter—the literal interpretation—kills, but the 'spirit,' or spiritual lesson taught, makes alive. I'll never marry if I have to wrest the Scriptures to the destruction of the independence and joint partnership with myself of the woman I marry!"

Here the aged minister said:

“For over fifty years of married life I never thought of Mrs. Schofield, my wife, ‘obeying’ me. Neither has she ever thought of such a thing. We have just lived as though we were equal partners. Hence I see good reason for the interpretation that you place on this scripture; and I am more than willing to omit the words in the marriage ceremony that pledge the wife ‘to obey.’ Such omission, in fact, is approved by my experience and by my reason; and seeing now that the ‘Thus said the Lord’ does not in any wise require such a degrading and ill-fitting pledge, I shall more than cheerfully omit it, and only request after this that the husband and wife promise simultaneously that they will mutually honor, cherish, and love each other.”

So all things being good, on the morning of the second day of June, 1864, when flowers were blooming and birds were singing, John and Clara changed their relation from that of man and woman to that of bridegroom and bride; and in the course of thirty-eight years of mutual love grew ever into the oneness of husband and wife. In all the years of their married life they never settled any difference by an appeal to the “authority” of the husband over the wife, but always by mutual and considerate consultation. If this failed they resorted to a little “kissing spree” here or a little “crying bee” there, the sunshine and rain of which, like the sunshine and rain of a summer day, always brought forth proper fruit in proper season.

Oh, the days, the days in Missouri and far-away Texas, of this married life, with its moons of honey and its suns of sweetness, with its stars of greater and lesser magnitudes of sparkling gladness!

John often asked Clara whether, had she known of the sunshine and sadness of these days, she would have married. Her cheerful response was always straightforward and immediate:

“Certainly, I would have married had I known everything just as I know it now.”

On a similar day to that on which she married—only it was evening instead of morning—thirty-eight years after her marriage away off in Texas, she was gathered together with her kindred, the Angels—died of a broken heart caused, in part, not by Counsellors, but by lawyers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COMPARISON AND PASSING OF GOVERNORS JACKSON AND GAMBLE.

Lyon Pursues Jackson into Arkansas—The "Uneasy" Politician Calls His Legislature Together and Votes Missouri Out of the Union—This Vote Somewhat Like the Mohammed and the Mountain Business—Jackson Dies—Governor Gamble on Deck—His Administration a Grand Success on the Line of Christian Civilized Government—Governor Gamble Dies—John's Church Troubles.

As a matter of course, this story is not concerned with the history of Missouri, except as such history comes into or immediately affects the life of John Counsellor. Nevertheless, we will lead the reader back in order to note a few things. The last we had heard of Governor Claiborne Fox Jackson was that on a beautiful morning of May, 1861, John had seen him just at sunrise standing on the wharf at Booneville, with his left arm over the neck of a splendid Arabian-looking roadster. So far as poor Claib's part of the gubernatorial department of government was concerned, it was then and there in all truth "in the saddle,"—a little more so perhaps than was General Pope's headquarters in Virginia when Lee's legions were pushing up against him and kept him in constant movement.

In those May days of 1861 Blair, Lyon, and Sigel, with their "d—n Dutch," were not only in the saddle, but in cattle cars, on steamboats, and flat-footed in the middle of the road. From St. Louis to the capital and from the capital to Booneville, from Booneville to Cow Skin Prairie in the far southwest, and from Cow Skin Prairie to the confines of Arkansas, "the Dutch," with Lyon at their front, had pushed Price and Jackson. On the Arkansas border Jackson, like the dove of the ark, found a place to light down and rest. There he called the State Legislature together. About ten per cent of the legislature attended the Arkansas Border Session of the Missouri Legislature, which proceeded to vote Missouri out of the Union and to declare the forces that had chased the Jackson Government to be "invaders."

Engaged in such "paper wad" political impotencies, on the 9th day of December, A. D. 1862, the peppery spirit of the Missouri Nullifier went to give its final account to its Maker, but, seemingly, not its moulder. From 1849, when he introduced into the Missouri Legislature his Nullification Resolutions, through all the fierce crusades against Tom Benton, "Claib Jackson," as everybody called him, had been one of the chief fire-eaters that had inflamed the pro-slavery heart.

In the canvass of 1860, whether from policy or from principle God only knows, Jackson had sided with Douglas, the Unionist, as against Breckenridge, the avowed dis-Unionist. Governor Jackson was what Senator Benton styled "an uneasy politician." John came down the river with Jackson on the same boat which brought the upper country delegates to the Democratic State Convention of 1860—the convention that nominated Jackson—and received a kindness from the coming governor, who sat behind him at a game of cards and assisted in playing his hand. It was not, perhaps, for this kindness that John cast the vote of his county for Jackson—a performance of which he never bragged much in the presence of his father. It was a striking exemplification of the fact that "politics makes strange bed-fellows;" and that one may have enough of Christianity to "cuss" a person for ten years, and on the first occasion that offers to "bless" him with a vote of confidence!

Party politics is a dirty combination of snare, delusion, and dead-fall—a kind of loving darkness and believing a lie and being damned business—as it was practiced before the war and after the war, and as has ever been and ever will be practiced as long as men are mere self-seeking party politicians.

In contrast to this "uneasy" type of the mere politician, we shall give a few thoughts about a man who, on the 31st day of January, 1864, had his hand released also from the helm of the Missouri State Government—Governor Hamilton Gamble. Gamble was an altogether different build of public man from Jackson. Jackson was a party politician pure and simple, where Gamble was simply a citizen patriot. Jackson, seemingly, always had a good deal of left-handed scheming in all his undertakings, while Gamble in a right-handed way went at things after serious exercise of a spirit of consultation and consideration for all concerned.

John's boarding-house was a kind of neutral territory, where he met "Rebs" and "Reds," and the men of the *auream mediocritatem*. Neither the "Rebs" nor the "Reds" understood Governor Gamble.

We may say that they neither understood nor appreciated him. Hence John found it difficult to explain his merits to the satisfaction of either the "Rebs" or the "Reds." We may safely say that, had the mothers of Missouri, and the business men of Missouri, and the real Christian ministers of the churches, all known and appreciated the spirit and the labors of the Missouri State Government under Gamble, the unanimous verdict would have been that it was the wisest, the broadest, the most non-partisan and purely patriotic State government that Missouri ever had, before or since the war. John saw all of the inside life of this civil State government from beginning to end, and in a public address said: "The civil government of Missouri during the civil war, as organized by the State Constitutional Convention in 1861, is the only purely patriotic, non-partisan government that Missouri ever had; and without which, the partisans, the 'Reds' and the 'Rebs,' would have sowed the State in brimstone and harvested it with the butcher knife and bullets."

As it was, this heroic State government, headed by such men as Gamble, Hall, Oliver, Mosely, Bingham, and Orr, in the executive department, and such men as Barton Bates, J. D. S. Dryden, and W. V. N. Bay, in the judicial department, and such friends and counselors as Rollins, King, Doniphan, Moss, Phillips, Crittenden, Switzler, Adams, Leonards, Phelps, and a host of such "conservators of law and order," all receiving the steadfast and hearty backing on the part of that grand old commoner, Lincoln, this State government, so headed and constituted and supported, would no doubt carry off the prize in a contest by debate at the Missouri State University, in which all the State governments of the State were entered as contestants. Or at least, during the long days in the life of the world to come, if for purposes of good the question should come up as to "which was the most civilizing and Christianizing, and hence the most potent for restraining evil and constraining good, of all the State governments of Missouri, the civil government known as the Gamble administration would carry off the prize."

John often told his wife when they were Methodists that their religion might be a little shaky, but that they would doubtless be admitted into the political heaven on account of their connection with this model State government, even if they should fail to get an entry into the ecclesiastical department of the "House of Many Mansions."

So farewell to the State government around which so many tender and holy memories cluster in John's mind! At its close John

was offered his old position at a greatly increased salary. But he thought the time had come for another vocation—for what he regarded as higher work; but in which, as will be seen, he was to be sadly disappointed. During all these days the dying swan-like song of his mother, "Oh, that John may some day see his way to preach these beautiful truths!" kept sounding in his ears and meeting a response in his heart. Deep was calling unto deep!

The church in which to preach them was his greatest trouble. Up to the very close of the war he had kept up his membership in the Southern Methodist Church. But he thought its clergy were so embittered, and its membership was so thoroughly devoted to the honest delusion that even such men as Forrest should be sainted, that not even a minister among them would be acceptable unless he could sing paeans and hosannas to their sons of Mars. In this matter he consulted such genuinely good ministers of the Southern Church as Godbey and Vandeventer, and they concurred with him in his views.

At that time John was still in the bonds of ecclesiastical bitterness and iniquity, and thought that, as he was born a Methodist, he must live and die one, just as a Mohammedan believes that, having been raised to shout "Allah, Allah!" it would be treason not to go on forever shouting "Allah!" In this John was honest—just as honest as a Mohammedan is, just as honest as even a Jew that helped crucify the Christ could be, "not knowing," however, "what he did."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHURCH PLANE DETERMINES ALL OTHER PLANES OF LIFE.

The Character of the Outgoing State Government and that of the Incoming One—The Church Plane of Life Responsible for the Character of Political, Professional, and Business Planes of Life—Evil in Man Causes Curses in Even the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms of Life; So Also Evil in the Church Causes Curses in the State—John Enters the Methodist Ministry—His “Well, Well, Well!” and His Wife’s Idea About It.

Governor Willard P. Hall succeeded Governor Gamble, and this succession was but that of Elisha succeeding Elijah. The State administration strengthened its stakes and lengthened its cords of law and order. Neither the “Reds” nor the “Rebs” were in it, except as recipients of protection in all their personal and civil rights, such as protection of property from unlawful seizure, the protection of life while engaged in lawful pursuits, and the protection of liberty of speech and the freedom of the press in the advocacy of the disputed theories of government. In fact, at Jefferson City, during the administrations of Governors Gamble and Hall, there were equal rights and privileges to all law-abiding citizens regardless of their religion, politics, or color of complexion; and one living there scarcely knew the war was going on except through newspaper report. Seeing such a government so successful in the exercise of an absolutely non-partisan and patriotic spirit confirmed John in the faith that, if this government is kept from another bloody war, it will be so kept by the men of the “golden mean” and not by rabid party politicians.

In all the years after John’s experience with this State government, he opposed all kinds of government of party politicians by party politicians for party politicians; and favored all movements looking toward a government of the people by the people for the people. Thus he was evolving out of the partisan into the patriot

contemporaneously with his evolution out of mere ecclesiasticism into the spirit and life of a Christian. About this time he began to say in his public utterances that, in the strife between Church-ianity and Christianity, where Christianity overthrew Church-ianity the vaticans and bastiles of the party politicians would give way to the open forum of the people, and that the professional criminal lawyer, who, for hire, prostitutes justice in its own chambers, would give way to counselors-at-law whose only effort in the administration of justice would be to see that equal and exact justice be meted out regardless of any one-sided clientage. But more of this in after years.

The years of the grandest of all Missouri's State administrations were drawing to a close, and stormy days were awaiting the State. The "Rebs" had brought on war against men in arms. The "Reds" were soon to inaugurate war on the "views," the "sympathies," or the very rights of men either to preach, practice law, or hold office, whatever might be the views of the congregation which had the preacher, or the wishes of the client that employed the lawyer, or the vote of the citizens who elected the officer.

The proscription to which we allude was established after the Gamble *regime* and after Lincoln was dead. Then the "Reds" under Governor Fletcher came into power and adopted under bayonet rule what was called the "Drake Constitution," which had a Draconian-Jacobinical clause that disfranchised citizens and made them ineligible for office, or the practice of law, or even preaching, on account of "their sympathies" before and during the war. Under this Jacobin code the Robespierres and Dantons and Marats officially beheaded the man who made the great Union speech described in chapter eleven, and who during every month of the years from 1861 to 1865 was at the front as a Union soldier. He was beheaded because, as a judge, he decided that that clause of the Draconian code alluded to was against the cardinal principles of liberty itself.

John happily got out of this scramble by resigning his office and going into the ministerial field, where he had hopes that something could be done on a plane above politics and law; so that, the higher plane of religion being purified, the lower planes of politics and law would also be restored to order. But it is a little strange, after what he had witnessed in church circles and among the priesthood, that he still indulged a hope that new wine could be put into old bottles. His wife, who fortunately had never been wedded to any ecclesiasticism like John, and was thus saved from being a convert to some ecclesiastical hell, always told him that she would cheerfully go

with him wherever he went, but that he would never find rest within the borders of either branch of Methodism, and that he would not obtain that peace of mind which comes only through finding the truth, in the borders of any so-called church that prides itself on being "orthodox" by preaching "mystery" instead of "revelation," and in believing the medieval heresy of three Gods, which necessarily leads to Babel-like confusion of tongues in church doctrine generally.

John's wife was too womanly of heart to think that any church was a Christian Church that favored war with its violence and killing of men; but she saw moral and religious things with her clear, single mind just as she saw material things with her natural eye, and never mistook a horse for a house, or a railroad for a river. She had sprung from a race of people that had never been proselyted to any ecclesiastical creed, but were simple believers in the Christ, while John had a taint, at least, of ecclesiastical leaven, the workings of which he found it difficult at times to resist.

About this time, in April of the year 1865, one Sunday afternoon John had a personal visit from his old University friend, the newspaper reporter, during which Sabbath-day visit the following talk occurred:

"John," said the reporter, "I hear that you are going to give up your office and go to preaching. How is this?"

"Well, yes," replied John. "Every one must do something. So must I. I was educated for a lawyer, but became disgusted with that profession during the few years that I engaged in its practice before the war. I found that nine out of ten members of that profession would take a fee on any side of any dispute that first offered. This looked to me like prostitution. The ordinary lawyer will not only hire out his virtue for money, but he will knowingly try to keep witnesses from telling the truth if the truth is unfavorable to the side which hires him. Not only this, but, notwithstanding it is a penitentiary offense to aid and abet the escape of a criminal *outside* of the court, the ordinary lawyer will not only educate himself to aid criminals *inside* of the court to escape justice, but so shameless has he become in thus aiding criminals to escape that he will publicly boast of his feats in that line. This and a thousand other things connected with the present-day practice of law utterly forbid that I should go back to that awful house of professional degradation.

"Party politics is about as badly prostituted as law. In fact, the lawyers and the party politicians have caused the war that is now

deluging our land with blood. I have not been educated for any huckstering line of traffic. A pastoral life, or its spiritual correspondent, the life of a pastor—ministerial work—is the only open gate I see. Through this gate I see a field for the sowing of all good seed, the tilling of all good soil, and the pruning and keeping of all good fruit trees. It appears to be a field that should be inviting to and worthy of the most exalted talent and in keeping with the most refined taste—”

Here the practical, matter of fact newspaper man interjected:

“You speak of a field in which Christianity is preached, and in your views of this you are correct. But the field in which you propose to preach is not a Christian field, but an ecclesiastical one. And you will find this ecclesiastical field about as much diseased, disordered, distempered, and prostituted as you found the profession of law, equally as thorny and rocky as the field of party politics.”

“If it were not for the terrible fact stated in the Book of Revelation, that the ecclesiastical or church plane of life is fallen away from its original state and ‘is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird,’ then there would not be so many ‘unclean and hateful things’ in politics, in law, and in all the callings of life; because all life is from heaven, and the church plane is next to heaven and transmits all life to the plane of politics and law just below it. If the church plane is murky everything that comes through it is murky, just as the pure light of the sun is red or yellow or blue when it passes through a red, yellow, or blue medium. Hence the Revelator says, in connection with the passage I have quoted describing the terrible condition of the church plane, that ‘all nations have drunken of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth (politicians and lawyers who make or administer law or government) have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies.’ The church plane represented by Babylon being diseased and disordered, the political plane represented by kings, and the commercial plane represented by the merchant become also drunken and demoralized by drinking from the ‘cup of fornication’ furnished by a Babylonized church. So you see that this scripture asserts that the plane of life just below another plane partakes of the nature of the plane above. Hence, as the logicians, arguing from effect to cause, determine that certain effects being established certain causes may be inferred, so even if the Revelator had not ex-

pressly said that Babylon, being a hold of every foul bird and beast and devil, had made the kings and merchantmen of the earth drunk on her fornications, we could infer that if party politicians and lawyers are corrupt and corrupting, the church in their country is also spiritually corrupt and corrupting. I could give you a hundred other texts of Scripture asserting the same thing. The most noted of such Scriptures is the one in Genesis in which man, being corrupted and cursed, everything below man, even the earth itself, that brought forth spontaneously all good fruits before man fell, after his fall was cursed in bringing forth thorns and thistles. This curse was not a mere arbitrary fiat, but in keeping with the great and unchangeable law of cause and effect. Fire burns, not because God says it shall burn, but because it is its very nature to burn. If man should become pure, then all unclean birds, such as owls and bats and buzzards, and all filthy and fierce beasts, such as pole-cats, hogs, wolves, and hyenas, and all vermin, such as spiders and poisonous bugs and snakes, and all noxious vegetation, such as weeds, thorns, and thistles, would cease and disappear, as all effects cease when causes cease.

"God only created what is 'good.' No evil, no unclean thing, no filthy beast or bird, no fierce animal, no noxious vegetation, in fact, not one single bad thing in all the range of 'badness' was created by God. All bad things are the creation of evil—like producing like—and the evil cause ceasing, the evil effect ceases. The evil in men being cast out, all the bad effects of that evil cease, just as a stream ceases when the fountain is dried up. Spiritually all errors comes from the fornication of truth—"

"Hold," said John, who was greatly pained at such plain speech about the horrible condition of the church. He was as badly shocked as the Jews were at the plain words of Jesus at His first coming in denouncing the children of the sainted Abraham as "a generation of vipers" and children of their father the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, and affirming that they, the church people, would be cast out of the kingdom and harlots and publicans be preferred before them. "Do you claim," said he, "that the horrible description given of Babylon in the scripture that you have quoted is a revelation of the true character of the church?"

"Why, certainly I do," replied the newspaper reporter. "What commentator does not claim that Babylon represents a fallen church? It is true that commentators differ as to what church it is. The Catholics contending that it is the Protestant Church, and the Protes-

tants that it is the Catholic Church. But all disinterested historians, as well as all commentators who are seeking to hew to the line of truth regardless of where the chips may fall, say that the descriptions given by the Revelator are descriptions of the earthly church. The seven epistles to the seven churches are also a description of the church universal on the earth."

"Well," replied John, "as awful as it is, I see that it is no worse than was the condition of the church at the first coming of Christ. At what particular time is the church in the condition described by the scripture you have quoted?"

"Why," replied the reporter, "it is the time just preceding the second coming of the Son of Man. All of the prophecies before the first coming were about the first coming, and all of the horrible descriptions given by the prophets as to the state of the church after the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah were descriptions of the fallen Abrahamic or Jewish Church, which was to be destroyed and cast out at the first coming. All prophecies after the first coming, such as were uttered by Christ and the apostles and the Book of Revelation, are prophecies of the second coming and of the awful condition into which the Apostolic Church had fallen, which necessitated the second coming. The Book of Revelation, from beginning to end, is a prophecy of the second coming. All church commentators admit this, and, strange to say, all without a single exception admit that these times are about the time of the second coming. During the dark ages there crept into all the church creeds horrible heresies as the result of using the mere 'letter' of Scripture which 'kills' for the justification of all manner of abominations like slavery, war, usury, 'faith without works,' and 'works without faith.' As it was among the Jews, more attention is paid to church temples than to church life; more stress placed on modes and ceremonies and particular kinds of church government than is placed on the great laws of mercy, brotherly love, and a pure, loving, and neighborly life. As a proof of this, out of the great number of churches, each without exception is based on and differentiated from the others by its particular way of looking at some mode of church government. The Episcopal Church gets its name from the episcopal mode of its church government, the Presbyterian from its government by presbyters, the Baptist from its mode of baptism merely, the Lutheran and the Wesleyan from names of men. And so of all churches which are mere ecclesiasticisms, which have about the same relation to the

one, true, living Church of Jesus Christ as a painted ship on a painted sea has to a great steamship sweeping majestically with its living thousands on a living ocean.

“But the most grievous error, the very crowning sin of all church error and transgression, is that the whole so-called orthodox church has so mystified the Godhead and so divided it up into three Gods *that not a single preacher of any orthodox church creed* can, without destroying his creed, give either an intelligent or scriptural answer as to who the Lord Jesus Christ is.

“Now, all of the law and all of the prophets and all of the psalms and all of the gospels and all of the epistles and all of the apocalyptic revelation declare that the ‘Lord Jesus Christ is the only wise God,’ that He is ‘the first and the last,’ and that ‘beside Him there is no God,’ that He is the ‘Wonderful Counselor,’ the ‘Everlasting Father,’ the ‘Almighty God,’ the ‘Prince of Peace,’ that ‘in Him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,’ which fullness is the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which are not separate persons or separate Gods, but are the trinity of essentials that constitute the *One* God, just as a man, who is in the image of God, has a soul, a body through which the soul acts, and an effect such as a proceeding voice that comes from the living soul of the man through his bodily organs. The Divine Soul or Life called God, the Father, clothed Himself with a body, called the Christ, and through this body mediated and poured out His life or spirit upon men on earth,—which proceeding life is called the Holy Spirit.

“But the orthodox church has made ‘three persons’, and thus virtually ‘three Gods;’ and thus they make void the first great commandment, first in statement and first in order of vital importance, ‘Hear, O Israel, the greatest of all commands is, that the Lord thy God is One God and beside Him there is none.’

“Any church that does not so recognize in its creed or in its faith the Lord Jesus Christ as the ‘Only Wise God’ ‘beside Whom there is none else,’ does not know who the Lord Jesus Christ is, and needs His second coming, and, painful to say, is more or less in the horrible condition of doctrine or life as that described by John in the Book of Revelation in the language I have quoted. The Jews could not be brought to believe the things of the first coming. So the fallen church will not believe the things prophesied of the second coming. Your mother and your wife, and you yourself to some extent, have recognized the truth of the list of scripture passages which I gave you when you were a student at the University.

But mark it, if you begin to preach these truths in the Methodist Church, such things as are described in the eighth chapter of the Book of Revelation will inevitably follow, as when the seventh seal had been opened and the angel took fire from the altar and cast it on the earth and there followed 'thunder and lightning and earthquake' and 'hail mingled with fire and blood, and trees burnt and the green grass withered.'

"Now, for instance, if you go into the Northern Methodist Church and preach the sayings of the Prince of Peace, you will find a time of 'thunder and lightning, with the worshipers of Mars and John Brown. The same in the Southern Methodist Church. Two-thirds of its preachers have deserted their pulpits and are in military camps whooping up Mars and the Butcher Forrests and slavery. They are wreathing their garlands of praise and prayer around the brows of such Soudanish military dervishes as go into the butcher-some business of battle crying, 'Allah, Allah, Allah.' Of this type of military saints is Stonewall Jackson, of whom it is said that he advocated the raising of the black flag. I tell you, John, that you, as a believer in the Prince of Peace, will not be tolerated in the camps of Mars. But even if you were, the very moment that you began to preach the Lord Jesus Christ as the First and the Last and the only wise God and the Everlasting Father, you would be accused of heresy by the church elders, and either silenced or cast out. You mark my words!"

John despondingly replied:

"Oh, I am in hopes that things are not so bad. I do not see what else I can do than to preach in the church in which I was born and brought up—the Methodist. Certainly there are some good people in this church, both North and South. At present I will preach in the M. E. Church, as it is called, because the Southern Church is so disorganized that it has no place for its present ministers. There is no difference doctrinally between the two branches and I can preach good Methodist doctrine in either."

"There it is," replied the reporter, "good Methodist doctrine! But you'll see your way out. Go ahead. Even Christ preached in the Jewish Church, which He knew had made every commandment void through the traditions of its elders. I guess you will not sin, at least, in preaching in a church whose creed just now you partially think you believe in. But you'll come out all right; because what you frequently say, I guess, is so, the 'angels have charge over you!' But mark my words. You will not preach long in either one

of the Methodist Churches—nor in any other so-called orthodox church, unless you are permitted to preach things of doctrine that will not leave one stone on top of another of the church creeds.”

“Well,” replied John, “I have already made arrangements to take charge of a work, and we shall see what we shall see. The only way to find out a thing is to go ahead; for the prophet Hosea says, ‘We shall know if we follow on to know.’ ‘But,’ he continued, ‘please tell me as pointedly as possible the difference between a mere ecclesiastical organization and the church of the Lord Jesus Christ?’”

“Why,” replied the reporter, “an ecclesiasticism is based upon and dwells in the mere ‘letter that kills,’ while the true church is a living organism born of ‘the Spirit that maketh alive.’ For instance, one gets into an ecclesiastical organization by means of some literal procedure, such as water baptism, while the only way of getting into the real church of the living God, is to be ‘born of the Spirit’—born of God—baptized with fire and the Holy Ghost, or with love and truth. An ecclesiastical priesthood will take the literal wars of the literal Israelites and justify all the horrible butcheries of literal war; while the living evangel of the church of the Prince of Peace will spiritually discern these scriptures and wage a war of extermination, not on other men and women, but on the ‘foes of their own household’—on all errors of their own minds and all evils of their own hearts.

“Again,” continued the reporter, “an ecclesiastic says: You worship in the temple at Jerusalem, while I at an altar on the mountains of Samaria. We worship God in temples and at altars built by man’s hand. Our creeds are formulated by man and named after man and man’s modes; while the Christian says: I believe that the hour is come, and now is, that men need not go to Jerusalem—need not go to any earthly organization with its earthly priesthood—to worship God, but that true worship is spiritual worship of God as a Spirit, and that Christian worship is the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ in spirit and in truth, and that this worship is summed up, not in creeds formulated by men, but in the two great commandments declared by the Head of the living Church of God, of supreme love to the only One God of heaven and earth, which love as worship can only be shown to God by loving all men as you love yourself. This love or worship of God can only be shown by serving men wherever and whenever an occasion arises in which they need any kind of service, such as a helping hand, a kindly word, a spirit of sympathy, or any of the thousand little everyday neighborly things

that come to hand in any of the relations of life, such as that of wife and husband, parent and child, citizen and state, neighbor and neighbor. In fact, worship God in everything you do,—a kind of everyday religion that comes out of the heart, and not a kind of put-on Sunday phylactery that has to be worn at some church congregation assembled in some Catholic or Protestant temple. This lesson is taught in all the Scriptures, and is taught in all its perfection in the conversation of the Head of the Church with the woman at the well of Samaria, and in His incomparable parable in which He compares the ecclesiastical gentry of priest and Levite with a real Christian, the Samaritan.

“So instead of your abruptly breaking up your business and going up to some Northern or Southern Jericho to engage in church work, why don't you let your light shine wherever Providence calls you, which place is any place at which you find yourself up against an opportunity of doing anybody any good, just as the Samaritan mule-rider was up against a fellow-creature who needed a little assistance.

“My opinion is that the only way to get into the church of this living God is to get the Spirit of this living God, who is the Lord Jesus Christ, in your life and to act it out. It is far better than to be a priest in some temple of church worship or a Levite in some church service.

“Thus roughly, but truthfully,” continued the old newspaper reporter, “have I endeavored to show you the difference between an ecclesiastic and a Christian—between a mere ecclesiastical organization of ‘myself and my wife, my son John and his wife, we, us, and we four, O Lord, and no more,’ and the church of the living God, that takes in its folds everybody who needs companionship or brotherhood or help. For over fifty years I have taken the commandment of supreme love to the only wise God our Saviour, and the commandment of love to one's neighbor as to oneself, as my only law and prophecy and gospel. I know no Jew, or Gentile, no bond or free, no sect or tongue or tribe; but whenever I see any one needing help of any kind I help them so far as I can.”

“Yes,” said John, “I must confess that I have learned more from you about the Scriptures than I ever learned from all of the ‘priests and Levites’ of all the churches put together. But still I am going to try to see if there is not some good in Methodism.”

“Why,” replied the reporter, “as a matter of course there is some good in Methodism, just as there is in Mohammedanism, but such

good is meat in due season only for those who are in the Methodist or Mohammedan state of mind respectively. Why, the worship of an idol by an idolater is better than no worship; and the Father gives to the idolater the meat that is best for him under all the circumstances of the case. But, John, you are no idolater to worship an idol. You are no Mohammedan to cry, 'Allah, Allah.' You are no Methodist to believe in three Gods, or shout praises to a fourth one known as Mars. You can't be an ecclesiastic. The dying declarations of your mother, the marked passages in her old Bible that she left to you, your own intelligence, which you have acquired by being independent enough to study the commandments of God apart from the construction placed upon them by the church elders of the Dark Ages when the church creeds were formulated,—these, coupled with the 'angels that have charge of you,' will lead you finally out of any mere ecclesiasticism into the borders of the living Church of the one true living God and Heavenly Father. You will see this, and when you do, let me know. You tell me that you leave to-morrow for a Methodist field of work. So, good-bye until you follow on to know and find out what I say has come to pass."

This conversation took place in the presence of John's wife at their home, or place of boarding, and John here used some words that he in after years used hundreds of times in her presence,—which language did not mean that things were as the word indicated.

Looking up into his wife's face, John said:

"Well! well!! well!!!" with rising emphasis on each word.

His wife, as usual, laughed, if a combination of smiles and cheery words could be called laughter, and said:

"Why, John, we've all got to be children before we are grown-up people in theology. I think you told me that the Methodist Church had a four years' course of study for all of its ministers. Perhaps in the study of this course you will see whether the traditions of the Methodist elders to be found in the course of doctrinal teaching are true, or whether what your friend has said is true. Then you can act according to the light before you. I think that nothing but good can come of people being sincere and considerate and courageous enough to do as you said to your friend, 'follow on to know.' So we will not be weighed down with despondency, but will go as you have planned. It hurts me to hear you say, 'Well, well, well.' Let us try what we have concluded to do, the life of the Methodist ministry,

and if we find that as children, we did and spoke mere childish things, then when years come and go, and we are grown up in experience, we shall lay aside childish things. But, John, we must not go into this, or any other serious struggle of life with a kind of 'well, well, well,' spirit. Cheer up. Here is— Well, you kiss me and little Horace. If we can stand it, you can."

Little Horace was the first born to John and Clara, and is now a cattle man on a cattle ranch in Texas.

So it was that John, after some years' work at a certain town in Missouri, where he found a good many things come to pass as his newspaper friend told him they would, went to his first and last M. E. Church Conference of the elders, etc., an account of which will be given in our next chapter.

But in the giving up of ecclesiastical mothers of affection and fathers of doctrine, and their brood of ecclesiastical brothers and sisters, John in his heart often had resort to the use of "Well, well, well!" and his wife just as often became his comforter.

There was a gentle tap at John's room door, and in response to a cheerful "Come in," his old friend, the newspaper reporter, opened the door and standing in the doorway, said:

"John, there is one thing that you righteously believe in, and in which you are going to meet with a sad rebuff as well as ill-timed rebuke among the ministers of a church that has lost the spirit of things in the letter and hence has become very materialistic."

"What is that?" asked John.

"The part of your faith that you will be rebuffed and rebuked for is one of the best substantiated things found in the Bible, as well as one of the most comforting ones. What I allude to is the 'ministration of angels.' You will find a large per cent of, if not all, Methodist ministers not only denying the scriptural doctrine of the 'ministration of angels,' but nearly every one of them has such dark-age ideas on the subject that they will deny and hoot at the truth that all angels were once men and women on the earth,—just like the one John wanted to worship, as found in the Book of Revelation, just like the angel men who led Lot out of Sodom. The first dozen preachers you meet inquire of them on this point, and let me know how it is. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XX.

THE THIRTEENTH CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT. WHAT CAME FROM IT TO JOHN'S FATHER.

Congressman Counsellor Votes for the Amendment—The Action of the Party Organs on Said Vote—The Death of John's "Papa"—John Refuses a Gift of Land.

About this time John received a letter from his father, who was then a member of Congress from the old Platte County Border Ruffian District of Missouri. The following extract from this letter will show for what purposes it is here used. Judge Counsellor wrote from Washington City :

The question of the ratification of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery is now before the House for action. As usual, the subject is drifting into mere partisan pot-house politics. It seems that nothing, however high, or holy, or patriotic, can escape being polluted by the government that partisans spew over it. The "Reds," under the leadership of Thad Stevens and his kind, are endeavoring to make all of the partisan capital possible out of this great measure for their party, and are pushing the Democratic minority into a bitter partisan opposition to it. And, strange to say, nearly all of the Democrats are suffering themselves to go on record as against ratifying this amendment. Many of them, being prodded by the partisan "Reds," are saying many very indiscreet and intemperate things. This pleases the "Reds" greatly. In fact, it is the very trap the wary "Red" has expressly set for the unwary partisan Democrat. The Vallandigham school of partisans has even gone so far as to threaten my defeat for re-election to Congress in case I vote for the ratification of this amendment. But you know that I am not controlled by threats. Whenever duty and conscience call, my response has ever been, and will be in this case, "Yea, yea, I am present and ready for action." Both duty and conscience command that this long vexed and vexing question be settled by law; and I shall vote for it.

But nine-tenths of the Democratic members will vote against it. I know the power of the "party machine," and doubtless this vote will cost me my seat in Congress. Such men as Judge Birch and the panderers to the passions and prejudices of the old bitter proslavery purblind propagandists will use their passions and prejudices to cripple and if possible to politically kill me. Well,

well, One greater than I am was crucified by partisans. Why should I seek exemption by shunning the line of duty? I never have shirked. I never have "wobbled on the spindle." Nor shall I do so now.

It is true that, had I had my way, I would years ago have settled the slavery question, and would, even at this day, settle it, if I could, under the old Jeffersonian plan of gradual emancipation with compensation to the owners, coupled with colonizing the freedman where they could have homes under their own vine and fig tree.

I had a talk this morning with Mr. Lincoln, and he favors this plan, but says that partisanship and passions raised by the war render such a pacific and equitable way of settling the matter now impossible. He regretted that men will go to such extremes as to get themselves into conditions in which that which is the highest and best cannot be made available. I have heard you speak of the doors of the third or highest heavens being at this day, on account of the wickedness of the people, closed against about every man on earth, and the doors of the second or next highest heavens being closed against most of the people on earth; but the doors of the lowest or first heavens being open to all. However this may be, I know that the action of the proslavery propagandists has made the system of gradual emancipation impossible; and I suppose we will have to take the third best thing in the premises. And it is but the part of wisdom for men to take the best thing that is practicable. So I will vote for the ratification of the thirteenth amendment that forever by law abolishes slavery in our country,—though I am sure that the "Red" element in my district, co-operating with the rabid proslavery inopportunes to be found in the Democratic Party, will beat me for Congress. However this may be, my duty, my best judgment, and all of the memories of your now sainted mother call me to go forward in getting rid, as far as possible, of a thing that all of our old Virginia ancestors longed to get rid of in their day.

To this letter, John at once replied:

DEAR PAPA:

You know how much I have always loved you, especially since dear, dear mamma's death. I have not only loved you, but have admired and been proud of you for always being "present and ready for action" at the roll-call of duty. If possible, your letter stating what your action will be on the thirteenth constitutional amendment makes me admire you more than ever; and in view of its most probably costing you your seat in Congress, I will say that I love you more than ever. And I am satisfied that dear mamma, now in heaven, will do the same. I think that mamma will have a special call of the angels for planting new flowers to be ready for wreathing new garlands around your brow when you shall leave the earth and be raised, or resurrected, up into the heavens.

But while I know that such is the view that will be taken of your action in heaven, yet the will of heaven is very far as yet from being the will of earth; and hence I concur with you that this vote will cost you your seat in the next Congress. The "Reds" have been opposed to you ever since you set

yourself against their Robespierre programme. And the party machine of your own party is equally as merciless as the "Red" Robespierre-ites against any one who has the independence to refuse to do its dirty work. But go forward! Let us do right though the heavens fall! As the poet Browning says,

"Life is probation,
And the earth no goal,
But starting point for man;
Compel him to strive,
Which means in man,
As good as reach the goal."

If the Democratic Party puts itself on record as opposing all measures of advance, it will die the death of the inopportune. If it continues to look backward and not forward, it will and ought to meet the fate of Lot's wife. It may kill such men as you, and Rollins, and Blair, and Benton, but such killing will be like the Jews' "sawing the prophets asunder" and crucifying the Christs of their only salvation.

Yes, doubtless, history will repeat itself, and you will be "sawn asunder." But you have always taught me, "Do your duty, and in doing so, never wobble on the spindle." Now if my teacher, who is my own dear papa, should go back on his own teachings in the days toward the end of his life, his son would weep on earth, and his son's old Virginia mother would weep in heaven!

And sure enough, just as soon as Congressman Counsellor recorded his vote in favor of ratifying the thirteenth constitutional amendment that forever by law abolished slavery in the United States, there commenced a systematic attack on him by the party organs. One of these, in Platte County, said:

Our Fourth District Congressman, Counsellor, has deserted his friends and gone over, horse, foot, and artillery, to the enemy. He has joined the ranks of the abolitionists pure and simple. Let him look to them for any reelection to Congress. He certainly cannot expect the support of the Democratic Party. If so, he will not and should not get such support.

Another paper in Clinton County, the home of Judge Birch, came out in head-lines of box-car letters as follows:

OUR CONGRESSMAN DESERTS US.

HE SELLS OUT TO THAD STEVENS.

It pains an old-time Democratic heart to see a Congressman, elected by the party, destroy not only his party, but betray the whole Southern people, by voting to abolish slavery as our Congressman has done. The unsheathed party knife must be used on all such recreants; and this paper, as one of the organs of pure and undefiled democracy, will not only use the party knife, but all of the cutlery and gunnery of the great party arsenal, not only to kill

off such miscreants as present Congressman Counsellor, but will employ at our own expense a sculptor to engrave on his tomb the Sadduceean epitaph of "No Resurrection Forever."

A Clay County party organ said:

Our indignation knows no bounds; in fact, indignation cannot be restrained from turning to wrath itself at the very mention of the traitorous conduct of our Congressman Counsellor in voting for Thad Stevens' pet and final abolition measure called the thirteenth amendment. That amendment is the summing up of all the villainy and robbery and rapine against which the fathers of Democracy have for generations warned us. How a Democratic Congressman from a Democratic district can vote for such an exceedingly undemocratic measure nobody except a tricky politician who has sold out to the Thad Stevens crowd of Abs can imagine. A few Democratic votes were needed to pass the measure; and the abolition outfit had money enough to buy such as Rollins and Counsellor and others, who are for sale. Shame! shame! shame! Yea, something more effective than shame! Let us at the first meeting of our party sachems put on our party war paint, and dance the party war dance, and go on the war path for the political scalps of all such deserters from the Democratic reservation as old Counsellor has proved himself to be.

Even a paper, the office of which was afterward "gutted" by a mob, and in behalf of which Judge Counsellor sacrificed his life in an effort in the Federal Court at St. Louis to recover damages, even this paper, before the sacrifice of his life in its behalf, by its scurrilous abuse of Congressman Counsellor for betraying Democracy, might have caused him, as he felt its cold party dagger stabbed into his back, to exclaim, "*Et tu, Brute!*"

Perhaps it may be of interest to give a personal analysis of these party organ editors. One of them was a born and brought-up Yankee, and had to "whoop up" to keep from being "suspicioned" and ostracized. One of them was a journeyman printer in the employ of a chronic candidate for office, who had money enough to employ this cat's-paw of an editor. One of them was one of the so-called preachers who sat nodding assent to the suggestions of Senator Emerald to "stuff" ballot boxes in Kansas, at the time when Judge Counsellor appealed to the so-called ministers to cease worshipping Mars and worship Jesus, as related in Chapter IV of this history. One of these party organ grinders had been publicly horsewhipped by the Colonel A. P. R. spoken of before in this work. While such grinders of party organs are a disgrace to the high and holy calling of public journalism, yet, as a general thing, by their unscrupulous methods they manipulate party candidates and party conven-

tions, and control party nominations. One of their favorite modes of operating is to run in what are called "dark horses," or by "stocking" a convention with sufficient delegates to hold the balance of power between candidates, and then casting this balance of power against the object of their venom. In this manner Judge Counselor's nomination was defeated in the Democratic convention after his vote was cast for the thirteenth amendment.

A few years after that the office of one of these papers that had denounced him was taken possession of and gutted by Federal soldiers or militia. The old Judge regarded such conduct of the military as destructive of the freedom of the press. Suit for damages against the officers in command of these troops was instituted in the Federal Court at St. Louis. The old "Conservator" was counsel for the editor, and made the greatest speech of his life in defense of the liberties of the press, from the effects of which he became exhausted and died—"died," as General Blair said, "in full harness, at the front of the columns of Liberty and Law and Order."

He had filled in full measure offices in all departments of the State government, legislative, judicial, executive, with safety to the public, with pride to his friends and family, and with a conscience void of offense.

With such men in public life there would be no civil wars, no partisan intolerance, no sectarian bigotry, no special franchise to a dominant and favored few; but there would be a government of the people for all of the people.

The last time John saw his father was at the gate of the yard of the Counsellor home in the Border Ruffian region where his mother was wont to go out to see John depart from home and come out to see him on his return. John was parting with his "papa," as he always called him, for the last time on earth, when the following conversation took place:

"John," the old Judge said, "the ministry is a poor place for accumulating anything but treasures in heaven. In the mean time we all need some earthly treasures. I have a fine tract of land in Clinton County that I am going to deed to you."

Now, all his life John had entered into the grace of "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and replied:

"Oh, papa, I appreciate your kindness, but somehow—somehow or other I've always wanted to help you—to give you something—and I really feel that just now I would rather you would not give me anything at all until I can, somehow or other, pay you for the

thousand little things and the many big ones that you have all my life been giving me. So let the matter rest until I can some day in some manner pay you a little of the debt that, if ever a son did owe to a father, I owe to you. Let it rest, papa; let it rest until I can do something for you in return."

As the hack containing John and his wife drove away they saw "papa" with bare head, white with the snows of many a winter, standing at the old, old home gate, looking up the road after them. Clara, with tears in her eyes, said to her husband:

"John, you ought to have lived in the golden age of the world. However, as you say gold is typical of love, our little world is golden; and I love you more and more for your action in asking papa not to give you the land."

As a matter of history, notwithstanding this action on the part of John, he and Clara never had any lack of land. In fact, in after years in far-away Texas, they were what is called "land poor," by having more land to pay taxes on than they could use.

Perhaps we might appropriately close this chapter of Judge Counsellor's closing life with a glance at the changed scenes of his old home.

In the same Border Ruffian county seat at which the bodeful things described in the first and second chapters of this book took place, some nine years later took place other things in some respects in keeping with, and in other respects, very violently in contrast to those that occurred on Saturday and Sunday before the first Monday in September, 1856, though some of the same parties figured in both scenes.

The war was over. The lambs and the lions had changed places. Walter Chancellor, who had made the great speech in the legislature against the coming war, had at the head of his regiment fought during every month of that war; but the war being over in the field, it was also all over with him. He was judge of the circuit court.

Court was in session. The Draconian code of the celebrated Drake Constitution was in full sway. Under it no preacher could preach, or lawyer practice law, who had ever in any wise had a kindly feeling for the so-called rebel. Judge Counsellor declared the prescriptive clauses to be contrary to the very genius of free and republican institutions, and allowed preachers to preach and lawyers to practice without taking the oath prescribed by the Draconian code.

On the first Monday of his court there was a large crowd of returned Federal soldiers in town, some of them drinking heavily. A large number of these organized and swore that no such judge as Chancellor should be allowed to hold court. The sheriff was in seeming sympathy with the mob. The mob cudgeled and bulldozed good citizens here and there, killing one and perhaps more. They declared that old Judge Counsellor should not be permitted even to walk the streets of his own county-seat town. The old judge, hearing of this, at once saddled his horse, rode into the county-seat, confronted the drunken leader of the mob on the street and said to him:

"Jim, I understand that you and your crowd have declared that I cannot walk the streets of this town. How is this?"

"Some of us did say," said the leader, "that no man, however large or little, who held up for rebels should be permitted to walk these streets."

"Well," replied the old judge, "who is the 'somebody' and what do you mean by 'holding up for rebels'? Do you mean that a man who is in favor of law and order, and who is determined to see that the orders of our civil courts are respected, is a rebel sympathizer? If so, I'm one."

In the mean time a great crowd of soldiers had gathered about, which emboldened Jim, the leader of the mob, and he began to curse the old judge. Whereupon the old man advanced upon Jim and unarmed poured out the vials of his wrath on the mob. Perhaps blood would have been shed, as here and there in the crowd were drunken yells of "Go to him, Jim!" "Shoot the d—n old rebel sympathizer!" but by this time a posse of peaceable citizens had been organized under the direction of the court and came filing down the street with Judge Chancellor at their head. They demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of the mobocrats for contempt of court. Some of the mob demurred and pulled their guns. The captain of the court posse ordered his men to present arms and cock their guns. He then said to the mob:

"The first man that makes a motion to shoot will be shot in his tracks."

Many of the mob had been in the judge's regiment, and knew that he never wasted many words when the time for action came. So some of these surrendered at once. Others demurred, but all were arrested, marched into the court-house and held on peace bonds to answer for trying to break up the court.

But this mob finally got in its revenge on this law-and-order judge. The Jacobins were in the majority in a legislature elected under bayonet rule. This legislature impeached this upright judge because he declared the inquisitorial oath of the Draconian Code as contrary to the very spirit of liberty itself. Just about this time the Jacobins were so violent that such men as General Frank P. Blair and B. Gratz Brown, who had been all during the Border Ruffian troubles Fremont and Lincoln Republicans, left the Jacobin party.

Brown was nominated for governor by all of the independent forces. Blair took the stump. Everywhere his life was threatened. He spoke with his pistol lying on the rostrum at his side. At many of his speakings men were killed by the revolutionary element. The "Rebs" were now on the law-and-order side of things. The "Reds" were for about such mobocratic violence as that portrayed in our second chapter. But the better sentiment prevailed. Brown was elected governor. Law and order once more got in the saddle. The Draconian Code was repealed, and all citizens, under such ægis as Jupiter gave to Minerva, once more, after years of chaos and anarchy, enjoyed equally all of the privileges and franchises of a common citizenship.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN'S GIVING UP OF COUNTRY AND KINDRED ECCLESIASTICALLY AND PROFESSIONALLY.

John's Giving Up of Country and Kindred Ecclesiastically and Professionally—The Campaign of Bim, the Original Candidate—How "Heelers" Came About—John's First "Charge" at Louisiana, Missouri—His Address on the Assassination of Lincoln—He Presents the Bible Doctrine That What is Sowed Must be Reaped, and that Assassination and Anarchy Are But the "Spawn" of Militarism—His Address Causes Commotion and his Removal to Other Parts by the "Church" Authorities.

It was now in the first days of April, 1865, when John was, seemingly, to give up father and mother and brothers and sisters and all kindred for what he then deemed "Christ's sake." He had virtually been born into the life of what is called the legal profession. This he found to be so utterly degraded and corrupt that his conscience would not permit him to live off of the prostitution which priests of that profession almost universally practiced by taking hire on any side of any question on which a fat fee was first offered, and, inside the court precincts, by aiding criminals to escape justice when hired for a money price to do so, which act, outside of the court, would have sent the practitioner to the penitentiary as aider and abettor of the criminal. This mother—this professional mother—John now determined to give up, though in giving it up he saw the sacrifice of all his early ambitions.

And there was party politics with all of its honors, to say nothing of all of its pelf, this John also determined to give up. "Come out of her, my people!" sounded in his ears as a trumpet and drowned the hopes and ambitions that he had cherished from his earliest youth. This sacrifice was compelled by the definite knowledge that all of those who were successful in party politics were not of the olive, nor of the fig, nor of the vine nature; but were, as declared by the prophet Jotham in the ninth chapter of the Book of

Judges, but "brambles" bristling with all of the thorns that a self-scheming and self-pushing and self-important selfishness could bring forth.

John was disgusted with the party Abimelech and the "hired and vain persons which followed him." And he saw the dangerous character of the "Baalberiths" who furnished the "campaign funds" to hire the henchmen of the party Abimelechs who would destroy and devour and utterly burn up all of the "tall cedars of Lebanon" and kill off all genuine patriots of undoubted intelligence and integrity.

John's attitude to the party Abimelechs is shown by the following article written by him for a leading daily independent paper:

THE VERY FIRST CANDIDATE.

Origin of the Place Seekers—How Heelers Sprung Up—Where the Returning Board Got in Its First Work.

We insert the following article as published in the Sunday edition of the Dallas News of December 5, 1897, for several reasons:

First, to show the rise of the so-called divine right of kings; and,

Second, to show how candidates even in this day begin and conduct their candidacy. We suggest also the reading of the eighth chapter of First Book of Samuel for further reading about kingship, or the people being ruled by others instead of ruling themselves, as they would do under a direct legislative system of government. Keep in mind that every kind of one man ruling over others, whether as supreme law making or supreme franchiser to levy tax on public travel, etc., is a species of kingship. We believe in the prophets, the law, and the gospel, not as interpreted by sectarian scribes, but as uttered of Jehovah, and believe that better lessons can be drawn from the pages of the Bible for everyday life, personally, politically, and spiritually, than from any other source. In fact, the Bible is the great hill country in whose foundations are stored up the everlasting foundations of truth, which are ready to flow in cleansing and life-giving power into and through all planes of life just as soon as channels can be had for their outflow from the fountains and their inflow through the plains and valleys wherein the people dwell. And we honestly believe that direct legislation is the channel on the political plane through which life, like a river of water, coming from its original source and reservoired in all the people will flow out direct from the people and flow direct into every law by which the life of the people is bodily organized and administered. Following is the News' article:

Mr. Thomas B. King, of Stephenville, was in a talkative mood. The latter-day custom of self-announcement as candidates for office was the line of thought that found utterance.

"History is repeating itself. To determine from very high and altogether authoritative sources what must be the true nature of such pushers of themselves, let me cite the instance of the first candidate for public promotion.

"In the ninth chapter of the Book of Judges we find an account of the very first candidate for king, or rulership. A politician by the name of Abimelech had a big lot of kinsfolks called his 'mother's brethren.' He commenced his campaign by communications with all the family.

"The family seemingly, on their own motion, hadn't thought of the matter until it was pushed on them by their ambitious kinsman, by being reminded in Candidate Abimelech that 'I am your bone and your flesh.'

"Bro. Bim was a wary politician. He easily persuaded his big family of kinsfolks, so that not only 'did their hearts incline towards him,' but they furnished him a campaign fund. The campaign fund, however, didn't seem to belong to them. There was a money lender by the name of Baalberith, who, perhaps was a manufacturer with an axe to grind, or in some manner a dealer in futures contingent on Bim's election.

"They got the campaign slush from Baalberith, who no doubt was to be well provided for in case of Bim's election.

"Backed by his mother's brethren and this campaign fund of 'threescore and ten pieces of silver out of the house of Baalberith,' Candidate Abimelech took the field. With the slush fund he 'hired vain and light persons,' who, from it being stated that these 'hired, vain, and light persons' followed him, were no doubt somewhat kin to if not the ancestors of our modern 'heelers.'

"The first thing to be done, and the first thing actually done, Abimelech 'slew his own brethren.' This 'slaying of brethren' is one of the main facts accomplished by a candidate pushing himself; it keeps others of the same political family out of the field—especially the modest ones. All self-pushing politicians understand how a pre-announcement with a few preconcerted 'hired heelers' to whoop up things has often kept better men out of the field. We have an instance exactly in point, but for fear of it being personal I forbear to relate it. No doubt all the News readers have a case in point. By killing brethren and bulldozing the people, Abimelech was not elected, but all the same, so far as he was concerned, he 'was made king.' The subsequent career of this self-pushing politician as king showed that he was an 'n. g.' He was not the kind that the Nazarene recommended when he excluded from the list of good rulers those who sought the chief places, and included those who were candidates for the lowest places at the feast.

"The good old prophet Jotham, as related in the same chapter, sized up exactly the character of these self-pushing place-seekers. Jotham called the people together and sized up the situation, and especially the dangerous character of the man who pushed his candidacy for promotion over others. Jotham cited that the trees on a certain occasion besought the olive to be 'king over them.' The olive declined, saying that it had great respect for God and the neighbor, and, inferentially, that the rulership-king-business had

nothing in it good for God or man. The olive, in spiritual signification, represents the very highest order of man. Certainly these strivers in indecent haste to be promoted are not of the olive family.

"The next one called on to be a candidate was the fig. The fig, though of a high type of manhood, is not as high as the olive. However, the fig, out of self-respect for his own 'sweetness of nature,' declined.

"There is not much sweetness of nature in a self-pushing candidate—at least not enough to be much of a hinderance to his 'going to be promoted over others;' especially where there is a good deal of pie up toward the head of the counter.

"The olive being too good and the fig too sweet for 'going to be promoted,' the next resort was to the vine. The vine is somewhat clinging in its nature, and to some degree needs props; nevertheless the vine concluded that its nature was such that it could do better by cheering others than to be itself cheered by 'promotion over others.' So the vine declined.

"So will any man decline who is of the olive, vine, or fig caste of character. If not, why did the olive, the fig, and the vine decline to be promoted over others? As sure as the word of God is true, so is it true that men who 'push themselves into places of 'promotion over others' are not of the vine, or the olive, or the fig family.

"But of what family are they?

"Why, exactly of that family represented by the kind of bristling buccaneer which 'accepted gladly' the promotion over others. This was 'the bramble.' The very name indicates the cast of character of a bristling, self-pushing, selfish, Billy Buncombe place-seeker, and further comment is unnecessary.

"It has long been recognized that our best men are not in public life. The sordid and selfish brambles are encumbering the ground, and in the language of the prophet Jotham, 'the fire coming out, the bramble devours the cedars of Lebanon.'

"The very fact that these brambles are self-seeking, and 'pushing themselves' on the people, is evident that they do not belong to the higher orders of citizenship—that they are not of the family of the olive, which hath 'regard to God and the neighbor;' nor of kin to the fig, which hath 'sweetness' and good fruit; nor of the same blood as the vine, which 'hath cheer for others,'—but are thoroughbred brambles.

"No doubt, in the light of the other life, when all secret things are made manifest, that the real character of each and all of our public men who 'push themselves' on the people by pre-announcement and suffer themselves to be pushed by heelers and by Baalberiths, who expect something to be returned for favors shown, all this class of men, however great Goliaths they may be here, will be weighed and found wanting.

"Some of them, if a tree is known by its fruits, can be seen by even common-sense men as wanting here on earth. Take the country over, and some of those who have announced for high places have drawn over \$100,000 as pay for public services, about like the man who demanded pay for the well that he never dug.

"It is true that they have dug a good many pits into which they and their fellows have tumbled, but not one single well of living water to quench the thirst of a thirsty people have they dug. Not one, not one!

"If the people continue to let themselves be imposed upon by this old line of place-seekers, then the whole outfit of followers and the followed will, as heretofore, fall into a pit, out of which it will take a very large-sized Sabbath day's job to extricate the country!"

Here and now, in 1901, John is more and more confirmed in his conviction that place-seekers as found in ordinary party politicians are not of the type of character represented by the olive and the fig and the vine; but, as with the first candidate, "Bim," are veritable "brambles," and leeches barnacled on the body politic.

Take any State in the Union and analyze the "pay" that "our rulers" receive for their services, and we shall find a striking proof of what the old Prophet Samuel urged (First Samuel viii. 11-17), that, if the people put their trust in rulers, giving the rulers power to rule, the rulers would get everything and the people nothing.

So with an unutterable aversion to "party politics," and to the prostitution of the legal profession that led him "to hate" all of his former life, John was now to forsake all with the hope of finding a "hundred fold" in another field—in the field of an ecclesiasticism, which, as matter of fact, was responsible, along with others of its kind, for the pollution to be found in all planes of political, commercial, and professional life below it. It is true that John found the "persecution" predicted of such forsaking of former life and kindred; and it is also true that he found the "hundred fold" of houses and kindred, but not in the country into which he was just then going. But perhaps he had to go through this ecclesiastical wilderness on his way to a Canaan of milk and honey.

However, let us follow in some of his footsteps, actually trodden in the days of 1865. John had "taken work" in the Methodist Episcopal Church under the direction of a presiding elder—Shuffellow—the conference not yet being in session. He was given perhaps the wealthiest and the largest congregation in the borders of the conference, at Louisiana, over on the upper Mississippi River. Here he found a great many good, humble Christian men and women, and found, or rather he at once went up against, a good many—well, it is hard to characterize them,—whether "holier than thou" pharisees "thanking Gawd" that they were "Gawd's" peculiar elect to destroy the heathen; or whether unconverted "Sauls of Tarsus" breathing out threatenings and slaughter; or whether co-workers

with the party politicians on the opposite side of those with whom Brother McNal had worked along in the fifties; or whether, as divinely appointed agent of Jehovah (according to their very mistaken belief) to kill outright all the inhabitants of the Southern Confederacy, men, women, and children, and possess themselves of their chattels, cattle, and churches; or whether some of them were, as the Revelator in the apocalyptic vision saw the citizens of a church that had "fallen, fallen" from the grace of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, had become worshipers at the altar of Mars, the God of War.

The very first Sabbath day after John arrived at the place of "his charge" was the one following the black Friday that witnessed the assassination of President Lincoln. All who lived at that time know how utterly frenzied passion, like a Noah's flood, swept away about every remnant of all persons, places, and things of that world known as "Charity" that hopeth and believeth all things for the best, and faltereth not in its mission of overcoming all things with the truth.

The time had come to John—had come earlier than he expected—to see whether or not the words of his University friend, the newspaper man, were true when he stated to John that in the ordinary church circles of the day ribald sectarianism had supplanted genuine Christianity, and that the worship of the God of Vengeance had superseded the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ, the God of Love.

However, John had made up his mind to follow the Prince of Peace, although the high priests and elders might be disposed to crucify him by rejecting His teachings, which is the same as rejecting Him. So, in order that the services that day might not be such as actually took place in all the temples of Mars—in order that the blood-thirsty cry of the wicked for vengeance—for even two eyes for one eye, and two or a thousand teeth for one tooth—might be allayed and rebuked—and in order that the calm and considerate voice of the Prince of Peace might be heard in His own (ostensible) temple, he took as the subject of his public address the following:

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF RULERS.

And he spoke in substance as follows:

Every event of magnitude that occurs in the history of a nation should be an occasion for the people of such nation learning some useful lesson. The assassination of President Lincoln, at the hands of a fanatic, has more or

less touched the indignation and horror of nearly every man, woman, and child, not only in the United States, but all over the world; and an occasion of such magnitude as this should be laid hold of by the public press, by the pulpit, and by the political philosophers, to impress some useful lesson on the people—a lesson that does not consist in mere words of condolence to bereaved friends, or of mere anathema spit out and fulminated against the great criminal that committed the horrible crime, or on a mere stretching of cruel ingenuity in planning laws that partake of vengeance, cruelty, and savagery as a preventive of such barbarous acts as the killing of rulers. So far as I have seen to date the above indulgences have been about the only thing that the press and the preachers as leaders of public thought have indulged in. Condolences are good in their place and there has been much of condolence justified in this cruel murder of a good man. But condolences teach no good and useful lesson. There has been a great deal of well merited rebuke and denunciation against the outlaw that shocked humanity with his murderous bullet.

There has been a great outcry for vengeance and for inventing some unchristian and uncivilized way or law to visit punishment on the offender. All of this revenge and ways of inhuman cruelty to execute vengeance are as a matter of course not only in bad taste, but partake of the very cruelty and crime that are sought to be obviated. What then is the great and chief lesson to be learned from the assassination of the President of the nation?

I unhesitatingly say that such lesson is this: Learn the cause of such murderous acts and then seek to remove the cause.

All sensible people will admit that the only way to cure an evil is to do away with the cause. All other preventatives are mere temporary palliatives or court plasters or at best dabbling in the stream with filters instead of making the fountain clean. Hence we inquire, what is the cause of anarchy?

To determine this righteously we must recall or recur to certain principles that are so fundamental and so enduring and unchangeable that heaven and earth will pass away before one jot or one tittle of these principles will pass away. Of these principles we mention:

1st. That every seed produces after its own kind. We will not offer argument in proof of this principle, because even were it not declared by God Himself in the first chapter of Genesis, yet all men know it to be the case. Hence we declare,

2d. That whatever a man sows he shall reap. This is not only declared in God's Word, but by all experience and by all nature.

3d. That the sower will reap more than he sows, sowing one grain he may reap a hundred and sowing a hundred he may reap ten thousand. Or at least sowing to the wind the sower will reap an increase of wind in a whirlwind. Now, then, in exact accordance with the principles that every seed produces after its own kind and what a man sows that shall he raise in multiplied amount, it is declared in the same book of Wisdom in which the above principles are declared as follows: "All they that take up the sword shall perish with the sword." This is based on Genesis, which declares,

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." In keeping with this is the Divinely declared truth that "He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it." "He made a pit and digged it and is fallen into the ditch which he made," "His own mischief shall return on his own head and his violent dealing shall come down on his own pate."

Similar sentiments to these, showing that what men sow they must inevitably reap, are not only declared and redeclared by line on line, precept on precept, in Holy Writ, but are affirmed by all experience.

Let us now apply these principles:

The rulers of the nations are without one single exception the followers of Mars and not the followers of the Prince of Peace in this that they are sowing from generation to generation brimstone and bullets and bayonets and bombshells and swords. By their standing armies they are continually shedding blood of their neighbors. It is true that they are doing these bloody deeds of killing under form and semblance of law. So we may say that men and women have been sold on the auction block and bills of sale of their bodies and lives made to the highest bidder under the form of law. The Psalmist declares that "the throne of iniquity itself frameth mischief by law." A thing may be done by law and yet the inquiry still is, what of the principle involved in the law? Is this killing of men by wholesale any more righteous than the killing of one man by another man?

Are things in the lump just that are not just in each and every particular? If so, what becomes of the Master's doctrine as expressly declared in Luke, which says: "He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much?"

If one cannot kill his enemy by violence such as used by Booth in the killing of Lincoln, without committing murder, without violating the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," how then can a ruler kill thousands, or cause to be killed tens of thousands, without being unjust,—if not, so far as the law of God is concerned, committing "murder," perhaps without knowing it?

And if any one, whether peasant or prince, whether ruler or ruled, sheds man's blood, may he not reasonably expect that he will not be exempt from the reaping of what he has sowed? He has sowed with the Word of God, which declares that "whatsoever one sows that shall he also reap," before his eyes. Not only is this God's law, but it is the very law of nature itself. Not only is it the law of God and the law of nature, but it is a law approved of all sensible men. Who would like to live in Hafed's "World of Chance" which in our youth all of us read about in the old Reader, where men sowed wheat and reaped hemp, and planted figs that bore thorns, and fire chilled and turned water into ice, and men's own begotten progeny were born dogs or wolves?

No, brethren, however hard it may seem that they who sow to war with its killings, with its bullets and violence, shall reap violence and bullets and killing, none of us would alter this law if we could. Otherwise we would exchange God's world of law and order for Hafed's "World of Chance." We must hew to the line of God's truth, let the chips fall where they may.

We all lament the killing of President Lincoln with lamentation like that of a woman mourning the death of a child, or a child the death of a parent, even though the death sprung naturally out of their own sowing, as is nearly always the case. So far as I am individually concerned, I have regarded President Lincoln as the very best of all the rulers of the kingdoms of this earth, and in almost every respect as much superior to the ordinary party politician of the day as a patriot is superior to a partisan. As a member of a State government that had daily proof of his sincere wish to restore law and order to the land, I have learned to respect and admire him beyond what millions of his own partisans do. But, as the head and representative of a warring people, he has been a man of war, a man of shedding blood, and he has only reaped what he and they have sowed, because the most inevitable of all laws is that "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

This is a law so fundamental that not a jot or a tittle can possibly fail of fulfillment, any more than the law that if you sow wheat you will reap wheat! And the law is good, and approved of all sensible men. It is neither wise nor good for us to evade the fulfillment or truth of this great law, however great and beloved may be the victim of its working. Let the great law of God stand, though not only all of the rulers of the earth fall, but the earth itself fail to stand, yea, though the heavens pass away. At least, let the present "old" heaven of war pass away.

Because, without the law of sowing and reaping, without the law that every living vegetable, fruit tree, or living soul, or living principle "hath its seed in itself," there could be no earth or heaven, but only a hell of disorder and chaos and anarchy,—an abysm over whose bottomless pit bosom no sun, or moon, or even star would ever shine.

Without the law of cause and consequent effects the whole world would be again "without form and void" and darkness would brood over all of its face. If the words of Him whose words never pass away are true, shall not these rulers who sow to violence reap violence; and reap this violence, not at the hands of righteous men, but at the hands of the wicked, for is it not written that "wickedness proceedeth from the wicked, but mine hand shall not be upon thee?" For, as it is further written, the Lord does not use the righteous to execute vengeance, lest the righteous hurt themselves, but the wicked punish the wicked, as it is written, "Deliver me from the wicked which is thy sword."

On the principle of reapers and sowers treading on each other's heels, the Lord used the crafty and violent Assyrian to teach lessons of righteous chastisement to the men who sow to violence. For it is written by the prophet Isaiah, "O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation." He uses the dog to bite the dog—like for like—on the principle that every seed brings forth its kind. The thousands of years of sowing to violence have only resulted in more violence, as sowing to the wind the whirlwind is reaped.

After thousands of years of beating plowshares into swords by the rulers of the earth, the only result has been to add the assassin's stiletto to the sword family. After the failure, not only in all ages, but in every instance, of the law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—life for life—violence as a cure for violence—after the utter and everlasting and inevitable failure of "overcoming evil with evil," the Prince of Peace comes and says to the nations of the earth, "Put up the sword; for all they that take up the sword shall by the sword perish."

And seemingly to enforce the truth of this law of the kingdom of peace and righteousness, and to show that there can be no exceptions to its penalties being visited upon the violators of it, He has permitted the assassination of one of the best rulers of the earth—a ruler who had violated its "letter and spirit" with perhaps as great a provocation as could possibly be. Seemingly, the life of the nation itself was at stake. Seemingly, the overthrow of the most haughty and dominating supremacy of a great slave-holding aristocracy was imperatively demanded. These things we all admit. But there may be some grounds for the belief by a Christian citizen that the way in which the temporary life of the nation has been temporarily saved will not be permanent,—that it was not in accordance with the laws of the Prince of Peace, and hence that other wars will spring out of and be justified by this one, and that these other wars will be as the whirlwind of a French Revolution to the wind of this great civil war, more violent and of more destructive sweep than any civil war has ever been. If the Word of God fails not, I believe such will be the case.

There is a way to save the life of a republic without sacrificing the lives of the citizens in the effort to pin it together with bayonets in civil war or by cementing its walls with blood. Bayonets and blood will inevitably produce a demand ultimately for more bayonets and blood. How this must come God only knows, but that it will inevitably come is as certain as that like reaping follows like sowing. This will come unless men repent and cease from the evil of war. And the slaying of such a man as Lincoln under such circumstances is certainly sufficient to demonstrate to all considerate men that the end of war is worse than vanity, so far as the fate of rulers is concerned. Perhaps all history has never presented such an object lesson for showing the utter vanity of war, the utter wickedness of war, as the assassination of such a ruler as Abraham Lincoln. It takes great things to teach great lessons.

Seemingly the setting free of millions of slaves by violence would result in good to all concerned. But to pull the best of fruit before it is ripe, even to separate the tares from the wheat before the proper season, is not God's way; and any violation of God's law will meet with just recompense of reward on the principle that if one sows to wrong he shall of his wrong sowing reap wrong. The coming years will inevitably demonstrate this. Mr. Lincoln himself was the early disciple and apostle of getting rid of slavery in the just and honorable and peaceable way of gradual emancipation coupled with compensation to owners and the colonization under their own vine and

fig tree of the freedmen. But he permitted himself to be used by men of violence who believed in overcoming the evil of slavery with the evil of war. Perhaps at the close of this century the sad mistake of the nation in deserting the doctrine of gradual emancipation, as proclaimed in the early days of the Republic by Jefferson and in later days by Clay, Lincoln, and their Whig compatriots, will be discerned.

If the freeing of slaves by violence will, in the coming generation, teach men the error of sowing to violence with the expectation of reaping peace, and if, in that coming generation there be nation of white men enslaved by a moneyed plutocracy, as Lincoln said would be the case, these white slaves and their apostles be taught the folly of resorting to violence and war as a way of recovering their industrial freedom,—then will the sacrifice of such a man as Lincoln not be in vain.

But, asks one, why is it that, as a general thing, the best of rulers, like Lincoln, become victims? The reason of this is manifest from the following things:

In Mark the Master said, "How can Satan cast out Satan? And if Satan rise up against himself and be divided he cannot stand, but hath an end." Evil combats good and not its own. As a general thing it is well known that the most violent men on either side of this war had very little affection for Lincoln. The Jefferson Davises on the one side and the Thaddeus Stevenses on the other denounced him bitterly. Hence the evil of the evil were more antagonistic to Mr. Lincoln than they were to each other. This is seen in the fate of the best men in the combats of duelists,—the Burrs always kill the Hamiltons. Let an amiable country lad accompany a city tough into the precincts of such places as gambling hells and brothels. The inevitable result is that the city tough, being on his own exclusive ground and altogether among his own kind, escapes unhurt, while the country lad generally gets a black eye if not worse. Beelzebub does not often strike his own.

The great mistake that well intentioned good men make is to suffer themselves to yield in some jot or tittle to the demands of evil men, or to enter even if it is only the outer chambers of the House of Evil. Had all the law-and-order men of the South opposed the fire-eaters of their section, instead of defying and worshiping them, and had all the genuine anti-slavery men of the North who were anti-slavery from a real Christian standpoint, steadfastly resisted the violence of John Brown, there would have been no war, no Wilkes Booths, no assassination of such a man as Abraham Lincoln. The first led to the second, and the second to the third. And things will continue in such seed time and harvest as long "as the earth endures," yea, as long as God's words stand, because the earth may pass away, but the Word of God will never fail.

It has been asked, Why are so many Poles assassins of rulers? The answer is simple, and is in keeping with the law of sowing and reaping what is sowed. At one time Poland was one of the most glorious of the European nations. Its political firmament was brilliant with constellations

of poets and painters, scholars and statesmen, brave men and exceedingly fair women. Even our own country, in naming towns and cities and counties innumerable after Polish patriots has glorified Poland. But three most sensual and selfish rulers of three most sensual and selfish nations of the whole world with violence sowed to a violence that dismembered Poland, even as a lamb is torn limb from limb by wild beasts of prey. This violence, this sowing to war, has caused Poland to disappear as a star out of the heaven of nations, and to glare fitfully as an *ignis fatuus* in the dark gulf of the national hells. Its men no longer spend their strength in building the walls and beautifying the highways of their country, but in gnashing their teeth on the despoilers of their national temples. Its mothers are but Rachels weeping for children that come no more at their call, come no more as the sons of free fathers, come no more to places of political sovereignty.

The sword and the bullet have been sown in the hot, fruitful soil of the Polish bosom, and the result has been the awful whirlwind of hatred of and revenge against the rulers of nations that have despoiled them. However lamentable this is it is but human nature, the very nature of you and me, and all of us, my brethren and sisters, unless indeed we be Christians in whom there is no guile of the old Adam left. Because it is manifest that, if any of us were some day sitting in our home, enjoying its sweets and felicitating ourselves upon the possession of that beatitude of loving everybody and everything, even loving our enemies, we should soon be cast down from this beatitude of life if some one stronger than we should invade our home and kill our sons, insult our wives and daughters, destroy our property, and drive us away. This kind of sowing of this kind of seed would put us, not only in the spirit, but in the endeavor to use like violence and vengeance on those who despoiled us. Who of us, under such sowing, would not be tempted to make an effort to have the sower reap even a whirlwind of shot and shell?

All of us would be tempted unless we were followers of the Prince of Peace to that degree of grace that would lead us to trust to the power of that love which leads to the turning of one cheek when smitten on the other. Only Christians in spirit, as well as in name, have this love, and have such faith in its finally "overcoming all things" as to practice it. Unless we can do this we have no ground for saying Booth is a sinner any more than the average human nature is. This is taught by the Master in the Scripture which tells that those on whom the tower of Siloam fell, and those whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices, are not sinners beyond what all of us under like temptation may be. "All will likewise perish."

Lincoln was not killed by order of the Lord. The Lord never orders **any** evil, but permits it, just as He permits thistles to bring forth thistles, just as he permits whatever is sowed to be reaped, unless the sower repents of his sowing and does all he can to pull up the tares or allay the wind to which he has sown. The rulers of the earth must cease sowing to bullets or they will reap bullets. You or I would not, we think, volunteer as instruments of vengeance to assassinate a ruler. If we did so, this would at

once classify us among "the wicked," for only the wicked exercise vengeance—like producing like—everything having its own seed in its own self, as declared in the first book of God's revealed laws to man.

Yet, however much we may lament the reaping of bullets of the wicked by those who sow to bullets, our weeping is unavailing. In such cases the part of wisdom dictates to us that we learn and teach to others the great lesson that so great a crime as the assassination of the president gives to us. And that lesson is, that after seeing such a horrible outcome of war as that which overwhelms us to-day, we should by all means possible exhort those in authority to settle everything by laws laid down by the Prince of Peace, instead of resorting to the hellish codes of the duelist and the militarist, who are but disciples and ministers of Mars, the God of War.

These thoughts are submitted by one who is not called to preach the doctrines of men who command that plowshares be beaten into swords; but to preach the doctrine of the prophet of God, who exhorts that "swords be beaten into plowshares". The difference between the two is as the difference between the East and West. When one says, "Take up the sword and live forever," and the other says, "Put up the sword, for all they that take up the sword shall by the sword perish," unto which shall we hearken?

And if, in pursuance of the truth announced by him who is the Truth itself, one, however great, should reap what he has sowed, shall we spend our time in shrieking like a set of Soudanese dervishes, or spend our strength as prophets of God in warning men of the dangers of sowing to the sword, lest of the sword they reap death and not life?

Shall we preach wrath which destroys others and finally consumes its own votaries, and which, instead of overcoming anything whatever, is itself finally overcome by a greater evil, even as assassination is, perhaps, a greater evil than open war, as assassination is but the whirlwind of a wind that has been somewhere sown by the military man who kills by "a law that the wicked, through iniquity, have framed into statute?" Or shall we, as ministers of the grace of Jesus the Lord, preach that Christian charity which is, if God's Word be true, the only power whose steps never falter and whose hope never sickens, and whose strength never fails until "all things be overcome," so that all the kingdoms of this world, including that of Mars, shall become the kingdoms of Him who is to conquer by love and not by brute force.

I exhort you to these things, my countrymen, as one who, on one hand, distrusts the ways of Mars, the prince of the power of darkness, and, on the other hand, so trusts the Prince of Peace that he prays daily that His will be done on earth by men as it is done gladly by the angels in heaven. If we have discernment enough to see any reasonable proposition at all, it will appear to us as self-evident that the teacher and practitioner of militarism in his sowing to swords and rapid-fire guns, creates the anarchist with his secreted stiletto in place of a sword, and his rapid-fire pistol slyly up against the very walls of the heart, instead of a park of artillery over against the walled city. Is not the occasion of seeing that evil cannot be overcome

with evil, but only produces a bottomless pit of crimination and recrimination,—is not such an occasion a meet time for trying to overcome evil with good, to cease from worshiping Mars and begin to worship and follow the advice of the Prince of Peace, and try to make the fruit good by first making the tree good?

It goes without saying that blubbering like orphan children will not bring about any remedy. Neither will shrieking like dervishes bring any balm to heal the wounds; neither will such blasphemies as are appropriate to be made to Mars to unload his bull dogs of war, in any wise affect the Prince of Peace in His great heart love for those whom He came into the world, not to kill, but to save. Salvation, and not damnation, is what is needed. Damnation comes from believing in war, in the sword, in vengeance, and in the effort to overcome one evil with a greater evil. Salvation comes by such means as are preached by the Prince of Peace. Among these the rulers of the earth must learn to “put up the sword,” must seek the earliest opportunity for the complete disarmament of the millions of men whose only education and occupation is to kill one another.

With all the nations of the earth, from generation to generation for thousands and thousands of years, sowing to brimstone, and bayonets, and bombs, and bullets, and blood, how can we expect not to witness such horrible occurrences as that which to-day we are called upon to mourn? If it were not for the merciful provision that some seed fall by the wayside, and some in stony places, and some are caught up by the birds of the air—if it were not for such provision of Providence—from this continued and everlasting sowing by the nations of the seeds of violence, the earth itself would soon become a veritable hell where Cains would so abound that no man's life would be safe, even in the house of his brother. May the God of nations give intelligence and courage of heart, at least to all Christian ministers, to speak the truth in all candor and directness, even though such speaking should again sound as blasphemy to those scribes and pharisees who hearken unto their own worldly traditions, instead of obeying the truth as proclaimed by the Prince of Peace.

Woe, woe unto the people who expect evil to be overcome with evil, who expect that they can sow to violence and reap peace. Such ever have met and ever will meet the sad and sickening discomfiture which besets us all to-day.

Let us then learn the great lesson, not of crying for vengeance, not of lamenting with an unavailing wail, not even calling upon a God who certainly is, like the God of the prophets of Baal, on a journey or asleep to those who call amiss and who only “cry louder” until they are totally destroyed, but let us learn the great lesson that so great a crime teaches us, if we expect killings of this kind to cease, that the rulers of the earth must “put up their swords,” that our political smithies must beat swords into plowshares, and all of our teachers must teach the nations “to learn war no more.”

This, I deem the fittest occasion that has occurred during this century to teach such a lesson; for the mind of the whole world is now “at attention.”

Now, even though one has read of the effect of taking a golden censer of fire off of the altar of truth and casting it into the bosom of an earthly church, as portrayed in the eighth chapter of the Apocalypse, he can well imagine the effect of this address that John felt called upon to deliver to a "Northern Methodist Church" on the occasion of the assassination of the president.

Notwithstanding John's utterances were based upon and built up of great stones quarried in the quarries of all the hill countries of wisdom,—great truths gathered from the Law and the Gospel, from Psalmist and Prophet, from the Epistles and the Apocalypse, and from the very exact words of the Prince of Peace Himself,—yet there was scarcely a person in the great audience who heartily responded to his declarations, save his wife and that large class of publicans and sinners that the Judge of all the earth said would go into the kingdom of heaven before the "holier than thou" set. We must also except the angels who ever had charge of John, as his mother had prayed. These without controversy approved his Christian utterances. But the church scribes and elders sought occasion to "accuse him."

Sufficient for this history to say that very soon it was found desirable by those in church authority that John be requested to consent, "for the good of the church," to preach to other congregations than the one among which his trumpet call to duty had caused to fall a star called "wormwood." So, after some of the same kind of labors in barren and wilderness places, so far as the scribes and elders of the church were concerned, John for the first time attended an annual conference of the Northern Methodist elders and rulers, the results of which will be seen in our next chapter.

Even after thirty-seven years, when another war president had reaped of the fearful sowing of war seed, and after John had, for all that time, more and more studied the doctrines of the Prince of Peace as opposed to the doctrines of Mars, and was able more forcefully to proclaim them, he had but little success in far off Texas in convincing the disciples of Mars of the error of their way although such disciples were not partisans of the slain president, as were those at Louisiana, Mo., in April, 1865.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN "NORTHERN" METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Difference Between One and Legion—John Getting Into Deep Water—An Elder Tells John's Wife That John Is Missing His Chance For "Church Promotion"—The Philosophical Advice of His Wife—The Prediction of Brother McNal Begins to Materialize—The "Lambs" Hanker For Church Property Not Their Own—John and an Elder Go Up Against Each Other—The Elder Uses the "Letter" to Justify Robbery and Killing, While John Preaches the "Spirit" that Explains "Hard Sayings."

Up to this date John had come into personal fellowship with only a few of the elders of the church; but now he was to come in contact with a whole conference or assembly whose name was "Legion." The sphere of one man is a mere spark as compared with the flame and heat of a furnace in which many separate sparks are fagoted in one flame. In the secret bosom of the Iowa preacher whom John and his father had rescued from the Border Ruffian Regulators of 1856, there may have been, and doubtless was, the hidden leaven of things that flamed out when all the members of his church were in the saddle of power and counseling what they could, would, and should do. In one respect John was wading deeper and deeper into troubled waters, such as those described by Ezekiel when the water first rose to the ankles, then to the knees, then to the loins, then became a veritable river of waters to swim in, but "could not be passed over,"—only John's deep waters did not "issue out from under the threshold of the house eastward and come down from the right side of the house." They were like the waters spoken of in Revelation that the dragonistic serpent "cast out of his mouth as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood; because the dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war with the remnant of her seed which keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

The following conversation that took place between John and his wife just before his departure for the conference, will illustrate the situation :

"Papa," said his wife, for just as soon as the married life of John and his wife was blessed with children, she always identified herself as being one with the children, and after that always called her husband "papa," and John, along with the children, called her "mamma,"—"papa, from what the presiding elder said to me on his last quarterly round, I am satisfied that you are going to have trouble at the conference."

"Why, mamma," queried John, "what did the elder say?"

"In the first place," said his wife, "in speaking of your memorial address on the occasion of the assassination of President Lincoln he said that he was not only pained at the sentiments you had uttered, but greatly regretted that you, who had such a good show for promotion in church circles, should shatter all chance of it. He even intimated that, if you would keep in line with the elders, you might one day be a bishop."

"What in the world, darling, did you say to him?" asked John.

"Why, I told him that you cared nothing for 'church promotion,' that you understood that the Head of the Church, who is Jesus, the Christ, expressly forbade this 'church promotion' idea when he said to His disciples, as stated in the Gospel of Matthew, that it was only the scribes and pharisees that 'strove' to get into Moses' seat and loved the uppermost rooms at feasts and chief seats in the synagogues, and to be called Rabbi, Rabbi."

"What did the elder say to that?" asked John.

"Why, he said that such an ideal state of affairs might do to preach, but that even a preacher who practiced it would find himself catching fish to raise revenue to pay his taxes. He said that there were some things in the Bible that were merely idealistic, and were never intended to be practiced by men while in the flesh; and if they attempted such practice that they would soon find themselves worse than a fox hunting for some hole in the ground to hide his nakedness from the inclemency of the weather."

"Well," said John, "the elder seemed to have some scripture to back him up in his assertion."

"Yes, yes," replied Clara, "I told him that he had some scripture to justify his statement; but that his scripture would condemn his own church, which he admitted would let a minister who preached and followed Christ be without promotion, without money, and

without a home, and that such admission would place his church in exactly the same relation to true Christianity in these days of the second coming of the Son of Man as were the Jews in the days of His first coming. I then told him of what the newspaper reporter had said to you,—that you would find in the so-called 'orthodox' church field about the same things that Christ found among the Jews, the rulers having uppermost seats, etc. And I told him that, if what he said was true, your newspaper friend was correct in telling you that he had no doubt that you would find the existing church plane of life about the same as that described in the Book of Revelation, which shows the state of the church on earth as being pretty bad just about the time of the second coming."

"Well," said John, "what did the elder say to that?"

"He changed the subject," replied the wife, "and told me to tell you not to spoil all of your chances in the conference by being an impracticable. I asked if he thought that it was impracticable, at least, to preach Christ, if not to follow him. To this he replied that the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is altogether too weak to substitute the balloon sentiments preached by the Prince of Peace in His Sermon on the Mount for the every-day iron-clad doctrines of an eye-for-an-eye and a tooth-for-a-tooth law. I told him that you had denied the assertion of the reporter that you would find such sentiments as his entertained in the Methodist ministry; but I feared you would be forced against your will to concur with the opinion of your friend, that the 'orthodox' churches had 'fallen, fallen' from the grace of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, and had become as the Jews in the days of His first coming. The truth is, papa, though I didn't say anything at the time, your old University newspaper friend was suggesting what Christ Himself, in Matthew and the Book of Revelation, predicted, that the church plane would be about as badly demoralized in the time of His second coming as it was in the days of His first coming. Though I did not say anything, yet by instant perception I saw that there was a good deal of truth in what your friend said. But we must wait. We must see for ourselves. We must bear our burden, and as you say the prophet declared, 'To know we must follow on to know.' So, you go on to conference and see what you do see for yourself; because, you know, we both agreed that nothing should be forced on the belief of people,—that every one must see for himself."

"Well, well, well," said John.

His wife laughingly kissed him, and said :

"I know, papa, that you mean by saying, 'well, well, well,' that all is not well, but you want everything to be well; and if the Bible is right, every good hunger and thirst will be satisfied. Just let us do the best we can, and all will come out right. At least, we have all eternity for learning a little here and a little there, before we can even think of the high estate of the 'know-it-all' kind of people. Now, I am as happy with the babe as a mother can be; and if I, the 'weaker' vessel, can stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, certainly you can be happy in 'going forward' to see what you shall see, because you know the war books lay it down as a rule that it is harder on those who stand still and receive a charge than it is on those who make the charge,—that inaction is more depressing than action. So, if I am happy, you can just leave off your 'well, well!' and go to conference and meet the sons of Anak or the sons of God as the case may be."

So John, with the words of his wife ringing in his ear, and the prophecies of his newspaper friend thundering in his mind, and the oft-repeated charge of his father "to have the courage of his convictions" strengthening his life, and the dying prayer of his mother that the "angels take and keep charge of him" hovering over him like a benison, went off to the conference of the elders.

On the journey, which was by rail, the cars contained many members *en route* to the conference. Here and there could be heard a song, not of the Zion of the Lord, but of the Northern Methodist Zion :

We'll hang Jeff Davis
On a sour apple tree,—

ending with the chorus :

For John Brown's Spirit goes marching on.

John discovered that the most of the talk was about two subjects. One was the passage of the Drake Constitution, which debarred from preaching every preacher that had had or expected to have any sympathy with the Southern people in their struggle. Another was the question, How can we keep what we have got of the Southern Methodist Church property and get the balance of it? The predominant sentiment seemed to be that "we've already expanded and taken in a good deal of the enemy's stuff; but for Christ's sake we must take it all," as the children of Abraham took in the heathen, in a kind of ram, lamb, sheep, and mutton completeness.

John called to mind old Brother McNal's statement, made on the occasion of the visit of the Iowa brother to the old parsonage in the days when the Southern Methodists were lions and the Northern Methodists were playing the part of lambs. John felt lonesome, and perhaps looked more so. He told his wife afterward of how often he said to himself on that trip, "Well, well, well." He reflected that even lambs should daily supplicate that part of the Lord's Prayer which urges, "Lead us not into temptation," especially that terrible temptation that inevitably comes upon mere ecclesiastical "lambs" to act the part of the "lion" when power and pride overtake them. From what is about to be related, it will be seen that even Em's father, as far off of balance as he was in action when a "lion," yet had some idea of how his Northern Methodist brother would act when the doves of "lambhood" should be supplanted by the eagles of "lionhood."

The scene selected is at a Northern Methodist Conference which met in Missouri in the sixties when the lions of the fifties had been supplanted by the "lambs" which had been led dumb before their shearers in those fifties.

A resolution had been before the conference paving the way for the Northern branch of the Methodist Church to come into possession and ownership, without pay, of the church property of the Southern branch. There was also much private talk on this subject. The whole sphere of the conference seemed to be pollenized with the idea of getting possession of their neighbor's little property. Sermons and prayers and exhortations and talks, yea, the very atmosphere of the exterior body, as well as the auras of the interior soul of the conference, were filled and aromatic with the odor of lustful covetousness for Southern Methodist churches and parsonages.

John listened to these things with a heavy heart, and, on the night succeeding the day's discussion of the "needful righteousness of possessing themselves" of the "enemy's stuff," he had the following conversation with one of the leading presiding elders of the conference:

"I hardly know, Brother Schufellow," said John, "when I have been so surprised and so pained as I have been at this conference in listening to the talk and speeches advocating the taking of the church property of the Southern Methodists."

"Well, well," replied the elder, "I see nothing for a loyal citizen to be either surprised or pained at in the efforts of a loyal church to overthrow a disloyal one root and branch, and, like the Israelites among the heathen, take all of their cattle, all of their stuff, and their wives and children, if need be. The children of Israel did this; and why can't we, in war time especially, practice the same thing? In fact, in the teaching of the wars of Israel in exterminating the heathen enemy, we are justified not only in taking their stuff, but in killing outright the whole rebel outfit of men, women, and children; and I am inclined to be pained, not at our efforts to get their stuff, but because we as a conference do not demand of the government the raising of the black flag and inaugurating a war of extermination of men, women, and children. Didn't David, as related in the Second Book of Samuel, fight against the children of Ammon, and take, not only the gold, but "did bring forth the spoils of the city in great abundance;" and not only took the spoils, but put all the men, women, and children 'under saws and under harrows of iron and under axes of iron,' and beheaded the whole wicked outfit of the cities of Ammon?"

The elder seemed to be obsessed of an all-consuming spirit of vengeance and extermination, and frantically repeated with the hoarse and coarse bellow of a bull of Bashan (with head down to the earth, and tail up to the heavens sacrilege) some dozen instances where the Israelites, "in whom there was no guile," had, under direction of God and Moses and other chosen leaders, not only taken all the cattle and other stuff of the enemy, but had killed all the men, women, and children. In fact, the elder was so vehement and violent that John might have feared personal harm had he not been free from fear when he knew that he was right and that "the angels had him in charge."

In the mean time a large crowd of preachers had gathered, and, at some of Brother Schufellow's quotations of getting the stuff of the enemy, there were such responses as "Amen," "Bless the Lord," and even at his perversion of Scripture, justifying killing of men, women, and children, some of the preachers actually shouted out:

"Praise such a God!" "Let us all enlist under the banners of such a Captain!"

To be honest, it must be written that, had John given way to the feeling of indignation that was aroused in his whole nature by such awful perversions of Scripture, justifying such awful barbar-

ism and demonism, he would again have taken his letter out of the church, at least long enough to say:

"You d—n pig-headed zealots! You have all the zeal of a hyena—made after the image and likeness of a beast—without one single element of the knowledge of a man made after the image and likeness of God."

But John had learned not to answer a fool according to his folly, though he had not learned the unprofitableness of casting pearls before swine; hence he proceeded to cast the following pearl of truth before this same herd of ecclesiastical literalists, who were as utterly void of the "spirit that maketh alive" as they were full of the "letter that killeth." Said John:

"Since the death of my mother I have been reading my Bible for myself, and have ceased to sit like a devout Catholic while the clergy read and interpret to me the truths of that precious Book. I have quit appealing to the traditions of the elders, which make all the original commandments of God utterly void, even as an elder here on this occasion has made utterly void the original commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal," by perverting the Scripture into a justification of killing and stealing with all the zeal of a medieval advocate of the Inquisition.

"Now, appealing directly to the Scripture, I say that in a thousand places and in a thousand ways the Bible declares that 'the Scriptures must be spiritually discerned,' that the 'letter kills, but the spirit makes alive, that my words are spirit,' that man may sin against the letter, but that a sin against the spirit is utterly unforgivable, because the letter is the garment, while the spirit is the very life.

"Now, applying these indisputable truths to what is stated in the Old Testament about exterminating men, women, and children, and taking their stuff, it will be readily seen that, if this is done literally, it will make murderous barbarians of us all. Yea, it will make bloody demons of men. If taken literally, every civilized instinct of the ordinary civilized man is killed, every brotherly impulse that characterizes Christians on earth and angels in heaven is 'killed,' and the whole thing ends in a *potpourri* of desolation and damnation and death. Yea, verily, the 'letter kills,' but when we 'spiritually discern' these Old Testament Scriptures, and learn that the command to exterminate our enemies is spoken in reference to the enemies that are of and in 'our own household,' the enemies which are found in our hearts, such as hatred and envy and jealousy and covetousness and vengeance and lust, and that the extermination

of these enemies by any and all means possible is the extermination spoken of in the Scriptures, then we can see the necessity and the beauty of 'holy wars' that wholly exterminate our evils.

"By appeal to the bare letter there is scarcely a sin or a crime known in all the curriculum of criminology that is not justified; but when these same sayings, that seemingly command and justify the commission of crime, are 'spiritually discerned'—that is, are viewed in the light of what they are intended to teach spiritually—these scriptures all are found to be most beautiful and in keeping with every saying of the Wonderful Counselor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

"For instance, I will ask the warrior exterminating elder to give us this interpretation of the following scripture, to be found in one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm: 'O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that dasheth thy little ones against the stones.'"

To this the elder replied: "This is one of the scriptures that I rely on for justification of my advocacy of exterminating root and branch those in rebellion. People get so wicked that they have to be exterminated."

"For argument's sake," said John, "let us admit that people get so wicked that they have to be exterminated. Yet, for the work of extermination, for the execution of vengeance that would take little children up by the heels and dash their brains out on a stone, would a good man be made happy in such a bloody and cruel work? No, sir, none but a devil would be happy in such work. Hence the Lord, in manifold places in the Bible, exhorts the righteous man not to put forth his hands to execute vengeance. Why? Because devils are used to punish devils. Such work would hurt any good man. You know that if any of you were compelled to take little children up by the heels and dash their brains out against rocks, you would feel imbruted and would be badly hurt in your whole moral nature."

"Well," replied the elder, "this scripture means something, and what do you say it means?"

"Certainly," replied John, "this and all other Scripture means something—and means something that applies to each one of us—and something that each one of us will know the truth of if we 'understand and do' the things which they spiritually teach. There is scarcely a text of Scripture from which I and every man who is passing through the great regeneration through which all must pass

who follow Christ, have derived more happiness than from dashing the little ones of Babylon against the stones. In general terms Babylon, spiritually discerned or interpreted, means a corrupt, perverted, lustful, self-aggrandizing state of the church or of life. The little ones of this Babylon are the thousand and one evils of heart and errors of mind which a corrupt and confused and selfish state of heart and mind bring forth. The 'stones' are predicated of 'truth.' There is not a place in the whole Bible where the term 'stone' or 'rock' is used, but it is used to express some idea or perform some use that on the spiritual plane belongs to the truth. Stones represent truth. Let us take, as a sample, one of the 'little ones' of Babylon, one of the errors, one of the false teachings of Babylon, and see first how unhappy it has made us; and then see how, by dashing it against a stone—against the truth—the falsehood with all its attendant unhappiness disappears. How from believing a lie and being damned or damaged we are made 'happy' by bringing this lie up against the light of the truth that sets us free from error.

"The Babylonish view of God is this, that he is wrathful, that he is full of vengeance, that he is moved by passions such as move corrupt men, that if it were not for costly and bloody sacrifices offered him he would doom us to hell, that he is always looking out for a chance to damn us forever, and would do so were it not for the continual intercessions of another. Such erroneous views of God fill us with fear. We flee from His presence. We are burdened and tormented, and vexed and worried, and find neither peace nor pleasantness in His presence.

"But when we bring this 'belief of a lie'—this Babylonish 'little one'—up against the truth as it is in Christ and in all of the Scripture, we are made exceedingly 'happy'—yea, a million fold happier than we could ever be in hearkening unto Brother Schufellow's advice of murdering and robbing any portion of our fellow-kind who may differ from us.

"Now take a great Scripture stone, the one great scriptural truth that 'God is Love,' that there is no hate, no vengeance, no evil, no ill-will in Him, that He is everlastingly merciful, that 'His mercy endureth forever,' that He is not only our Heavenly Father, but our 'Everlasting Father,' that He is not a loving Father to-day and a stern and angry executor of vengeance to-morrow, but He is without variableness or change—the same to-day, yesterday, and forever—that His love is like the sun that shines on good and evil alike,

that He has more tender and more enduring love and care for us than our mother can possibly have, that He is a Shepherd who does not sit down in repose in the fold when he has housed ninety-nine, but a Shepherd who does not rest, and cannot rest, and will not rest as long as there is one lost, one out on the mountains,—that if we are ever hurt, it is not this everlastingly loving Father that hurts us, but the hurt comes through the world, the flesh, or the devil,—that if woe comes it does not come from this ever-watchful Shepherd, but from ourselves.

“Thus acquainting ourselves with God, thus bringing the Babylonish ‘little ones’ up against this great stone, we are made ‘happy,’ yea, we find peace and pleasantness in His presence from which, when in a Babylonian state of ‘believing a lie,’ we were damned. We fear ourselves, but trust God; we see that the world and the flesh and the devil and our own selves are our enemies, and that God is our friend.

“So every ‘little one’ of Babylon, every superstition, every believing of every lie that damns, has its brain dashed out by being brought against the ‘stones’—the truths of Holy Writ. Next to the love principle more is predicated of the truth principle than of any other element in the entire fullness of the Godhead. Love and truth—mercy and truth—are the heart and the head of God; and the Psalmist exclaims that ‘by reason of truth’ men ride prosperously on all high places of earth and heaven.

“How much more in keeping with the character of an all-merciful and all-loving everlasting Heavenly Father, thus spiritually to discern and apply His sayings than to wrest them into the source of murder and theft and violence from which even the inferior order of devils stands back aghast. I suppose that our neighbor-despoiling elder who indulges in a literalism that ‘kills,’ in reading Exodus, would justify the literal things found therein, that is, the borrowing of jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment from neighbors and never returning them. How about this, my dear elder?”

“I take the Bible for what it says,” replied the elder, “and if the Bible says that every Jewish woman and man, when leaving Egypt, should despoil the Egyptians by borrowing of them ‘silver and gold and raiment,’ they should do so, and we would be justified in doing the same thing. In fact, at every one of the quarterly conferences I have taken for a text the twenty-second verse of the third chapter of Exodus, which reads: ‘But every woman shall borrow

of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment; and ye shall put them on your sons and upon your daughters, and ye shall spoil the Egyptians.' "

"If you preach such bald-headed literalism as this," said John to the elder, "you would make Moses contradict himself; for he expressly said in Deuteronomy, 'Thou shalt lend, but not borrow.' Then again, when Christ said, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you,' your letter that killeth would make you either a cannibal or a Roman Catholic transubstantiationist. But if you spiritually interpret the borrowing of silver, gold, and raiment of the Egyptians, you will find a beautiful lesson and one consistent with honesty and common sense. When we know that every natural thing on earth has something spiritual corresponding to it in the spiritual world, and that, inasmuch as God is a Spirit and His 'words are spirit,' and that all the Bible is addressed to man as a spiritual being, and natural things are used merely to teach not natural but spiritual things, and seeing what Egypt, silver, gold, and raiment correspond to and represent spiritually, then, and only then, we can get at the spiritual meaning and can begin to understand what is meant by the saying that without a parable Christ never spoke, also the expression in Galatians, 'Which things are an allegory.' In fact, the inspiration of the Bible is found in this, that each and every word, each and every thing expressed in natural language by use of earthly things, has a spiritual meaning. And if this spiritual meaning is not 'discerned' we have a case of the 'letter that kills,' but if discerned spiritually, we have a beautiful lesson consistent with all the character of God, and consistent with every part of Scripture, which makes all things alive, instead of a warrant for deception and dishonesty such as the elder's literalism would compel us to approve. Egypt represents the state of the carnal or unregenerate man, while Canaan represents the state of the regenerating or the regenerate man. Egypt represents a lower state of life as compared with Canaan, which represents a higher state. Silver represents things that appertain to our thoughts or mind; gold represents things that appertain to the affections, or heart life; while raiment represents the acts in which our thoughts and affections clothe themselves when we bring down the spiritual life in outward actual hearing of the will of God and doing this will on earth as it is done in heaven. For illustration, we hear the truth that men ought to deal fairly with each other. This is silver, or a thing of the mind. Not only should men believe as a truth that

they should act fairly with their neighbor, but they should 'believe it in their hearts,' that is, should love so to act. Now, a man believing that he ought to act fairly and loving in his very heart the idea of acting fairly, is very apt to carry the principle of fair acting into all of his dealings, and when he does so carry it into all the common dealings of life, thus expressing the principle in acts as well as in thought and affection, he is clothing it with a garment.

"Then when we apply this spiritual meaning to the words 'Egypt,' 'silver,' 'gold,' and 'raiment,' we find this the lesson taught to the children of Israel who were about to go up out of Egypt into Canaan, out of a lower into a higher state of life, which really represented a going up out of an earthly to a heavenly life.

"In Egypt you have learned a good many good lessons. That is what you were placed in Egypt for. Now, take all of the true and good things that you have learned in Egypt along with you and teach them to your sons and daughters in the land which the Lord will give you.

"This would be borrowing of your neighbor, as the Romans borrowed of the Greeks, 'learning and arts and science,' which you see is praiseworthy. A youth growing up out of boyhood carries with him into manhood all of the true and good things he learned in his juvenile states. Thus manhood borrows of youth and never repays. Yes, you and I, in passing from earth to heaven, should carry with us the very truths and affections that we find on earth, bringing happiness to ourselves and our neighbors, because the men and women of the earth are to become the angels in the heavens, and when we become angels there are thousands of things which we have learned to do on earth which will be of great service to us even as angels; for 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' The earthly John Smith is going to be John Smith still and not another, when he passes from earth to heaven; and a good deal of his happiness in heaven will depend on treasures of silver and gold—truths and affections—that he has laid up while on earth, and which his heavenly life will borrow from his earthly one.

"So we see how 'the spirit' of this scripture 'makes alive,'—'makes alive' with a beautiful lesson that gladdens our mind and rejoices our heart; while our elder's letter 'kills' everything of gladness and joy by inculcating deception and dishonesty in borrowing with no intent to pay back,—a dishonesty which even the Discipline of the elder's own church positively forbids.

"So also of all the elder's literalism in applying to us at this day the literal history of the Jews in their extermination of literal enemies, and thus justifying murder, robbery, and arson. It simply 'kills,' and if we follow his advice we shall become, like the Jews, a generation of vipers in preference to whom even 'publicans and harlots' will be admitted into the kingdom of heaven."

Here an aged minister who, among all the congregations he had preached to, had been called "Brother John," because, like John the Apostle, he had preached "love,"—love to God and love to each other,—as the only real Christian life, got happy and exclaimed with great fervor:

"For the first time mine eye seeth what is meant by the saying that the Scriptures must be spiritually discerned. Oh, what a burden is lifted from my mind by seeing that the precious Word of my Heavenly Father is all love, all good will,—that even the hard sayings that seemingly justify killing and robbery and deception, by being spiritually discerned, are as rocks out of which come fountains of living water, are as barren places that, by spiritual discernment, are turned into living water-brooks and fruitful gardens." And old Brother John wound up by thrice exclaiming: "'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eye hath seen thy salvation,'—salvation from everything that savors of theft, murder, ill-will, wrath, vengeance, that at times appear in the letter of the Word, but are as rocks turned to fountains by the spirit,—by Thy Spirit that makes them 'alive' with love."

We may add that the wrathful, warlike, vengeance-breathing Methodist elder was notorious for his denunciation of what he called the "Campbellites" taking the Scriptures literally in their much ado about water baptism; and John asked him if it was not equally fair to denounce him for taking things too literally as it was for him to denounce the "Campbellites" for placing a literal construction on Christian baptism by claiming that such baptism is fulfilled by physical immersion in material waters.

"How is it?" asked John, "that you preach the spirit and denounce the letter as to one part of the Scriptures, and as to the other parts you out-Herod the "Campbellite" Herod in preaching the letter that certainly is a thousand fold more killing of every Christian impulse than mere water baptism could possibly be? Are you not perhaps guilty of plucking a mote out of your brother's eye, while a very huge beam needs casting out of your own?"

To this the elder, with a sneer, replied:

"I didn't come to this conference to be led by such youngsters as you are. If the truth were known, it would doubtless appear that your loyalty to the government is about as bad as your theology. I even doubt whether you voted the Republican ticket at the last election."

"I can satisfy the elder," said John, "by letting him know that I did not vote the Republican ticket at the last election, nor at any other election, and never expect to vote the ticket of any party that justifies war and has no higher way of settling disputes than that of the bully, the bulldozer, the murderer, and the man of mere brute power."

"However, I do not conceive that the issue between you and myself, my dear elder, is one of voting party tickets; but the issue at hand is this: Shall we of this day be governed by the 'letter that kills' or by the 'spirit that makes alive?' Shall we be most concerned about crucifying our political enemies, or about crucifying the 'foes' of our own household,—the evils and errors of our own heart and mind? The issue is this: Shall the church be the church of the Prince of Peace or be the campus of Mars? Under your teaching, in every war we shall find 'the church' so called taking the lead in whooping up the dogs of war, instead of proclaiming that 'he that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword,' 'he that diggeth a pit for another shall fall himself into that self-same pit,' 'he that sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed,' 'he that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity,'—like producing like, as every seed produces after its kind in an unending seed-time and harvest, all of which is but overcoming evil with evil, ending inevitably in a bottomless pit. You must learn, my dear elder, the great truth expressed by the inspired Psalmist that, not the good, but the 'evil shall slay the wicked.' Confess yourself to be an evil and adulterous church, then will you be commissioned to slay the wicked. I here make the prediction that, if the Methodist Church shall imbibe the teaching of this elder, and shall sit at the foot of this Gamaliel of Mars, in the next and in every war the Methodist ministry will be a mere bloody set of shrieking dervishes calling out for fire to come down from heaven to destroy,—praying for pillage and killing,—yea, praying for everything taught by Mars, and for nothing taught by the Prince of Peace. In fact, they will be about another set of high priests like unto those who shamelessly crucified the Prince of Peace and glorified in the act of murdering its enemies."

Sufficient to say that the "Conference of Elders," with a few exceptions, proceeded with the demand on the military to turn over to them their neighbors' property without money and without price.

Thus every ecclesiastical body, when it grows great in numbers and gets puffed up with pride and power, hastens on to its own final departure from all the original commandments of the meek and lowly Prince of Peace. As a matter of course the final wind up of any church that receives the mark of the Beast, and makes its members drink of the wine of wrath, will be that that church, like the Jews, like Babylon, shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God and be tormented with all the fires of lustful dominion, and smothered in the brimstone smoke of its dense spiritual stupidity and ignorance. The day of the judgment of such a campus of Mars is only a question of time.

The next day, when the discussion was still going on, John sat in the audience and his mind reverted to scenes of the Border Ruffian days. In those days he saw the members of this church persecuted, and yet they preserved the saint-like submission of lambs dumb before their shearers. But how different now! So different was it that John saw the utter impossibility of ever reconciling men who worship Mars with the patience of saints,—that the commandments of men lead to the worship of the Beast, while the commandments of God lead to the faith of Jesus.

With an indignant mind and a sick heart John left this conference never to return to the like of such again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIST OF BETTERMENTS.

John's Arrival at Home and Reception by His Wife—The List of "Betterments"—The Tactful Wife—At Least in One Thing the Prediction of the Editor Coming True—Found Mars Worshiped—The Balance of His Predictions Not Yet "Ruled Out"—The Doctrine of the "House of Many Mansions" Explained—The "Preferred Before Thou" Set—The "Fateful Boast of the Avenger"—The Miriam With Timbrel and Dance Makes the Wilderness Glad.

John returned—not to his home, for he was beginning to feel that he was following in the footsteps of the Master who had no home,—but to the place where his wife was "boarding," or rather was "keeping house" in rented apartments, which is a species of boarding, or staying under the vine and fig tree of another.

His wife, with "the boy" in arms, met him at the gate with a smile and a kiss. He felt sad and weary, and actually laid his head on his wife's bosom and—wept,—not with the cry of a weakling, but that of a strong man, echoing the cry of the Saviour of the world mourning over its evils with heaviness of heart. Before John became a Christian, under such circumstances, he would have cursed in order to voice his feelings of wrath. Now his feelings of sorrow vented themselves. His wife said:

"Why, papa, we have read that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, and we may say that this day is this scripture fulfilled in our case. So let us try to see what the 'better' consists of. You may count on two things as 'better.' The boy and myself are better than when you went away, and I love you better and better, and I have no doubt in the world that you will now quit your 'Well, well, well!' and get to saying, 'Better, better, better!' Certainly you will. Come into the house and see the little supper I have cooked all with my own hands for you, for our 'assistant cook' has gone off and got married."

After supper, as they sat beside a cozy old Missouri hickory-log fire, Clara and John took an invoice of things and things. John having told his wife of what had happened at conference, she said:

"To tell you the truth, papa, when your old University friend, the newspaper reporter, was telling you that you would meet up with what you have, I felt certain that he was telling the truth. But I knew that it was better that we should see for ourselves." This putting in the word "we" was a peculiarity of the now sainted wife, which always took away the sting of "*You* did it," which so many wives and husbands cruelly practice on each other. And if only in this little tactful thing any one of John and Clara's children learn a lesson, then is this history well missioned.

"Well, yes," said John, "we should be thankful that, while we saw the John Brown spirit hanging the Jeff Davis ghost, as our friend predicted, we did not find that, doctrinally, the church was as bad as predicted in denying the only one supreme Godship of the Lord Jesus Christ. The sinning along the line of John Brownism is bad enough; but if we had found the church advocating the doctrine of three Gods, and the horrible conclusions that flow from such dividing up the Godhead into persons many and gods many, it would have been terrible indeed. And it would also have been sickening to have found that the church had lost sight of the ministration of angels as proclaimed by Christ and by all of the prophets, and maintained that a few earthly priests of like infirmities with ourselves were the only teachers we would ever have to open the book of truth—to separate the tares from the wheat in us, and to do those ten thousand things for us that the Bible says the angels will do. It is horrible to think of a church that maintains that the only chance we poor mortals have is to be led in the straight way by those as blind as ourselves,—the blind leading the blind.

"And I did not hear a preacher preach the awful materialistic doctrine that the resurrection consisted of our old material bodies, after decay and worms have consumed them, on some day not known and in some way not known, being raised up and plastered back on to our spirits that have been in heaven for ages. The justifying of war by the letter of the Word is bad enough, but to have found the church indulging in those other horrible delusions of the Dark Ages would have been sickening indeed!"

"Well, I'll tell you papa," said the wife, "the reason you didn't hear such things preached is because just at present the preachers

are so full of war and 'church extension' and such earthly affairs that they are in the same condition as 'Brother McNal,' who, as you have said, told your mother that he was so busy with 'committees of safety' for extending slavery into Kansas that he 'hadn't thought much of late' about the spiritual side of things, such as your mother's premonition of going to live among the angels."

"Perhaps you are right, mamma. Had I staid longer I might have heard preached these horrible perversions of the Word of the living God to such an extent that I would have been forced to acknowledge that our old friend was in all things right, even to the extent that the church in this day of the Son of Man's second coming, by its traditions, has made void all of the doctrines of true Christianity, even as the Jews did in the days of His first coming. At least, I am glad I didn't stay to see this. So that is another thing to set down in our catalogue of things 'better.'"

Right here John was violating the scripture that says: "Let not him that buckleth on the armor boast himself as does he that pulleth it off."

The Methodist armor had been by heredity, by environment, and by the trend of circumstances "buckled" on to John. He thought that he had pulled it off when he left the Northern Methodist Conference, not only without a place to work, but with a determination not to work in its fields any more. But there were other branches of the Methodist ecclesiasticism that still had strong holds on John, and one that he would never have left had it not been for the advice of such of its own ministers as the Reverends Vandeventer and Godby, that there was no possible place in its work for such as John. In fact, when John left it it had already left him, as most of its "ministers" were chaplains, or captains, or commissaries in Confederate camps, while John was left high and dry on the other side of the beach. But more of what he met with in the "Southern Methodist Church" hereafter.

"Let us see," said his wife, "if we can't add another 'better' to our catalogue. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to a house of feasting such as you have just departed from. I think I can mention a second 'better.' It may be a 'better' that strikes a woman stronger than it does you men; but it has struck me all along since we have been in this church. I am not altogether sure that this 'better' is altogether a Christian one, but it is a very reasonable and natural one, and is this: I don't think we can ever feel as much

at home with Northern people as we do with Southern people! However, not all people born in the North are of the peculiar commercial cast of character that differentiates them from the impulsive and generous and childlike temperament that is a distinguishing feature of Southern people. Sergeant S. Prentiss, though born in Maine, was of a distinctly Southern genius. So also, many people born in the South are cold and calculating. I think such are worse than what some think the Yankees are. I only speak of people in the bulk. The bulk of Northern people are of the 'calculatin'' kind; while those of the South, as a class, are like children. I once heard a man say that 'a good many Northern people are knaves, and a good many Southern people are fools.' I think, however, that the man had things a little mixed.

"Our old University newspaper friend, who had spent about one-half of his life south and one-half north of Mason and Dixon's line, often used to say that the besetting sin of the Northern people was cool and calculating knavery, while the besetting sin of the Southern people was unmitigated childlike foolery. But he said there were many exceptions on both sides to this general rule; because he had found here and there some of the most designing 'skinflints' in the South, and some of the sunniest-hearted people in the North."

"Well," said John, "I suspect that you are right, and that the Bible sustains you in your views. 'Can the leopard change his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin?' Or, if this can be done, can the words of God change when He says that even in the heavens people are gathered together with their kindred,—with their own kind? We know that people are not happy except with their own kind; and the old Virginia people and the Connecticut people are not of the same kind. As a matter of course, the Northern people are as good as the Southern people. So is A's wife as good to A as B's wife is good to B. Yet A's wife is better to A than she could be to B and B's wife is better to him than she could or should be to A. I go so far as to believe that in the Heavenly Father's great House of Many Mansions, in the heavenly country of many lands and divisions like Canaan, the negroes and the Indians and the Dutch and the French and the English and the Turk will each nation have his own vine and fig tree—his own particular part of the heavens—just as each has or ought to have his own country on earth. I could give hundreds of Scripture passages for this; but what I have said will add your 'better' to the list."

"Now your time," said Clara to John. "You think up— No, not mere 'think up,' but you see if you know another 'better' to add to our list."

"Since I have been mingling with Northern people," said John, "one thing has always struck me very painfully. It is true that it is a thing that only the more vulgar and ignorant of Northern people indulge in, yet it is a fly in the apothecary's ointment that makes a very unsavory smell. It is the holier-than-thou spirit which seems to pervade the minds of a good many of our Northern brothers. And we might say that a good many weak-minded Southern people are similarly afflicted. They speak of the North as 'Gawd's Country.' Well, it is well enough that it is God's country to them. But this 'Gawd's Country' is often used as a boast over the South as being not altogether God's country.

"No one can blame A for praising his own wife; but the very minute his praise is intended to disparage B's wife, B has good ground to take offense. Then again, since the war has been decided against the South, many of the people of the North seem to think that they are the particularly favored and chosen of God to visit vengeance on the South, and, as such, that they deserve special mention and will receive special reward, even in heaven, for their high and holy work, as they think it. In this they are most dreadfully mistaken. In fact, they are 'believing a lie' that will ultimately damage them,—damage them in this, that they will become full of selfish pride, get self-conceited. They boast over their neighbor, which makes them very offensive; they say, 'Our own hand has done this,' and forget God.

"You see that such claim of being the 'preferred of God before thee' for special high work, or what they deem high work, leads to a thousand things out of which practical damnation comes. But the worst of all is that if there is any vengeance to be executed the Lord always selects a 'wicked' outfit for the work. The Scriptures are clear, for it is written in the First Book of Samuel that 'wickedness proceedeth from the wicked, but mine hand shall not be upon thee,' and in the Psalms it is expressly declared: 'Arise, O Lord, deliver my soul from the wicked which is thy sword.' There was the Assyrian nation, a most hard-hearted and cruel people. This cruel and bloodthirsty people was used to scourge the Israelites, as said by the Prophet Isaiah: 'O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger. I will send him against a hypocritical nation, and

against the people of my wrath will give him charge to take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets.'

"Everywhere the righteous are exhorted 'not to take vengeance into their own hands lest they hurt themselves.' God's way of executing vengeance is through the law of whatsoever you sow you shall also reap. The Israelites sowed to cruelty; the cruel Assyrian trod them down like the mire of the streets, and in turn was trodden down by the Egyptian, and the Egyptian by some other wicked nation, and so on,—a sort of hell everlasting.

"Our Northern Methodist people are full of pride that their church has been instrumental in visiting vengeance on the slaveholders. Hence, if the Bible is true, they are of the wicked, of the Assyrian cruel cast of character; and, instead of boasting over their scourged neighbors, yea, instead of boasting of doing the scourging, they should humble themselves and cry out, 'God be merciful to us, miserable sinners!' They should recognize that they upon whom the tower fell, and they whose blood Herod mingled with drink, are not sinners above even the Northern Methodist brother. Just as certain as the Word of God is true, unless our Northern brethren quit their boastful spirit because of their part in scourging the South, they also will be scourged and trampled under in the mire."

In 1901 one of their ministers issued a circular letter showing the terrible mire that this church had fallen into. The reading of this circular letter is as appalling to this church as the reading of the Master Christian is appalling to the Roman Catholic Church.

"So I think," continued John, "our getting out of a church that is stiff-necked and boastful, and boastful of being employed as a 'sword of the Lord,' is a happy escape for us."

"Yes, I have often noticed this 'preferred of God before thee' spirit among the preachers that we have met in this church. I know that none of them is half as good as you. To tell the truth, if I had suddenly awaked in some world and visited some of the temples of worship and heard such sermons as I have heard here, I would at once conclude that I was in a world ruled over by a warrior god.

"Papa," continued the wife, "you recollect when we read the account given by Carlyle in his 'History of the French Revolution' of the fate of the Republican advocate and editor, Desmoulins?"

"There were so many horrors that took place in that reign of evil," said John, "that I don't call to mind about Desmoulins. What was it?"

"Why," said Clara, "Desmoulins was a philanthropist. His paper was for years and years an outspoken advocate of the rights of the people against the right of kings. He was about such a character as Abraham Lincoln, or, perhaps, Horace Greeley. Just a few days before the close of Robespierre's career, Desmoulins, who had become disgusted with so much bloodshed, said in his paper, 'The time has come, seemingly, for the discontinuance of so many committees of search and seizure, and for beginning to have a Committee of Mercy.'

"For this he himself was seized by Robespierre's 'Reds' and guillotined the very night before the cannon of the Corsican Corporal cleared the streets of Paris of the 'Guillotiners.' Now, all along, I've somewhat felt that such was going to be the fate of such people as your father and my father, and other original law-and-order and liberty-loving people. Your address on the cause and cure of assassination has caused you to be guillotined in the minds of the extreme radicals. It is true that you, wisely I think, took time by the forelock and executed the sentence yourself, as far as ecclesiastical relations are concerned. As a matter of course, you did this to save a 'scene,' or to save what you men call a 'row.' We both hate 'scenes' or 'rows' that only bring notoriety. So I am glad that at the conference you quietly folded your tent, and like Abraham 'went out' to—well, I don't know where. But we will trust that the same Lord that directed Abraham's steps will direct ours. I think the Lord is with people individually, and not so much in the bulk, and that everything will come all right."

"There is one thing, mamma, that we can congratulate either ourselves or our Methodist brethren upon, and that is that we leave their church without one single hard feeling on our part toward them, and so far as we know, not one member or preacher of them has any hard feeling personally toward us. It is true, we differ with all of the preachers and a big majority of the members as to whether there can be any concord whatever between the worship of Mars and the worship of the Prince of Peace. As a matter of course, they hold to the idea that evil can eventually be overcome with evil—sword with sword—violence with violence. At the same time we, as conscientious as they are, perhaps, believe that the way

to overcome evil is by the use of good, or in the overcoming of evil with good. They preach vengeance. We preach forgiveness. They preach an eye for an eye, and we hold that such things are of the age of barbarism and not of Christian civilization. How do you account for such a radical difference between people who, no doubt, are equally honest?"

"Oh," replied the wife, "that is easily accounted for. You know that even the idolaters believe in their idols; and the Mohammedans believe in Mohammed. Why? Simply because they were born and brought up in the faith. And we, you know, were brought up by parents who taught us to think outside of church creeds and to take the Lord Jesus Christ as our only teacher and guide. You know it is so easy to determine what Christ would do in any given case. For instance, about using the sword. He never used it, and forbade his followers to use it. Of this we can be in no doubt; because he said to one of them, 'Put up thy sword, for all they who take up the sword shall by the sword perish.' 'I am so glad that our parents always told us to 'search,' not the writings or traditions of this or that church, but to 'search the Scriptures.' In doing that, they did exactly what Christ did, for Christ Himself said the same thing.

"Now, we are in no way personally better than the Methodists, or even the idolaters or Mohammedans. Had we never been taught simply to look to Christ we should have been just as they are. The great trouble with most of them is that they have absolutely concluded that their creeds—which were formulated during the Dark Ages—are the summing up of the Scriptures."

Although John's wife had spoken of "going out" like Abraham, yet neither she nor John, perhaps, had any more definite idea of where they would go than Abraham had when he went out of the idolatrous country of Haran. But John had, as yet, his education, his courage equal to his convictions, his motto, *Nil desperandum*, his conscience absolutely void of offense, his faith that the angels had charge of him and would lead him by ways that he knew not out of narrow into broad ways; and, above all, he had a "help-meet" who in cheery spirit and tactful mind, ready hand and loving heart, never faltered, never failed to be at hand at the right time with the right word and right deed of helpfulness.

So Clara read aloud the ninety-first Psalm, laying particular stress on verses 11 and 12, "For He shall give His angels charge

over thee to keep thee," etc. And John read the one hundred and seventh Psalm, rereading verses 1 to 8: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy. Hungry and thirsty, their souls fainted in them; then they cried out unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city (system of church doctrine) of habitation. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

John then, as was his custom, wrote what he called a golden or central text of Scripture, and handed it to his wife. This one read as follows: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory."

Thus another "evening" passed, and another "morning" was at hand.

But the "evening and morning" of the sixth day was yet afar off.

Oh, God! What weary stretches of wilderness of sand, of serpent, of rocks without water, of fountains of Marah's bitter waters, of Pharaohs in the rear and Philistines in front, of Amalekites on the one hand and Amorites on the other,—what weary waste of wilderness between Egypt and Canaan—between the country of the unregenerate whose face of horizon is without form and void and covered with darkness, and the country of the Sabbath sun,—between the first and seventh days of regeneration!

But with a good wife, like Miriam with a timbrel in her hand and a dance in her foot, to be with you at the passages of the straits to sing, "The horse and his rider hath the Lord thrown into the sea,"—with such a traveling companion, even the wilderness is made to bloom, and desolate places are married to the Lord with an offspring of Joy and Peace!

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITHOUT A HOME. A WISE WIFE.

The Counsellors for the First Time Without a Servant—The Frugal and Resourceful Wife—John Without a “Church”—But Not Without a “Christ”—He Gets a Call to the Church in Which His Mother Died—The “Wayfarer’s” Perception, What Is It —His Wife’s “Prescience” of the Outcome—John’s Wife Cries for the First Time, and Why?—The Wife a Little Staggered.

The next morning the Counsellors, for the first time in the history of their own household, and in the history of the households of their immediate fathers, awoke without a household servant. But both were self-reliant, and like all people who have been well reared, could adjust themselves to circumstances however changed from those of their former estate. Those who have been properly educated will always behave themselves seemly when from affluence they are reduced to straitened circumstances. In fact, it is a test of true nobility to keep a cheery spirit in the change from being ministered to to that of ministering. Such was the infinite nobility, yea, the very Godliness itself, of Him who came out of the heavens, where there were millions of ministering spirits to minister unto Him, and took up a life on earth of ministering to others.

However, things financially were not so bad as Elder Vander-son had predicted for such as preached Christ straight from the shoulder. The “going a-fishing” to get a shekel to pay taxes had not yet come; for the reason that the frugal and resourceful wife had, out of the money they had to start on and out of quite a liberal salary as preacher, saved some cash for a rainy day. Perhaps, during her thirty-eight years of married life, her frugality and resourcefulness and never tiring industry saved John, with his mother’s weakness of having a heart, from bankruptcy.

Strange to say, in all of John and Clara’s life, a “raven,” or an earthly angel, always supplied proper meat at the proper time;

though sometimes it appeared that, in order to get rid of debts, they would be compelled to plead the statute of the Year of Jubilee. But they never did.

So, cheerily, John began to make fires in the cooking stove, and Clara began to nurse the babe and cook the breakfast while he milked the cow.

But this was the smallest burden they had to bear. Here they were in this blessed spring day of 1867 without a church. So dependent are most people on a "church," that when they find themselves "without a church" to hold them up, they sink down into despair—yea, worse—frequently sink into the mire of infidelity! But not so with John and his wife; because, just in the proportion that they gave up Churchianity, did they find comfort and support in Christianity. It is a little singular how looking to Christ, instead of Church, "makes all things new."

Still, John was not yet free from the old leaven of churchism, and, had it not been for his wise wife, he might perhaps have been badly shipwrecked in faith as well as in life. During these days he was offered very advantageous business positions; but with his experience with the "party politicians," and his knowledge of the foul practices carried on by the priests of the legal profession, he had no heart to re-enter the fields of politics or law. So, for the time being, he studied much—he prayed much in his closet—he counseled often with his wife, and preached here and there on his "own hook" as it were. His father was still alive and on the old farm near the old Border Ruffian county seat. The war being over, the ministry of the Southern Methodist Church, not having much of the carnal to boast of as the result of the war, experienced the secret of the Divine truth that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and had become more spiritually minded than before the war. They now saw that such men as Judge Counsellor were right. And such men as Judge Counsellor never indulged in piques like "I told you so," but let the dead bury the dead while they took hold of the living, forgetting all behind and pressing forward to very high marks of goodly prizes.

The old Judge and his preachers had "made up." So, it was arranged that John should be called to take charge of the Southern Methodist church at his old home. Now, John's wife doubted the expediency of accepting such work, and said to John:

"Papa, while I know that we shall be more at home personally in the Southern Methodist Church than we were in the Northern, because we and all our folks are Southern people, and no one can succeed without being pleasantly related personally, yet I have a kind of feeling that your views of 'all the fullness of the Godhead being in Christ,' and your ideas about 'the letter that kills' and 'the spirit that quickeneth,' and about the resurrection, and the general realities of things and persons in the other life, will get you into trouble with the presiding elders, if you are not actually charged with and tried for heresy. And you know we both so detest a 'scene'—a family or a church 'fuss.' "

Here John said: "Darling, let me read you a clause in the Methodist Discipline which is as follows: Sec. I, Chap. I, Art. 5 of Articles of Religion.—"The Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man and should not be believed as an article of faith, or necessary to salvation."

"Now under the declaration of the Methodist Constitution most certainly there will be room for any preacher to preach anything that can be proved from the express words and express spirit of the Holy Scriptures. And I would not preach anything, for my right hand or for my right eye, that could not be so proved."

"Well," replied his wife, "I'm not much of a lawyer, and hardly know the relation between a constitution and statute, or by-laws, pretended to be made under and drawing their legality and authority from the constitution, yet something tells me that if you, as a Methodist minister, should preach any doctrine that could be proved from the Law, and the Gospel, and the Psalms, and the Prophets, and the Epistles, and the Book of Revelation, and from the "Verily, I say unto you," words of Jesus Himself, you will be accused of heresy, provided the writings or traditions of the Methodist Church should not maintain the doctrine preached by you from the Holy Scriptures. Why, was it not this very thing that caused the Jewish church authorities to crucify Christ? Christ certainly proved all His sayings and doctrines from the 'Scriptures,' which at that time, consisted of Law and Prophets and Psalms.

"But the church had some writings or some traditions that were different from the Scriptures, and they thought more of their traditions or church writings than they did of the 'Scripture' that Christ quoted in vindication of His preaching. Don't all even of the

Methodist commentators, in speaking of the second coming of Christ, say that the church will be about as it was when He came the first time? I know that about all that you have in your library do this. If it is true, and it should happen that they have you up for heresy for preaching that there is but one God and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this 'only wise God, our Saviour,' I think you will find that you will not be permitted to prove anything from the Law or the Gospel, or from the Prophets, or from the Epistles, or from the Book of Revelation, or from Christ Himself, or from any source except the church writings!

"It may not be so in your case, but while you were away from home I read in the *Advocate* that this was the way the church people did with—well, I forget names—but with one of their preachers."

"Well, well, well!" said John. "Is not what I have read one of the writings of the church itself?"

"Yes," said the wife, "that is true; and as you have so much Scripture for all that you believe and preach, the presiding elders, 'whose mission is to drive heresy from the church,' may let you go on, especially as all the best members will concur with you, as they have always done."

"So, all things considered, I reckon that it is best that we go up to Richmond and take charge of the church there. Especially as you have had such a warm and pressing invitation to do so, and your papa's heart seems to be so set on it. At the least we shall never exactly know of things, perhaps, until we learn them. You men have to reason to a conclusion that we women see by first perception, or by what I reckon is called 'intuition.' Though I think the Scripture name of that which enables people to see things without study as a horse sees his way out of a wood without studying geography, is called perception, or seeing of the way favor."

"I think somewhere the Scriptures speak of the 'way of holiness' as a something that the 'wayfaring man' though a fool (or unlearned) shall not err therein. There are many things that by 'searching' cannot be found; but of these same things that men try to learn, it is written, 'Behold them!' I more often 'behold' things, as a horse sees his way out of the woods, than I get at them by 'search.' However, the good old wise Prophet Hosea says, 'Then we shall know, if we follow on to know the Lord.' I may be mistaken, but we can't be mistaken in what the good prophet says—

we shall know if we follow on to know. So I'll have everything ready, any day that you say, to start for your new field of labor. It will not take long, because you know that you and the 'boy' and I are about all our worldly possessions,—for which we ought just now to be glad; because we have to move, and freight is so high and things get so broken up in a move."

"Dear, dear wife. Had all wives, like you, the tact for getting honey out of a lion's skull, or praise out of wrath, how much better the world would be. The truth is that most women have this tact,—otherwise there would be ten broken in spirit or bankrupt husbands where now there is one. The Lord had many reasons for saying, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' and woe to the Adam to whom it is not said, 'I will make him a help-meet for him.' And woe to the woman's husband when the wife is but a 'help-eat' instead of a 'help-meet.' The 'help-meet' includes the 'help-eat,' but the 'help-eat' by no means includes the 'help-meet.'"

As John and his wife were about to start for the field of their new labors she said:

"Papa, you so often speak of the 'evening and the morning' of days or states of life. Is this particular time 'evening' or 'morning' with you?"

"Why," said John, "this is the evening, or passing away of our life in the Northern Methodist Church and the morning of our life as laborers in the Southern Methodist vineyard."

To this the wife replied:

"This 'morning' in the Southern Methodist Church may possibly be succeeded by an evening, may it not? I can't keep this out of my mind."

"Well, darling," said John, "you know that we are expected to be continually forsaking and forgetting what is of yesterday and to press forward in the work of to-day. Just now our day's task is set before us, and there is no courage in shunning our work. Neither is there any wisdom in looking, like Micawber, for any turning up of ponds of molasses overhung with apple dumplings! The whole of the Christian life seems to be a life of forsaking this and eschewing that, and a daily cross-bearing and crucifixion."

Here the dear wife cried outright, for the first time of their ministerial life; because she thought that John had concluded that her remark about coming things was in the way of complaint, while, as she said, it was merely intended to forewarn him of a coming

event, so that he might be strong to meet it with all the courage of considerate conviction.

At this time the Counsellors were on a visit to the capital city, where their old friend, the newspaper reporter, resided. On the night before the day that John was to leave for his new field of work the "news" man ("news" in more ways than one) called on him and his wife, and we may learn something from the following conversation that took place:

"Well, I'm glad to see you both," said the doctor, shaking hands with them. "Now, tell me candidly, was I right or wrong in my prophecy about what you'd meet up with in the ecclesiastical or church field in which you have been laborers for the last year?"

"Well," replied John, "you were partly right and partly—well partly—not exactly wrong. That is, we found some things that you said would come to pass, and others that didn't come to pass; but—"

Here the wife said:

"I told John that some things 'didn't come to pass' because he didn't have time,—because everything can't happen at once."

"Yes," said John, "mamma is right in what she says. Some did come to pass and others didn't, and it may be that had we 'followed on' far enough we would have found everything you said was true."

"Well, let's see," said the editor, "the things that did come to pass?"

"Well," said John, "we did find that Mars was a little ahead of the Prince of Peace in Northern Methodist temples. That is, more was said of vengeance than of forgiveness. More stress was laid on allegiance to radical views of partisan politics than allegiance to the doctrine of 'holiness unto the Lord.' I believe that any reflection cast on any of the apostles of Jesus would have been better tolerated than any reflection made on Apostle John Brown or any of the lieutenants of Lincoln. In fact, the whole affair strongly reminded me of a very pertinent anecdote that I've heard the politicians tell."

Here the wife said:

"Pray, John, don't tell that anecdote in connection with such matters."

"Well, that depends," said the editor, "as to whether the anecdote illustrates the idea that we desire to express. If it does, I will say let us hear it; because the anecdote is but one form of teaching by parable, and is really one of the strongest ways of

expressing an idea. So much so that the Great Teacher taught altogether by parable; for it is written that 'without a parable He never spoke.' "

"It may be," replied the wife, "that an anecdote is a species of parable, and if so is allowable, though I am not clear as to this, and being in doubt we shall give the benefit of the doubt to the majority, as John and you, doctor, seem to be against me."

"Well," John went on to say, "some years ago, a good Gospel preacher held a protracted meeting in one of the mountain moonshine-whiskey districts of Georgia. For a week he had preached 'Christ and Him crucified' to large congregations, but had not had a 'jiner.' At the end of the week a kind of long, lank, sympathetic-looking moonshiner away back in the audience got up, and addressing the preacher said: 'See here, Pard, we'uns all think a dad gum sight of your man that you air pintin' out as a candidit for being Cap-tin; but the fact air, that we'uns up here in this here mountain are Andy Jackson dimicrats. Now, if you'll preach us all a sermon trotting out old Andy Jackson, we'll all shout and jine your church. The man you've been sermonizing about is perhaps all right; but old Andy Jackson is the man for we'uns in this here setulmint.'"

"So," said John, "nobody said anything against the Prince of Peace. All allowed that he was very good in his place; but there seemed to be a nearly universal agreement with the sentiments of the Georgia mountain moonshiner;—we've got nothing to say against Christ, but for this particular time and settlement, Mars with his apostles, John Brown and his lieutenants, Sherman and Sheridan with their bloody deeds, are the things to get up an arousement and gain 'jiners.' "

"Just so," said the doctor. "I am now sixty years of age, thirty of which I spent north of Mason and Dixon's line, and thirty south of that line. I'm not a prophet, but know things when I see them. I knew that you would meet with just what you have. And I know, had you remained in the Northern Methodist Conference long enough, you would have found everything else that I said to be true—and even more. I hear that you are now going to take work in the Southern Methodist field. How is this?"

"Yes," replied John, "we leave to-morrow for a field of that kind."

"Now," said the doctor, "I do not wish to discourage you. In fact, I would not keep you from entering such a field if I could; because the only way satisfactorily and thoroughly to find out a

thing is to 'follow on.' Christ uttered a sentiment in which more is bound up than is commonly understood when He said, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.' All of the preaching in the world against sin would not so enable people to see its enormities as the doing of sin does. In this lives the Divine secret of the permission of sin. The preaching of all the truths of God are not so convincing of their beauty and beneficence as the doing of these truths by practicing what they teach. You must go to this new field and learn by actual experience what is in it. Time, combined with eternity, is pretty long; and you will have plenty of time to learn everything that is absolutely necessary, with a few things to be added to the absolutely necessary things as comforts and luxuries."

"Well," queried the wife, "what do you think we'll meet up with in the Southern Methodist Church? They haven't any John Browns in that church, have they?"

"Not by name," replied the doctor, "but a good many by nature,—which is all the same thing. For instance, John Brown was a fanatic on one side who wished to proceed on a 'higher law' plane of things. On the other side were such religious dervishes as Stonewall Jackson, who in the beginning of the war favored the hoisting of the 'Black Flag.' Now, if you should say anything against Stonewall Jackson in a Southern pulpit, it would have about the same effect as saying something about John Brown in a Northern pulpit. Telling the truth about either would have the same effect as did the 'casting of fire into the earth' (truth cast into the mind of an earthy church) by the angel, as portrayed in the Revelation. For instance, suppose John desired to preach on the subject that, in certain events, 'the publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of heaven' before certain professors and promisers should enter therein. Suppose that, in illustration of this truth, he should find it proper to say that Phil Sheridan, the regular outside publican who knew that war 'was but hell' and as such engaged in it, would go into the kingdom of heaven before Stonewall Jackson, the professed follower of the Prince of Peace, yet who fornicated, yea, adulterated the doctrine of this Prince of Peace by mingling the blood of the Christ with the sacrifices offered at the altars of Mars.

"Now, everybody might know that in the other life it would be much harder for the angels to get the tares of error out of the mind of Stonewall Jackson—the error of thinking that 'war is a divine way of shooting the gospel into the people,'—than it would be

to convince Phil Sheridan that 'war is but hell,' and as such is to be shunned as much as possible. Yet, while this is the truth, should John preach it in a Southern pulpit, there would be, not only 'thunderings and lightnings and an earthquake' that would completely swallow up John, but, amid the mingling of such fire of heaven with such hail of an earthly church, the green grass and trees of his use would be destroyed. Though, to tell the truth, there will not be so great a temptation to laud the lieutenants of Mars in the Southern Church as there is in the Northern, because the one is sick of war and the other in the full 'boast' of it. So you can avoid the earthquake and hail business by never preaching *pro* or *con* on 'Great is Mars.' Perhaps you will not be compelled to shout hosannas and sing praises to the great captains of Mars as the world, the flesh, and the devil ever have and ever will do.

"But your danger will be on other lines. The very day that you even intimate that all of the so-called 'Orthodox' Churches are drunk, as stated in the Book of Revelation, on the cup of fornication of the truth by the great harlot of Babylon that sitteth on many waters, then look out for 'threatenings.' The very moment that you begin to preach that God is a Spirit and should be worshiped everywhere and in everything, instead of being worshiped only in temples made with man's hand, then look out for lightnings to strike you. Moreover, when you even intimate that this is the time of the second coming of Christ,—that the whole earthly church, Romish and Protestant, that constitute the so-called 'Apostolic Church,' bears about the same relation to true Christian doctrine as did the traditions of the Jews to the true teachings of Christ at His first coming,—then look out for hail and fire mingled with blood. In fact, the preaching of the truth as proclaimed by Jesus in any of its phases, in case such preaching is not sanctioned by the creeds or by the elders who interpret such creeds, will cause you to be accused of heresy and cast out of the synagogue."

"Well! well! well!" exclaimed John. "Didn't Christ continue to preach in the Jewish Church after He knew that the church, by its creed or faith, drawn from the traditions of the elders, had made all of the commandments of God absolutely void? And we can afford to follow His example."

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor, "this is the only thing that you ought to do. Let the blood of rejecting the truth be upon the church people. You can preach it to them better from the inside than the outside, as Christ did. But the time will come when they

will cast you out, as prophesied by Christ Himself. Perhaps, before you get to this necessary mile stone in your 'going on to know' I may be in the other world. If so, I will take an interest in what I know will be the case with you both, and that is that the Lord will direct you by His counsel and afterward receive you to glory."

"Good-bye to you both," added the doctor, and he went out never to be seen by John and his wife any more on earth. Only after this they received a long letter from him.

John's wife was far in advance of him in giving up old errors and accepting the truth in their place, for the reason that she had never been indoctrinated or proselyted to the theological errors incorporated in the faith of the church during the Dark Ages. Still, some of the intimations of the good old doctor somewhat staggered her, especially when he said that the whole present organized world of church doctrine, to say nothing of church life, bore about the same relation to true Christian doctrine in this time of the second coming as had the doctrine of the Jews to Christ's first coming. Even a woman of such wayfaring perception had to learn to some extent "to know by following on to know."

Had she then seen forward to the year 1900 she would not have staggered at the truth proclaimed by the newspaper editor that the prophecy of Jesus and John had come to pass,—that as in the first coming so it would be in the days of the second coming,—that the Church would be fallen from worship of Jesus the Prince of Peace to the worship of Mars the Prince of the power of hell and destruction. For in 1900 there is no sign in the heavens or on the earth that is more monumental of the fact that so-called orthodox Christianity has fallen from its first love of "peace on earth and good will to men," than what is now witnessed both in England and the United States engaged in all the bloody orgies of irrational wars, sending ship-loads of live soldiers one way and returning ship-loads of insane and dead soldiers the other! And all merely that they may butcher the peasantry of far-away lands whose only crime is endeavoring to live under their own vine and fig tree.

If this bloody orgy or Mars carried on by these *so called* Christian nations does not accentuate the necessity of the second coming of the Son of Man as the Prince of Peace, then nothing can accentuate such necessity.

CHAPTER XXV.

BACK AT THE OLD HOME CHURCH.

John's Reception at the Old Home of His Boyhood—The Woe of a Reformer—His "Pushing" Instead of "Pulling Out" Way of Preaching—The Mind Not a Corn-crib to Shovel Grain Into, but a Soil—Solomon with His Many Wives and Concubines Explained—John and Clara's Daughter "Allie."

It was the last days of the winter of 1866-'67. John and his wife, with "the boy" along, arrived late one afternoon at the old, old "Preachers' Home"—at the home of John's birth and boyhood. His mother did not meet him at the gate, but his father welcomed John and Clara and "the boy" at that spot, and made them as much at home as it is possible to make any one feel at a place from which the one only mother has gone forth forever.

Ben did not come to the gate. Neither did any of his color or kindred. Some of them, like Ben, had gone to their home in heaven, some to town—the very Paradise of the freedmen—and a few to little homes and farms of their own. They, the colored part of the Counsellor family, all seemed to be happy and doing well. All of them at once came to see John,—to see "Marse John" and the wife that they had heard so much about.

Within a few days the good Methodist sisters had the parsonage prepared and the "larder" filled with good things, and John and Clara felt to a great extent that they had been "gathered together with kindred."

If politics makes strange bedfellows so does civil war. Perhaps in all their future life (except when they go among the angels) John and his wife never could meet with a heartier reception, or with kinder treatment, or more cordial co-operation than they did from the members of the old home church. If they had all been of the same kindness of heart and kindred of blood of his own preacher-loving mother, John's reception and treatment

by the members of the Richmond church and community could not have been more generous or more homelike. It showed the innate loveliness of the Southern heart.

Oh, the woe that comes to the reformer who goes continually forward and is caused to part religious company with such fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, as he found in the church of his old home.

William Cullen Bryant, in his poem, "The Battlefield," comparing the warfare of the moral and religious reformer with a battle says:

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year,
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blanch not at thy chosen lot,
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
 'Th' eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, dies in pain,
 And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie among the dust,
 When they who helped thee flee in fear;
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

The only balm for such woe is this,—that when all are placed under the ministrations of angels in the world to come, then, under

the great wisdom of these angel ministers and by their tutelage, will all the minds of those whose hearts beat together be brought to see together, and mind and heart being partakers of the same at-onement, all will be led to live together as one family in the Father's Home.

But here on earth some who are stationary see nothing of the new things ushered in by Him who saith, "Behold, I make all things new;" while others, no better of heart or of life, are continually in birth pangs of mind in beholding new and wondrous things out of the words of Him who is the "Wonderful Counselor," and go forward out of the realm of those who do not see. But in the other life all who are alike in heart will be led to see alike, and will come together again in a glorious reunion.

No man need court the life of "putting off all old things and putting on all new ones." Such a life made even the Son of Man a "Man of Sorrows,"—made His countenance "marred as no other man's was ever marred" by crucifixions and sufferings,—yea, made Him so like a root in dry ground that many deemed Him "stricken of God." But to the external thread of our story.

After John's introductory sermon on the subject of the necessity and beneficence of "Charity that never vaunts itself, yet never falters or fails," he proceeded along the line of his own experience. That experience had taught him that the human mind is not like a corn-crib into which grain can be shoveled by the wagon load; but is rather like the soil of a field in which the seed must first be sown, then allowed to spring up, and then be cultivated. He had begun to see, at least "in a glass, darkly," that the "Divine laws work no eruptive or violent changes." He knew how gradually and slowly old errors were supplanted in his own mind. Hence he rather endeavored to eradicate error, not by attacking it directly, but by a process somewhat similar to that by which the old decayed teeth of children are gotten out of the way by the new teeth coming up from beneath and gradually pushing them out. This pushing out of wisdom teeth and other teeth is much superior to the "pulling out" process. So John, in his pulpit ministrations, preached new and beautiful truths that had never been heard in "orthodox" pulpits before. These new truths were greatly acceptable to the membership in general. From time to time an old brother, or sister, said to John:

"I wonder that I never saw that before."

One old brother said to him:

"You'll be bishop before you are old enough to hold such a big place."

He scarcely knew that an irreconcilable antagonism had already begun to form in John's mind between a church with big bishops like "princes of the Gentiles exercising dominion over them" and a church in which all are brethren and only he is greatest whose servanthood is greatest.

Among these new truths that he sowed as seed, pretty much, it must be admitted, not only "beside all waters," but in a good many waste and thorny and wayside and stony places, were such as the Lord Jesus Christ is the one only God. The resurrection is not the raising up of a man's decayed natural body, some day in some way, but, when a man's body dies and goes to the dust to remain there forever, his spirit, or the man himself who is a spirit, is raised up to the plane of the spiritual world to live forever in a spiritual body.

At the funeral of children he would cheerfully and confidently maintain that the child is now in charge of angels in the spiritual world; that these angels who, under the Father's direction, take charge of little children when they leave their parents' home on earth and go up to the Father's Home in the other world, are women who while upon earth most tenderly loved little children, and who in the heavens, for ages perhaps, have been specially instructed by the Lord how tenderly to receive and care for and wisely to bring up little ones in the heavenly nurture.

John would explain all of the seemingly "hard sayings" to be found in the Scriptures, such as the apparent contradictions in Genesis where it is stated that there was light the first day, yet the sun, moon, and stars, the source of light, were not created until the fourth day. He also explained so plainly that a wayfarer could see what the "Tree of Life" was, and what the "serpent" was, and how it was that man—male and female—was created, man before the woman. And, to the great satisfaction of the sisters, he would show what was meant by the woman being subject to the man, the spiritual meaning of which is that the heart or feelings should be governed by the head, or cool judgment; and not that a man should dominate over his wife, for husband and wife are complementary parts of one unit.

By his spiritual discernment he made the rock to gush forth with waters, and the seemingly barren places to become gardens with fountains and fruits. Such scriptures as Jonah and the whale,

Noah's flood, the Garden of Eden, Cain finding a wife when, seemingly, only his father and mother and he existed, Solomon with his multitude of wives and concubines, the cruel wars of extermination,—in fact, every seemingly "rocky thing" stated in the Scriptures became a source from which John could bring a beautiful spiritual lesson. Under his words the other life seemed more real than this. "Bodiless" ghosts gave way to real people in beautiful spiritual bodies of an imperishable nature, or, as the apostle said, "eternal in the heavens." The harmless vagabondism of aimlessly wandering about in the other world in multitudinous assemblages, singing and praising forever, gave way to the restful idea of a home life with all the solid delights of having some of your own sort of people to love and be loved by. Formless throngs living in the blare and glare of continual publicity gave way to the privacy of homes where things of thought and affection and action centered around those of the home folks, home life, and home works. From a state "without form and void" and mystery, with darkness brooding on its face, the life to come became a world with its spiritual earth and heavens and people and pursuits more real and more enduring than those of this world.

To such an extent and with such precision did he explain all "hard sayings" that an eminent professor once exclaimed to him:

"I honestly believe that your science of understanding and teaching the Scriptures is as exact as that of mathematics in teaching the principles and practice of numbers!"

These things greatly pleased all the members except the preachers.

Now, notwithstanding John would prove everything he said by hundreds of texts cited from Law, Prophets, Psalms, Gospels, Epistles, and Revelation, as well as by things approved in the book of nature, yet the elders began to suspect heresy. John's spirit was so genial and sunshiny and his works so abundant, that it was hard for the elders to "accuse him," and he did slip through any public accusation at the hands of Brother Dockery, his presiding elder at Richmond, and Brother Rush, his presiding elder at Platte City, and of Brother Joe Pritchett, his presiding elder for the first year on Clarksville Circuit. But, alas, the crisis was coming when he would have to stand at the judgment-seat of such as claim to be sent and commissioned of Christ to drive heresy from the church. And this, notwithstanding that there are two great historic facts which should discourage, if not absolutely prevent, all "castings out of the syna-

gogue" for heresies. One of these facts is that Jehovah Himself, while incarnate in the Christ, or divine-human body, on the earth, never did in one single instance accuse anybody in any nation, kindred, tongue, or tribe who was trying to do some good of heresy. The second fact is still more significant,—that Christ Himself was accused of heresy by the elders and crucified on a charge of preaching blasphemy.

Why is it that the church never bewares of the scribes and pharisees? The only very unpleasant little thing that overtook John's wife at the Richmond parsonage was that, after she had gone to much pains to prepare dinner for the presiding elder, he "peferred tea to coffee and couldn't eat ham," when the good wife had only prepared coffee and ham. John learned a lesson from this, and in the thousands of meals that he had eaten at the tables of hospitable people, he ate any and every thing set before him with joy and thanksgiving. Long years afterward, in Texas, John and his wife had a "treat" of a similar thing. They were then living on a ranch and farm. A Methodist quarterly meeting was in session at the chapel—Morton's Chapel—near the residence of the Counsellors.

Like the old "Preachers' Home" of his mother, the home of John's wife was ever given to hospitality. As the country was then, in 1875, sparsely settled, everybody took dinner to the "meetin' house" and had "dinner on the ground" in more senses than one. John's wife had prepared what she called an altogether "home-made meal." The chickens and the ham were home raised. The "light bread" was made of home-raised wheat, and even the cake was made of wheat and "sweetened" with "sweetening" home raised. In that day, in that part of Texas where John and Clara found themselves, there were not many "brought on" things to be had for love or money. So, being out of "brought on" sugar, and really desiring to show her housekeeping qualities of making use of home things, the good wife had sweetened the cake with—well—with sorghum molasses! John invited the presiding elder (Thank God his name is forgotten) to "eat dinner with them."

When the wife was about to hand the cake around, John, somewhat in the spirit of pride, said that the dinner was "Ho-made"—that even the cake was sweetened with "Ho-made" sorghum molasses! When the cake was handed to the "elder" he very rudely remarked that "he had eaten (he called it "et-en") a good deal of hard-pan since he had been in Texas, but he couldn't stand such stuff as cake made of 'sog-um.' "

Here again, after many years, John was sadly tempted to take his letter out of the church and give the preacher a "cussin'." In his own mind he ran a comparison between this rude boor and his own wife, who had eaten at sumptuous tables at Cape May, at Saratoga, at London, and at the paradise of epicures, Paris itself. And now for a meal that she felt proud of to be not only refused, but slurred at as "stuff" by this boor! Why, almost anybody would have been justified not only in thinking "cuss words," but might have been allowed to "out with them." But he didn't. Since the days of Brother McNal's treatment of his mother's meal, when he exclaimed, "He is a d—n old scoundrel, and that is all he is," John had learned a good deal and had entered "more abundantly" into the life of that supreme Christian grace and virtue that "hopes all things, bears all things, and endures all things."

To show how he silenced infidels, or rather those who were skeptical of a good many things related in the Bible, we will relate an incident.

On John's circuit at Camden there lived a very intellectual and broad-gauged man, Dr. Ralph. The doctor was skeptical of all things that he didn't understand, and which, in the letter, looked impossible. One of his great delights was to puzzle the preachers. One day, as John was passing a crowd in which the doctor was holding forth on the subject of Solomon with his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, the good old doctor hailed him and said:

"See here, Brother Counsellor, I understand that you pride yourself on believing everything in the Bible."

"Yes," replied John, "I believe the Bible from 'kiver to kiver,' and I believe that you would do so too if you only understood it, for I am no better than you. Only I have studied it from a different standpoint from that which you have."

"Well," said the doctor, "I guess there is one thing that you have studied from the standpoint of a Mormon if you say that you believe in it."

"What is that?" queried John, as he took a seat on the porch of the drug-store corner, where the doctor's disciples had gathered about him to hear his usual "gitting away with preachers."

"Why," exclaimed the doctor, "what about that big Bible man, Solomon, with several hundred wives and several hundred concubines? What do you make of that, and yet let Solomon remain the wisest of men and one after God's own heart?"

"Why, doctor," said John, "I know you, and know how broad-gauged and liberal in mind you are. You are neither a partisan in politics nor a sectarian in religion. You are a sort of good old Samaritan who does not pay much attention to church matters up at Jerusalem or down at Jericho, as the priest and Levite did to the neglect of doing good to a needy neighbor. All know you to be a kind of mule-riding old Samaritan who will get off of your mule and let a neighbor ride if he gets crippled. I appeal to this—I almost said congregation. Well, I will say it. I appeal to this congregation to say whether I have not described you correctly."

The crowd responded, "That's him." "He's a broad gauger."

"Well then, that being the case," said John, "we will soon have the doctor a convert to believing in the great lesson taught by Solomon with his wives and concubines. Let us put the doctor on the witness stand; because I don't believe in doing as some preachers do—getting up into the pulpit and having all the say and the other fellow not having a chance to say anything for fear of disturbing religious worship. Doctor, are you willing to take the stand as a witness, and answer a few questions? If so, I think we can prove the case by you."

"Certainly," jovially responded the good old skeptic.

"All right," said John. "Now, doctor, you'll admit that in trying a man for what he says and does, we ought to find out what he does say, and what he says it for?"

"Certainly I do," answered the doctor.

"Then you'll admit that the Bible everywhere compares, or likens, a church to a woman, or a wife, or a mother, a bride, and such like things?"

"Certainly," said the doctor, "I'll admit that."

"Now, you'll admit that the Lord is likened unto a husband,—a bridegroom to the church?"

"Yes, we all admit that," responded the doctor.

"Then you'll admit that Solomon was in the Bible recognized as the head of the church in his day, and as such represented the Lord as the true Head of the Church?"

"Why, certainly, we all admit this, and this is the very thing we all object to," exclaimed the doctor.

"Well, let's see," said John. "Let us apply what you have admitted to the case, or apply the facts to the law; but before doing this, let me ask you for a few more facts. I will first ask you, 'How many churches are there in the world?'"

"Well," said the doctor, "a good many."

"Yes," said John, "let us get a few particulars. Doctor, how many Methodist churches are there?"

"Well, my wife is a member of your Methodist church," said the doctor, "and I heard her say that there are twenty odd different Methodist churches alone."

"Yes," said John, "twenty-seven different Methodist churches! Now, do you suppose, doctor, that the Lord, who says He lets His sun shine and rain fall without much partiality,—do you suppose that the good Lord has confined Himself to just one particular Methodist church and has nothing to do, no connection whatever, with all the other Methodist churches?"

Here the good doctor began to "wobble on the spindle," when one of his former disciples said, "Take your medicine, old hoss!"

John continued, "Yes, there are some twenty Methodist churches, some dozen or more Baptist churches, some twenty odd different kinds of Presbyterian churches, and churches of some kind in every nation and tribe,—in fact, about as many churches as Solomon had wives. And the great Head of the Church says that in every nation, kindred, tongue, and tribe in all the earth, wherever in any or all of them there is found one that loves God and works righteousness, He hath respect to such. He reckons Himself like unto the sun which flows into and conjoins itself with good seed in every field of every clime and nurses these good seed into good fruit. Of no one church can it be said that 'out of this fold I have no sheep;' but of all He always said. 'I've sheep not of this fold.' On that great typical day of all days, the day of Pentecost, to whom did the great Head of the Church conjoin Himself by pouring out and bestowing His great spirit? Was it on the Jew alone or the Greek alone? No. But on Jew and Greek, bond and free, on Mesopotamian and Cyrenian, on Parthians and on Pamphylians, on Elamites and Egyptians, on strangers and proselytes,—yea, on devout men out of every nation under heaven.

"Indeed, doctor, it is seen that God is no respecter of this or that nation or church over another. Neither are you, doctor; because you believe that God loves a good man and a good act wherever found. Do you not, my dear doctor?"

"Certainly I do," replied the doctor, "and if this is what is meant to be taught by Solomon and his many wives, then I say, Hurrah for Solomon!"

"So I knew you would, doctor," cheerily responded John.

"But," queried the doctor, "what about the concubine business?"

"Well," said John, "those who have the Bible, or any kind of written bond, or word, revealed from the Lord, are conjoined to the Lord by and through this revealed Word. These are 'married wives' or churches. Those nations that have no recorded or written word or covenant, such as marryings are, are not wives, or conjoined to the Lord through any revealed law or marriage bond; yet they are a law, as the Book says, unto themselves. And through this, the Lord conjoins Himself and deals with them according to the light which they have. These are in connection with the Lord as those not exactly in married relation, but as concubines are to husbands. Or we may say that there are two kinds of followers of God,—those who follow Him from love, and those who follow him from the dictates of duty or truth. Those who are led by their affections, or love, or heart, are the 'wives,' those who are governed more from a sense of duty, or from a spirit of obedience, are the 'concubines.'

"You know that people were created in the 'image of God,' that is, they have minds, or thoughts. Also they were created in the 'likeness' of God, that is, they have a heart, or affections. The wives are predicated of those in whom the 'likeness' nature predominates; and the 'concubine' is predicated of those in whom the 'image' nature dominates. The wife is of the celestial type of character; while the concubine is of the servant or spiritual type."

By thus explaining the Scripture, instead of denouncing honest skeptics, the old doctor and about all of his skeptical disciples were converted to more respect for the Scriptures, at least, which is a great step in converting men to God Himself.

So John, by thus expounding and explaining, hushed, not only the croaking of chronic complainers, but actually converted many skeptics who at heart were good men. It is true that some of the preachers did not approve of John's way of explaining things; but this kind, not only never had any rational explanation themselves of such things, but would get incensed at and condemn to everlasting damnation any honest skeptic who said he couldn't believe anything that he could not understand,—notwithstanding the truth is that no man can really believe anything that he cannot understand.

"Blessed is he that heareth my words and understandeth them," saith the Lord.

So John passed the year on the old home circuit. He added many members to the church. Among them were three ladies named "Alice," one of whom was the wife of Dr. Shotwell, whom the doctor called "Allie." In commemoration of these "Alices," John and his wife called their first daughter, who was born at the old Richmond parsonage, Alice. She is now living in Texas, the happy wife of a good citizen. It is she who is typewriting this story, and deserves about as much credit as the writer, in upholding his hands, as the wife would have done had she not gone away to live among the angels. There is no really good work that a man can do well without a Mary or Martha to anoint his head and bathe his feet, or a Miriam to shout exultation into his wearied soul, as even the blessed daughter "Allie" has done to the writer of this book.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON PLATTE CITY CIRCUIT.

An Episode at the Home of Dr. Shotwell—The “Only One God” Preached and Explained—Sister Marshall Gives a Dinner Where Spiritual Subjects Are Not Side-Tracked by Any “On to Kansas” Committee Business—The African and the Anglo-Saxon in the World to Come—A Very “Rocky” Subject Explained, and Sister Marshall Made Happy—John Ordained Deacon—An Ominous Day Coming.

After relating a little conversation between John and Dr. Shotwell, after whose wife the daughter “Allie” mentioned in the last chapter was called, we will go with John to a circuit which was the very “*creme de la creme*” of the Border Ruffian Region in the fifties.

One Sabbath day John preached from the text, “For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.”

John had explained that the “Son” was but the “body” that the Father had begotten and clothed Himself with, that so he might reveal Himself in the flesh to men on the earth, so as to become “God manifest in the flesh.” He showed how it was that God had to “veil Himself,” “hide Himself,” “clothe Himself” in a fleshly body and nature like that of men, in order that He might mediate Himself down to men, like coming to like. Hence the “Christ,” the “Son,” the anointed humanity, was and is called a “Mediator.” He showed what Paul meant when he declared of Jesus that he “was made a little lower than the angels,” namely, by taking on Himself the seed of Abraham.” Inasmuch as the Father was not visiting His angel children, who in celestial bodies, live on the celestial or heavenly planes of life, but had to “bow the heavens and come down” to His children in earthly or fleshly bodies, living on the earth. He had to “prepare an earthly or fleshly body,”—otherwise,

His children on the earth in the flesh could not see Him, could not hear Him, could not "come to Him," any more than a man without having his spiritual senses opened can see a spirit.

John explained many passages of Scripture about God "preparing Himself a body," about the Father visiting His earthly children and in order to do so having to veil or clothe Himself in a body like that of His children, so that He might "mediate" and "manifest" Himself, like to like. And in conclusion, he explained the manifold texts of Scripture declaring that "there is but One God," and that the Lord Jesus Christ is that "God manifest in the flesh," in "whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead, bodily," in a body.

When he had finished the doctor came forward and invited him to take dinner with him at his home near by. When all were seated at the dinner table, the doctor said to John:

"Brother Counsellor, I have invited you here, not so much to eat some of Allie's good dinner, but to express to you my sincere thanks for the light that your sermon let shine into what has been a very dark place in my religion. Ever since I began to think about Bible matters, I have been perplexed and pained on one point. The truth is, I had in my mind at least two distinct gods, or persons, as we Methodists call them—God the Father and God the Son. To be plain, I always loved God the Son because He seemed so kind and so good, and took so much interest in us poor sinners. And I must confess that I never liked 'God the Father,' because He seemed to want some one to pay Him—pay Him a 'price'—before He would consent to forgive and help his poor erring children. Now you know how painful such a thought must necessarily be. The good doctor stretched his arm over the table and taking John's hand said:

"But, thank God, I now see that it was the Father Himself who prepared or 'begot' a body born of an earthly mother so that He Himself might come down to earth and hunt up and help His earthly children. I now understand what was meant in the fourteenth chapter of John when Jesus said, 'He that seeth me seeth the Father.' The Father dwelt in His earthly body that you see, just as a man's soul dwells in his body; for man is in the image and likeness of God, having a soul which dwells in a body, and which speaks and works and manifests itself through the body. The Christ is the body. The Father is the soul. The two are one. The Holy Spirit is the power of the soul,—the very life that comes from the soul, and through the body is 'poured out' just as my soul is

pouring itself through my tongue in what are called words, which reach and make an effect on you. The soul, or Father, is the 'Life' from which all things come, the body, or Son, is 'the way' by which all things come, and the Holy Spirit is 'the truth' poured out or shed forth from the Father, or soul, through the Son, or body, just as the light of the sun is shed forth from the essential heat in the sun by means of the body of the sun. I see why God is likened unto the sun,—not that there are 'three' suns, but three essentials that make up the 'one' sun. Thank God, thank God, that my mind has been cleared of the horrible idea of three Gods. I now see and love the Lord Jesus Christ, as your text said, as the 'Mighty God and the Everlasting Father' Himself."

John had many such happy confessions, which he called "confessing the Lord Jesus Christ" as He should be confessed,—confessed as the "First and the Last," "The Alpha and Omega," "The Beginning and the End," and "beside whom there is no God—no, not any," as attest all of the Scriptures.

Whether this "second coming of Christ" was to the good doctor and his family merely the light of the "first day," like "the lightning that cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west shall also the coming of the Son of Man be," whether the second coming of the Son of Man was to the doctor's mind as the lightning that fitfully glares and then goes out in midnight darkness, or whether it has become, through hunger and thirst for heavenly meat and drink to be found in and by searching the Scripture, the sun, moon, and stars of the good doctor's "fourth day" of recreation or regeneration in Christ Jesus the Lord,—of this John to-day does not know. It is very probable, if he remained under the influence of those who teach of "three distinct persons in the Godhead," that he is still about the precincts of that world that is without form and void,—a state of mind in which all are who have no distinct knowledge of the Godhead. Such worship an image and receive the mark of the beast in either forehead or hand. Perhaps it is better when any one receives new light for him to hearken unto the angel voice and "come out,"—come out of any Babylon that makes the mind stagger with its spiritual drunkenness about those spiritual things appertaining to God, who is a Spirit.

At the end of the conference year John was assigned as a field of labor what was called the Platte City Circuit. His work here was about the same as that on the Richmond station. Here he found that the bloody dream of a great Southern Confederacy,

founded on the idea that Cotton is King and Slavery is its prophet, had disappeared, as all dreams of "baseless fabric" will disappear.

There was a very excellent and Christian-spirited lady who was a member of one of John's congregations. She was a high-strung Southern woman, and was greatly perplexed in mind about the social relations of blacks and whites in this and in the world to come. On one occasion she gave a dinner and invited John and his wife. Now, John and his wife did not treat this dinner as Brother and Sister McNal had treated the last dinner ever given by John's mother to "our preacher." John was not a member of any "committee of safety for colonizing Kansas with slavery." He was utterly "without guile" or malice toward any one. Nothing pleased him better than for any "insider" or "outsider" in the bounds of his work to seek the unraveling of knotty problems or ask for light on dark places.

After dinner, when all had "gathered together" in the parlor, the hostess, whom we shall call Mrs. Marshall (which is not her real name, though she is a real person), said:

"Brother Counsellor, I am much pestered about one thing. I heard, when you were appointed to our circuit, that you could explain about every hard thing in the Bible; and so far as I have heard you preach on such subjects as 'Water Gushing Out of Rocks' and the 'Israelitish Women borrowing Jewels of Silver and Gold and Garments from their Neighbors,' and, in fact, so far as I have heard you explain 'dark sayings' that other preachers never touch on, I begin to believe that you can get 'honey out of rocks,' as David somewhere in the Psalms said could be done. Now, then, I am pestered about a very 'rocky' matter, and if you can get any honey out of it, or if you can make any refreshing water gush forth from this, to me, a very hard, rocky thing, then I will petition the conference to keep you as our preacher for a hundred years."

"It is true, Sister Marshall," said John, "that there is a key to the Scriptures which, if you are in possession of it, will help you to unlock, or, as is said in Revelation, 'to open' all things in the Bible; and in opening the Bible will open up a clear understanding of everything of life in this world and in the world to come, for the Bible is even a revelation of 'things to come' in the spiritual world.

"When I was a student at the State University, scarcely knowing how or when, I began to study the Scriptures in a kind of off-hand way as something that could be understood, and, when un-

derstood, would explain any and all problems of life, present and to come. And, while I am a mere neophyte,—a mere beginner in teaching what the Scriptures reveal,—yet nearly always I can give a very satisfactory explanation, if not a perfect solution, of any problem of importance. Some day I hope to be able so to divide the Word of God as in some degree to make all unto whom I minister 'wise unto salvation,'—salvation, not only from every sin, but salvation from every perplexity of mind. So let us hear what is your perplexity."

"It is this," responded Mrs. Marshall. "For the sake of my soul I can't tolerate the idea, let alone the practice, of inviting negroes to eat at my table, and to let them associate on terms of equality and personal intimacy with my daughters and family. Yet, I suppose, when we get to heaven we will all have to live in one great family circle. Now, can you get any sweet 'honey' or refreshing 'water' out of this rather 'rocky' situation that I am in?"

"Why," cheerfully responded John, "most certainly we can. Now, to gain a proper understanding of any problem in arithmetic or other science some things must be learned and understood before you can expect to understand others. The primary principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division must be understood before we can be expected to understand how to solve a problem in the rule of three. Arithmetic itself as a whole must be understood before one can solve problems in geometry and trigonometry. Everybody, even a wayfarer, knows this."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marshall, "we all recognize what you say to be true, and therefore I understand that I am to go to college and graduate and get a diploma as a kind of bachelor, or rather mistress of Bible science, before I can be expected to understand how to solve the problem that I have asked you to solve? Oh me, what can I do?"

Here both John and his wife laughed heartily at the seemingly right conclusion of Sister Marshall.

"In some respects you are right, Mrs. Marshall," John at once replied. "You must understand some things before you can understand others; but you do not have to go to college to study such things. All necessary things of the kingdom of heaven are like that kingdom itself, 'always at hand.' The whole curriculum or college course of the kingdom of heaven is very easy of understanding, and for all purposes of one step at a time can be completed in a very little while. The mere mention, or as you say, the mere

'preaching' of certain things which you will understand as soon as heard, and then the application of these things to the subject in hand, is all of the course, so far as that point or subject is concerned. Every Sunday the sermon should be a college course on some subject, and all the congregation should graduate in it and receive diplomas, and then—well—'go on' to something else. So let us see about the subject that perplexes you.

"There are certain things that everybody understands and admits. Among these are :

"First, that, while the world may be said to be one world, yet, there are a great many different countries in this one world. These many countries always have differed and always will differ in many respects.

"So, also, everybody who understands the Bible knows that, in speaking or revealing things about the other world, there is but one 'Father's House.' Yet, in this 'House' are 'many mansions.' Everybody who has studied the Bible knows that even the heavens are divided into at least three grand divisions; because Paul said that he 'was caught up into the third heaven,' and all know that there cannot be a 'third' without a 'first' and 'second.' Every Bible scholar knows that there is not one single place in all of the Scriptures where the other world is spoken of under the name of heaven, but that the term 'heavens' is always in the plural number. Hence we conclude that, like the earth, heaven is divided into 'many mansions'—many divisions—yes, 'into many countries.

"Second, we all know and understand from actual knowledge, or from history, that the inhabitants of the different earthly countries differ very materially from each other. The people of Africa differ in many respects from the inhabitants of Europe, and the people of Europe differ from those of Asia. Even the people of the same grand division materially differ. For, in the several countries of Europe we find the German differing from the French, and the English from the Turks, and the sunny children of Italy greatly differ from the fierce Cossack of the winter countries of the Siberian seas. Yes, even in the same England, even in the same United States, even in the same town of any country, we find people who, in nearly every respect, differ,—differ in looks, differ in taste, differ in their ideas of things. Some prefer and are happy with certain things and pursuits, and some are happy with others, each moving in his own circle or set. Everybody understands this.

“Now, the Bible says that by understanding earthly things we may understand heavenly ones; or, as expressed by Jesus, ‘If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?’—by which he meant that heavenly things could be understood only by analogy between them and earthly things. Hence, it is written that the Heavenly Father taught by parable, and ‘without a parable He never spake.’ Hence, also, the great apostle says: ‘For the invisible things . . . are clearly seen,—being understood by the things that are made.’

“So we may learn, we may clearly ‘see,’ yes, positively know, that, if the people of the several countries on earth differ from each other,—differ so much that they live in different climates, live in different countries, look different,—so will the people in the various divisions of the three great heavens differ greatly, and will live in separate ‘mansions,’—yea, there will be many diverse kinds of people, not only in the three grand divisions, but those in each grand division will differ even as the inhabitants of Europe are differentiated into such distant and unlike nationalities as the Italian and the Cossack, the Turk and the English, the German and the French.

“In exact keeping with this idea of a great differing of people in the other world, the most learned of all the apostles clinches his argument on the resurrection by exclaiming, ‘All flesh is not the same. . . . There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. . . . There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for even one star differs from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead.’

“What can be more conclusive than that people do differ, and will ever differ. What is the use of making people different—of having so many beautiful varieties—if all distinctions of family and nationality, all peculiar traits, all personal sympathies, yea, all things that make even a mother differ from a father, are to be blotted out? The very thought of such obliteration—of such blotting out—is horrible! It is repugnant to every finer feeling that characterizes the human heart with its God-given love for its own home, its own people, and its own country, and its own individual identity.

“But the Bible further reveals the fact that when people die they are ‘gathered together with their kindred,’ not with somebody else’s kindred. Hence Jehovah tenderly said unto the good old

Josiah, 'Behold I will gather thee unto thy fathers.' This was in the nature of a consoling promise. Had he been about to be gathered together with foreigners, what solace could there have been?

"Yes, yes, most certainly, my dear Sister Marshall, you need have no fear of being mixed up with people in heaven that you do not like, and who don't like you. There is a thousand fold greater mixture of like and dislike in this world than there will be, or can be, in the other. Here even tares and wheat grow together in the same field, and sheep and goats run together in the same fold. But in the other life there will be a perfect cleavage and separation between tares and wheat, and sheep and goats—between things that are unlike even in any particular of dissimilarity. That there is not only a general difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the African, but a marked dissimilarity in a hundred particulars, everybody knows; while a difference in any one particular would be sufficient cause for the Anglo-Saxon and the African to live in different mansions, in different circles, in different countries. This is even the case here. More, yea, much more will it be the case in the world to come!

"The Senegambian chief is not one of your fathers, though his children are as dear to him as your children are to you. You know that a well-meaning negro knows his place, and has no more desire to get out of it than you do to get out of yours. Only the disorderly, white or black, have any desire to push themselves on people who are not of their own kind. Everybody in heaven is perfectly happy. The leopard never changes his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin. The Ethiopian has his 'own vine and fig tree.' The Bible says every man shall have this. All have their own heaven and are happy in it, and can't be happy anywhere else. Out of their own country harps don't play, but are hung on willows where the very winds make them weep for home,—their own Beautiful City, joy of their own world.

"The negro is happier in his own family than he could possibly be in your family, and you are happier in your own family than in his. Even Jones's wife is happier in Jones's home than she could possibly be in Smith's home; and this does not interfere with Smith's wife being happier in Smith's home than she could be in the home of Jones."

Here John's wife cheerily asked of Mrs. Marshall:

"Have you graduated, Sister Marshall; or do you find it necessary to go to another session?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Marshall, shaking Mrs. Counsellor's hand, "I've graduated. Thank God, I now see. I'm really happy. I now see that there is a place, a particular place, for every person, and every person has his particular place. Why did I never see this before? A negro is as good as I am, in his place. Yes, better and happier in his place than I could be in his place; and I don't reckon that I'll be accused of pride and bragging on myself when I say that, at least, I'll be happier among my own kindred—among my own kind of people—than I could possibly be among somebody else's sort of people. And yet I'll not cherish any hard feeling toward the other kinds. Why, why, Brother John, we'll petition the bishop to have you as—well—as our teacher forever and a day."

Now, unless those whose "office it is to drive away heresy" shall, like the evil one, cast tares in among the above Gospel wheat, it may be said that Sister Marshall went on from the light of the first day to the perfect light of the fourth day of a regenerating soul, which light not only brought pleasantness and peace on this one not very vital subject, but sun, moon, and stars so illuminated her mind and soul that she could experience that there is no night, nor need of a candle.

Hundreds of such subjects as the above were explained by John in private talk, while in his pulpit ministrations he expounded and explained the Book of Genesis, the Book of Revelation, the Tree of Life, and the tree of good and evil, and, above all, explained how "all of the fullness of the Godhead dwells bodily in the Lord Jesus Christ." In fact, all things under his ministration began to look new and beautiful. And yet, strange to say, even he, at this time, did not fully recognize that the light he was shedding abroad in the minds of his people was such as is incident to and which ushers in the day of the second coming of the Son of Man. It was after he came out of the entire "orthodox" as well as Methodist ecclesiastical Babylon, that he recognized, in the light of the fourth day, that the second coming of the Son of Man was at hand, even like His first coming, without the organized church knowing it; as it is written, "As the days of Noe were, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be. For, as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away. So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

For years and years the tremendous truth did not shine fully through the literal figures of the Word (the clouds of heaven) on John's mind that the whole so-called "orthodox" church world was drifting into the same relation to the second coming of the Son of Man that the Jewish Church bore to His first coming.

And yet, had he been wise to discern the signs of the times, he might have been relieved of many of the woes that befall those that "are with child and that give suck in those days." Yet, under his motto, that they who "follow on to know shall know," and that the Lord "would guide him by His counsel and afterward receive him to glory," John and his good wife never looked back,—never felt at ease in a fallen Zion; but continually pressed forward as those seeking a country of habitation in which the Prince of Peace was the sole Ruler.

While on this circuit John was ordained as "deacon" by Bishop Marvin. It is true that in undergoing this ordination he had some scruples of conscience; but he justified his action, or rather his submission to being ordained as deacon, under the section and article of the Methodist Articles of Religion that he had cited to his wife, as stated in Chapter XXIV of this history. However, by the time that another ordination ordeal had to be passed through, not only was John farther advanced along the "six days" of re-creation; but even the elders of the church were construing the article in which he took refuge from the standpoint of their own traditions, and not from what might be established from the plain word of the Scriptures themselves. To this singular day John was hastening on,—a day in which a mighty ecclesiastical hierarchy distinctly refused an appeal from its own traditions to the very words of the very God Himself.

But we will follow John on to his new and last field of labor, as well as of love, in the fields of Methodist ecclesiasticism.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CLARKSVILLE CIRCUIT.

Some Immortals in Friendship's Temple—"Experimental Religion"—Presiding Elder Pritchett—The "Great Dispute" Between Elders Pritchett and Sweeny—Sisters Hemphill and Everett as Barometers of "How The Battle Is"—John's Idea of How the Battle Went—The Parable of the "Blind Boys" and the "Elephant"—How the Creed-Makers Created Several Gods.

It is now the year 1869. John, by order of conference, is in charge of what is known as the "Clarksville Circuit." Here he met a little more than the usual cordial reception. The Forgays, the Oglesbys, the Greens, the Earls, the Hemphills, the Bryans, the Roberts, the Downings, the Knights, the Greens, the Smiths, the Bradleys, the Beasleys, the Pollards, the Davises, the Terrys, the Jamisons, the Turners, and a multitude of outside Gentiles, as among the hundred fold brothers and sisters that are to be found by those who give up home for Christ's sake.

John remained at this field of work two years and gathered in several hundred members, and built a parsonage and two churches.

On account of preaching the doctrine that "experimental religion" consists chiefly in carrying religion into all of the practical "experiences" of actual life, such as a horse trade, rendering property for taxes, providing for the family, in fact, in carrying religion into every experience of trade and daily intercourse with all the neighbors,—on account of thus making "experimental religion" an every-day experience, instead of a mere legend of the "getting of religion" in years gone by at some camp-meeting, or at some other one particular place or tick of clock,—for preaching this doctrine John was called a "Dry-land Campbellite" by outsiders, and for this, among other things, the Elder Monroe accused him of 'heresy.'

During his first year on the circuit John had as his presiding elder, Rev. Joseph H. Pritchett, who perhaps, is still alive. If so,

and if he remains the same genial, Christian-spirited man that John ever found him to be, then blessed is the people who come under his ministration. If dead, the angels have separated from his mind the little tares or errors of doctrine in which he innocently and unknowingly indulged, and he is among the angels themselves.

In this year on the Clarksville Circuit a public four days' debate took place between the Presiding Elder Pritchett and a noted "disputer" or "debater" named Sweeny, who belonged to the "Christian" or "Campbellite" Disciples. John was chosen as one of the moderators, and for four days sat patiently listening to the "differences" placed on the Scriptures by John Wesley and Alexander Campbell. Facing from the rostrum the great audience, he amused himself from time to time in noticing the intense partisan expression of faces. When Elder Pritchett was making his telling points against Elder Sweeny the faces of the Methodists were all aglow and the faces of the Disciples were all agloom; and, as a matter of course, *vice versa*. There was a Methodist sister, Mrs. Dr. Hemphill, who had a patrician featured face of such refined and delicate mould that it was changed by any gentle zephyr, let alone blast or frost, that blew on it. There was also a Disciple sister, wife of the preacher at Paynesville, who had an open face, but the features were moulded after the pattern of the tribe of Benjamin, who were noted slingers of stones at a hair breadth, and left-handed at that.

After each day's "discussion," or rather after each day's "dispute," John reported progress to his wife (who would not, or perhaps could not, attend the "dispute") by delineating the changes of countenance from glow to gloom, or from gloom to glow, that took place with the patrician featured Methodist sister and the Disciple sister of the tribe of Benjamin; which, to be short about the matter, was an alternation between these good sisters from "morning to evening" and from "evening to morning" in as regular rotation as day and night. All depended on whose "sun"—whose champion—had his turn on the floor.

Great crowds flocked to this debate. At the close of it John's wife asked him what impression the "dispute" had made on him, because she was always more anxious about the fruits of a thing than about the trimmings.

"Well," said John, "you recollect that when the Christ was crucified, He had two garments. In John's Gospel it is said, 'Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took His garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also His coat. Now

the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it whose it shall be; that the Scripture might be fulfilled which saith, They parted my raiment among them and for my vesture they did cast lots. *These things, therefore, the soldiers did.*

“‘The soldiers’ are the theological gladiators, the debaters, the athlete ‘disputers’ or contestants for sectarian triumph in ecclesiastical arenas. The outer garment is the ‘letter of the Scriptures.’ This can be divided and subdivided by the soldier-like disputers, and each soldier take a part. ‘These things therefore the soldiers did.’

“Now,” continued John, “while the outer garment is the letter of the Word of God, the ‘coat without seam, woven from the top throughout,’ is the spiritual meaning of the Word of God. This not all of the soldiers could divide, and therefore they ‘cast lots for it.’ That is, none of them knew any more about it than guess, or chance, or ‘casting lots,’ which is a game of chance. And,” added John with a twinkle in his eye, “‘these things the soldiers (disputers—Elders Pritchett and Sweeny) did.’”

“Yes, yes,” interposed the good wife, “I expected as much, or rather, as little; so you may stop, as I don’t want you to think that I am such a dullard as not to see through the whole affair. Isn’t it wonderful in what few words the Scripture can tell a whole history! Wasn’t it the Swedish seer who said that ‘an angel can convey more ideas in one word than an earthly speaker can express in an all day’s oration?’”

“Well, you know, darling,” said John, “that, on account of loyalty to our Methodist church, up to date I have never read a single volume of the great seer’s multitudinous works. But the few of his followers whom I have met claim that the light which he throws on the Scriptures, as compared with what light is thrown on them by what are called the ‘orthodox church commentators,’ is as the light of the ‘fourth day’ to the light of the ‘first day’ of creation. However this may be, it is certain that both Elders Pritchett and Sweeny have a part of the Scriptures on each of their sides. And it is equally certain that neither of them know anything at all about the inner seamless vesture, or spiritual meaning, of the Word of God, and just simply ‘cast lots,’ or guessed at it.”

“I guess,” added the wife, “that when they go into the other life and the wise angels take charge of them, these angels will open

the inner meaning of the Book and explain all things that are 'written within and without,' as stated in Revelation."

"Well," said John, "I think that such will be their only chance. And I thank God that He has provided such a chance for them; for both these men, personally, seem to be good men. I am sure that if they would quit debating, or disputing, that they would love each other more. And there are the two good sisters. I think, if they can be wrought up to the highest tension by earthly preachers, that when they are placed under the ministry or ministration of angels who have been learning the Scriptures for perhaps ten thousand years, these angels will 'lead them by their counsel and afterward receive them to glory.' Because, looking into their faces for four days somewhat fascinated me; and I'd hate to miss either of them in the final 'round-up' of that great 'multitude which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues'—of Methodists and Mohammedans, of Campbellites and Confucianites, of all in every church and out of it who fear God and do the best they can!"

"You say, papa," said the wife, "that each of the disputants got a piece of the outer garment. Now, why is it—what do you think is the real cause—that the churches take a part of a thing, and are satisfied with a mere part? Why, some of the churches seem to imagine that the part that they claim as their own is the whole thing itself. How can people be so blind?"

"I suppose," said John, "that they are blinded as to things, because they are themselves blind. There is a great deal said in the Bible about 'blindness' and the 'blind.' Perhaps, as the great Teacher always used parables to teach things, we can get a very good idea of how it is that people get wrong ideas about things; and, strange as it may appear, go so far as to take part of a thing for all of it, by using a little parable, such as Saxe suggested in one of his exquisite poems. It is this: In a town in the East called the City of 'Mere Appearances,' there was a private Blind Asylum that had six blind inmates. A circus with a menagerie attachment exhibited at this town. The inmates, hearing of the elephant attached to the menagerie, insisted that the superintendent should let them go to 'see the elephant.' The superintendent asked them, 'How, boys, can you see an elephant?' To this one of them readily responded, 'We can see it by feeling it.'

"'Why, certainly,' said the superintendent, who not only wished to humor the blind boys, but recognized the fact that people see

most things through their 'feeling,' or feelings. 'Why, certainly, we will all go and see the elephant.'

"So they went; and, that there might be no confusion, the blind boys were permitted, one at a time, to see how the elephant felt. A felt first. He put out his hand and it came in contact with the elephant's side. Very complacently he rubbed along the broad side until he was confident that he had seen what an elephant was like. He went back to the other boys and said:

" 'Boys, the best and only thing that I can see about the elephant is, he is like a house. But perhaps you had better go and see for yourselves.'

"Whereupon B proceeded to see. Being, like Zaccheus, somewhat short of legs and having no sycamore tree as a step ladder, he got hold of the leg of the elephant, and rubbing it up and down, soliloquized:

" 'Why, A is a fool! Talk about house! Why, an elephant is exactly like a sapling—like a small tree!'

"So B made his report, that 'A is a fool, and an elephant is exactly like a sapling!'

"So there being a slight difference of opinion between A and B—the difference being about as great as between Elder Pritchett and Elder Sweeny—C concluded that he would see for himself; and, being somewhat taller than B, he got hold of the elephant's ear, which was batting backward and forward in an effort to fan off the flies. C seemed a little dazed as he felt the breeze of this fan, and he went back to the boys and said:

" 'I'll tell you, boys, I hate to call people fools, as B did A, but I'll just simply say that from all that I can see, *and did see*, I'll emphatically say that an elephant is exactly like a lady's fan.'

"D, having his curiosity somewhat aroused, said:

" 'I'll go and see for myself, as there seems to be such a difference of opinion between A, B, and C.'

"So D did go. He laid hold of the elephant's tail, and, after examining the same, said with seeming surprise and loud enough to be heard by the other blind boys:

" 'Why talk about a house, and a sapling, and a—a fan! My goodness gracious, that any one can say that an elephant ain't just like a rope! Why— Well, I've just got my opinion of all such!'

"So D returned to the bevy of blind ones, and complacently smacking his lips, said:

" 'Boys, I've got my opinion of what an elephant is, and by gum, I'm going to keep it.'

"Now E goes forth; and approaching the elephant from a point off compass somewhat opposite to that from which D went, he got hold of the elephant's tusk, and after 'feeling and feeling' said:

" 'Who ever heard of a rope being so stiff, as stiff as a spear? Why, an elephant is like a soldier's spear. Nobody but a driveing idiot could say that it is like a house! Bah! Why, C, your talk about an elephant being like a lady's fan is the veriest poking of fun at things that I ever heard. There is about as much likeness between a lady's fan and a real elephant as there is between a twenty-penny spike nail and a half a yard of dish-cloth. Why, Brother B, how could you take a soldier's spear for a sapling? My, my, my!'

"Here F got a little excited, and rushed forward to see about things for himself, saying:

" 'Like Job, I'll see for myself with mine own eyes, and not let another see for me.'

"So, hurriedly, and excitedly, he grabbed the worming and squirming appendage of the elephant, called the snout, which felt exactly like a snake. And he had no more than felt the 'squirm,' than instantly he released his hold, and jumping backward he fell over the peg to which the animal was chained and exclaimed:

" 'There has been a nasty job put up on me, unless an elephant is like a snake.'

"The keeper, picking him up, assured him that there had been no job 'put up on him,' but that he had seen a real part of a real elephant.

"Between the 'blind boys' there seemed to be a regular Babel,—each being as well satisfied that his idea of the elephant was right, and the ideas of the other fellows bordered on the veriest idiocy, and such terms were being bandied back and forth among them as 'You're a fool!' 'You're a knave!' 'Idiot!' 'Blind as a bat!' 'Can't tell a house from a rope!'

"And while the advocate of the snake theory didn't have much to say, the pow-wow was only ended by the superintendent exclaiming:

" 'Hold, boys, and I'll explain how it is that all of you are right, but—'

"Here the snake champion cried out:

“‘How can all be right? How can the fellow that says the elephant is like a girl’s fan be right, and I be also right, who know the elephant is like a squirming snake? I know I’m right!’

“The superintendent tried to explain, but A, who had first got in his idea that an elephant is like a house, endeavored to clinch his position by an attempt at quoting Scripture, and exclaimed with a kind of theological shriek in his tone:

“‘House! house!! (—)! Snake! snake!! What concord can there be between Belial and Beel-ze-bub? You can’t mix up houses with snakes. If you can, then we are all suckers from Suckerdom!’

“Here the sister of A, who was on a visit to the Blind Asylum, said to her brother:

“‘Brother, let the superintendent explain, and he will show you, and show all, that while, perhaps, you all are a little hasty, and no doubt, as you will certainly admit, a little blind, that really each of you has a good idea, not of a whole elephant, but of part of one. And by putting all of these parts together, you will get a good idea of a whole elephant.’”

“This the superintendent proceeded to do, to the satisfaction of all. Now, then, if Sister Hemphill, or Sister Everett, had suggested to Elder Pritchett with his ‘faith alone’ idea of salvation, and to Elder Sweeny with his ‘obedience’ to certain church sacraments as the ‘only’ way of salvation, and had told them by honest searching not of creeds but of Scripture to give the Great Superintendent, the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, even the Lord Jesus Christ, a chance to explain, then the elders would have been reconciled. But each is blind to what the other has seen—seen by the other fellow’s eyes.”

“I think,” said the wife, “that you are right. And I think that your same parable will explain a subject of thousand times more weight than the tithing of such ‘mint, anise, and cummin’ as ‘modes of baptism,’ ‘infant church membership,’ and things that people get along very well with, and very well without, for I have never seen any very marked difference between the one who in baptism was applied the water and the one to whom water was applied.”

“To what weightier matter of law and gospel do you allude?” inquired John.

“Why,” said his wife, “to a matter that not only seems to be a weighty matter of law and gospel, but is in fact the very weightiest matter, not only of law and gospel, but also of prophet and psalmist, and of apostolic epistles, and of apocalyptic revelations,

I allude to the subject of the theme of the 'first and great commandment,' as stated by Jesus Himself in Mark, that 'The Lord our God is *One* Lord,' and as stated in a thousand places in the Scriptures. both old and new, 'besides this one God there is no other,' He being 'the First and the Last,' 'the Alpha and Omega,' 'the only wise God our Saviour,' in whom 'dwells bodily all the fullness of the Godhead.'

"Now, you know that even our Methodist creeds, as the soldiers divided up the garments, have divided up the Godhead into—well, they say into 'three persons.' Why, turn to your Book of Discipline and see exactly what they do divide God up into."

Here John got the Methodist Discipline and read with comment as follows:

"Chapter I, Section I, after declaring that there is 'but one living and true God,' and describing Him as 'without body or parts,' concludes by saying, 'And in unity of this Godhead there are three persons of one substance, power, and eternity,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' Section II declares 'the Son the very and eternal God.' Section IV declares the 'Holy Ghost very and eternal God.' They fail to say who or what the Father is."

"So you see," said the wife, "of these elements in the Godhead called 'Son' and 'Holy Ghost' they say that such 'is God,' and such 'is God,' and such 'is God,'—just as the blind boys said this part of the elephant and that part was the elephant. And it seems to me that the preachers that preach three distinct persons, and that each of these three is 'God,' while yet we know that there is but 'one God,'—that these preachers are in the same condition as the blind boys. There is one thing that I do know, that they are the blind leading the blind. You know you once tried to believe and tried to preach this 'three-person' doctrine, and you confessed yourself that you didn't understand it. What is not understanding a thing but mental blindness?"

"I confess," said John, "that such was about the size of the whole subject matter. But you know that I have studied for years on this subject, that I examined for over a year continuously the list of texts of Scripture that our old newspaper reporter handed to me at the State University. Yes, you are right. The preachers, or rather the church creed-makers, arrived at the conclusion that part of the Godhead was all of it, just as the blind boys did about the elephant. The only difference is that the blind boys of the city of Mere Appearances had only one elephant; but the creeds have

a good many Gods. They took such parts as 'they felt like doing' and called them God. Hence they say the 'Son is God,' the 'Father is God,' the 'Holy Spirit' is God,—not knowing that it takes all of these in 'One' to make the 'only wise God our Saviour,' to use the words of the Apostle Jude, or to make the one 'Christ Jesus the Lord, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,' as Paul put it in his epistle to the Collossians.

"In the olden days before there was any written language, whatever men desired to preserve of the ideas they cherished was expressed by signs or symbols. For instance, in order to convey the idea of the power of God a hieroglyphic picture of a lion was used; a lamb was used to express the idea of perfect innocence; a snake was used to express the idea of worldly wisdom, and a calf to express natural goodness, and so on. In course of time the people lost sight of the thing symbolized in the symbol, and began to worship lions, lambs, calves, etc., as deities in themselves, just as the blind boys of Mere Appearances took one part or element of a thing for the whole thing.

"You know that, after much study, we have arrived at the conclusion that everything predicated of the Godhead in all the law, and in all the prophets, and all the psalms, and the gospels, and epistles, and the Book of Revelation, has reference to some of the elements, or features, or parts of the Godhead, of which 'Christ Jesus the Lord' is the entirety or 'fullness.' For Jesus Himself said to His disciples that 'all things must be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets and in the psalms, concerning me.' And He further said, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty.'

"The Scriptures sometimes, speaking of God, call Him Redeemer when they wish to describe His work of redeeming men from their bondage to Satan. When they speak of His work 'of saving from sin' they call Him 'the Saviour.' When speaking of His creative work, they call this same God 'the Creator.' When speaking of Him being in the flesh, they call Him 'Son of Man.' When they speak of Him as the 'only begotten child' they call Him 'Son of God.' When speaking of His wonderful wisdom, they call Him the 'Wonderful Counselor.' In speaking of His almighty power, they call Him the 'Almighty God.' When desiring to describe Him as the source of all love and of all life, they call Him

the 'Everlasting Father.' When they desire to distinguish that quality in Him that differentiated Him from the heathen gods of war they call him 'the Prince of Peace.'

"Now, the creed-makers of the Dark Ages took that particular phrase—the 'Son'—that the Scriptures use to describe the especial aspect of the Godhead which has reference to His Humanity being begotten of the Infinite and born of woman, and said that this 'Son' is God, when, in fact, it was the 'body' that God 'had prepared,' in, by, and through which He might 'manifest Himself in the flesh.'

So also, these ecclesiastical formulators of church creeds selected one phrase out of the wide nomenclature of the Godhead, to wit, 'the Father,' and called the 'Father' God. So also, mistaking an essential element of the Godhead, called the Holy Spirit, for the All of the Godhead, they considered the 'Holy Spirit' God. These creed-makers do not recognize that this 'One God' had in His 'Fullness' not only the elements of the 'Son,' but those of the 'Father' principle, and those of the 'Holy Spirit' principle, and also all of the features and principles that can be found in a Redeemer, in a Saviour, in a Creator, in an 'Almighty God,' in an 'All in All.'

"In course of time when there is any beginning made of a departure from the Scripture teaching that there is but one God, and the churches begin to multiply Lords many and Gods many out of each feature or phrase of the Godhead, and make a separate God of each separate feature, then they will soon keep multiplying until, like the Greeks and the Romans, they may have thousands of deities; and, like the heathen of Assyria and of Egypt and of Babylon, may have temples under every high tree; by the side of every fountain, and in every field, where gods of forest, field, and fountain without number are worshiped in their separate godships. Hence you see, my darling," said John, with rising emphasis,—“you see the importance of the 'first and greatest commandment' that says, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One God.'

"You see why it was that Isaiah, who more especially than others was the prophet of the coming Messiah, was so particular to say of this one God that He was 'the Child,' 'the Son,' the 'Wonderful Counselor,' 'The Almighty God,' 'The Everlasting Father,' 'The Prince of Peace,'—using, not the indefinite article 'a,' but the definite article 'the,'—'The God,' 'The Father,'—because the prophets knew two things. One was that there is 'no other,' 'no other

God besides this one God.' They also knew the proneness of the human mind, in its 'vain imaginings,' to multiply unto itself 'Lords many and Gods many.' "

"Yes, now I see," said the wife. "I've wondered why it was that in the law and the gospels, in the prophets and the psalms, in the epistles and in the Apocalypse, so much stress was laid on the idea that there is 'only one God.' I see it all now. I think you told me that even you fell into the idea that there were at least two Gods,—God the Father and God the Son,—and used to pray to one of these for the sake of the other. Now, if you could be led into such a thing, how must it be with the multitude that give one thought to spiritual things and ten thousand to carnal affairs, when you, seemingly, give ten thousand thoughts to the things of the kingdom of heaven where you take one thought as to the things that are to be added to such kingdom. In fact, I think that since you entered the Methodist ministry you have literally obeyed what the Lord said, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal shall ye be clothed; for after all these things do the Gentiles seek. But seek ye first the kingdom of heaven.' Strange, however, as it may appear, we have always had sufficient to eat and drink and wear. You say that, if necessary, the ravens will feed us. I expect you have mixed up ravens with such real people as we found in Brother McFarland at Richmond, Brother Clark at Platte City, and Brother Forgay at Paynesville. However, it is all the same. A tree is known by its fruit.

"I tell you, papa," continued the wife, in a kind of soliloquizing tone of voice, "notwithstanding the Bible says, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' and that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' yet I think that you would better begin to take thought as to how you can take the church vows when you are to be 'ordained elder.' "

"Well," said John, "you know that the Methodist creed says that nothing is binding on the faith of members except it can be proved from the Holy Scriptures; and you know that I can prove all I believe from them. In fact, I believe only things that I find in the Scriptures."

"Yes, yes," said the wife, "but I fear that when it comes to the test the church authorities will try you by their church traditions or standards, and not by the original standards erected by the Bible itself. But don't let this disturb you. Because we women people, like Pilate's wife and like your mother, have sometimes a kind of

prescience that, though we can't explain it, yet has all the force of foresight or prophecy. I think you call this prescience 'the perception of the wayfarer,' don't you?"

"Well, well, well, darling," said John, with a far-away expression of both voice and look, "just open up mother's old Bible and see what the first place on the right at which you open up says."

The wife got the much-marked Bible, and read the first marked passage as follows: "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; *my God*; in Him will I trust."

"And," continued the wife, "here is another marked passage on the same page: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. . . . With long life will I satisfy him and shew him my salvation.'"

"Well, that's all right," said John.

"Why, here is another passage marked at another place," said the wife, "that may add a little to the situation. It says that men 'reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end,—then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm; so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad. So He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STRAWS THAT BECOME SAW LOGS.

Self-Immolation of Preachers—May Lead to What?—Self-Seeking and Easy Berths—The Ascending Degrees: Woman, Wife, Mother—Bishop Pierce “Preaches the Funeral” of Brother Leeper—Brother Leeper a “Seer”—This Announcement Makes the Whole Conference Shout—Would They Shout at the Seership of Swedenborg?—Captain Celsus Price—He Gets Mixed Up With Spiritualism—John Explains the Disorderliness and Dangers of “Spiritualism”—Captain Price Goes to Persia.

John had just returned from conference at the end of his first year's work on the Clarksville Circuit. Bishop George F. Pierce, who was considered the ablest bishop in the bounds of Southern Methodism at that time, presided at the conference. John's wife asked him what one thing, if any, impressed him more than others at the conference, and she added:

“Did you, papa, discover any particular self-seeking for good places among the preachers?”

To this John replied:

“With some few of the preachers there seemed to be an absolute consecration to the itinerant work, and an absolute surrender of their own will and personality to the will of the bishop, as if the bishop were the Christ commissioning and sending out the apostles. In fact, the bishop in the matter of the disposal of appointments seemed to be about as absolute as the Pope of Rome is in the Romish hierarchy. I hardly knew at which to be the most impressed, the utter abandon in which these preachers surrender their own individuality, their own judgment, their ‘choose ye which,’ or exercise of individual responsibility, their very manhood, seemingly, to the manhood of the bishop and his council of elders,—I say I hardly know whether to be more impressed by this self-immolation, this total surrender by a whole set of men of all their manhood to the dictates of another man who, it is supposed, feeds upon the same meat from the ‘One’ only Master's table, that the brethren do; or

by the utter and self-sufficient assumption of authority exercised by the 'ruling bishop,' or Pope, over those who, like the followers of Loyola, willingly submit themselves to his mastership."

Here the wife said:

"How do you think such conduct comports with what Jesus says in Matthew, 'Call no man your father upon earth; for *One* is your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called Masters; for One is your Master,—even Christ. All ye are brethren?'"

"Such things are hard to reconcile," said John, with a refrain of "Well, well, well."

"Can they be reconciled at all?" queried the wife. "Did not Jesus say, when He was warning His followers about this thing of one being Master, or Pope, or Bishop, over others, that such things were only practiced by the heathen? Because Jesus expressly said, 'Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them; *but it shall not be so among you.*' Now, unless plain words plainly teaching one thing can, by some kind of mental metamorphism, be juggled into meaning the exact opposite of what they say,—unless such tricks of legerdemain can be practiced,—how can popes and bishops that 'exercise authority,' yea, worse, that 'exercise dominion' over those that Jesus says are all equal brethren,—how can such things be without violating the express command of the 'only one Master' who is not an earthly pope, prince, or bishop?"

"Well, well, well," John replied. "In the course of time there are a good many things that creep in like a serpent and seduce, by one or another fascinating process, even good men from the truth. We must admit that it is quite fascinating to hear a preacher say, 'I have offered myself a living sacrifice upon the altars of my church. Do as thou wilt with me' (not, O God, but) 'O Bishop.'"

"Yes," said the good wife, "if they would substitute Christ for church, and the Lord Jesus Christ for 'bishop,' or pope, then there would be something in saying, 'I offer myself a living sacrifice on the altars of Christ. Do as thou wilt with me, O Lord, my God, and my Heavenly Father.'"

"All history shows that there is a good deal of difference between a mere ecclesiastical hierarchy called a church, headed and ruled by a pope or bishop, and Christ Himself; even if Jesus had not expressly warned people against the church rulership business. It seems to me that the trend of things, as you say you saw at conference, the absolute and willing subjection of a whole set of men

to be 'ruled over' by another man, will finally end in the whole thing merging into the Romish doctrine of the rule of a pope as the vicegerent of God,—yes, as the 'Father' of the church."

"Well," said John, "while the self-immolation, the utter abnegation of one's own individual manhood, on the altar of the mastership of another earthly man, was the case with a few, I think the majority had a good deal of the love of uppermost rooms and chief places, and exhibited to some extent an indecent 'self-push' for personal promotion to these 'uppermost rooms and chief places.'"

"How can they do this?" queried the wife.

"Oh, easily enough," said John, "I heard a very prominent preacher say to another preacher, 'Woods, how are you fixed?' 'Why,' said Brother Woods, 'what do you mean by being "fixed?"' 'Why,' replied L., 'fixed for a good place this coming year.' Now Brother Woods belonged to the self-immolated on the church altar class, and asked Brother L. about the 'fixing' business. Brother L. then enumerated several ways of 'fixing' things. You can either fix the presiding elder by having him petitioned by influential and big-paying private members to have you sent to such and such a place, or if you can't fix the elder who has the ear of the bishop, then you can have some influential layman visit the conference and have a personal interview with the bishop himself, and show the peculiar environments of some particularly fat place, and also your peculiar fitness to fit into such environments. Now, this, backed up by some dozen letters addressed as 'private' to the bishop, will about 'fix' you in the 'fix' that you want. And there are others—"

Here the good wife, with an abashed look on her face, broke in on John's "and there are others," by exclaiming:

"Do pray, papa, stop. I thought that what you call 'log-rolling' among the party politicians was bad enough; but this outdoes the poor politicians. Because everybody knows that they go into politics for the 'pie' that is in it; but it is really too bad to hear that preachers are striving for uppermost places."

"Well," said John, "if we condemn men for letting a 'master' stick them like pegs in a hole, and condemn those who themselves strive to get stuck in a hole, what can we do?"

"Why," replied the wife, "condemn both. Because Jesus, without any mistake whatever, condemned the pope or earthly father idea, and the ruling bishop or earthly 'master' idea, and also everywhere exhorted his followers each to use his own talent, each to 'bear his own burden,' each to 'choose ye' for himself, each to

'give account of himself,' and to beware of the leaven of those who essay to 'exercise authority and dominion over others.' If you are going to remain with the Methodists, why, so far as this pope or bishop rulership work is concerned, it appears that the Protestant Methodist idea is a little improvement on that of the Episcopal Methodist rulership. But, from what I have heard, even the Protestant Methodists have substituted an elder for a bishop, as the Episcopalians have substituted a bishop for a pope, and the Catholics have substituted the Pope for God Himself on earth."

"Well, darling," said John, "we'll think more and see more, perhaps, of this seemingly Babylonish state of affairs."

"There was another matter," continued John, "that impressed me more, perhaps, than what we have been talking of."

"Why," queried the wise wife, "what was that? I don't see how anything could have impressed any one more oppressively, at least, than to see a finely dressed and big salaried 'master' lording it over his brethren, and these brethren, like devout Romish devotees, losing all of their individuality, and their liberty of choice being merged in the will of the ruling elder, bishop, or pope."

"Well," said John, "this other matter was not on the oppressive side of the scale, but rather on the cheerful and helpful side of things."

"Do, pray, then," said the wife, "let's hear it if it has a lining of light anywhere in it. For I confess that, in the dark 'evening' that I see approaching, I'll be thankful for the faintest streak of light of a coming 'morning.'"

"Let me see. How many of these 'evenings and mornings' have we been through, and how many of the seven are yet to come? I think you say we are in the 'evening and morning' that's called the 'third day,' and I am a little ashamed to confess that, unless the sun, moon, and stars which constitute the 'fourth day' will soon be ushered in, our small stock of charity that has heretofore 'hoped all things and borne all things' with a faith that falters not, will soon be wasted. However, papa, excuse this seeming despondency, because whenever I reflect for a moment I know that our 'little oil in the cruse' and our 'handful of meal in the barrel' will never fail as long as we trust the Lord and love each other, which we now do and have always done,—and I know we will continue to do. Because you know, since the light of the 'first morning' showed us who the Lord is, that it is no trouble to love and trust Him; and as for loving each other, why, John, I love you better than ever, and

I feel that you love me better than you did when I was your mere sweetheart; because then I was only a young woman, but now I am a wife and a mother. And you know that a wife is better than a mere woman, and a mother is better than a mere wife. So I am happy that I am all three, and I begin to see what the Bible meant in speaking of the Lord—that He is 'all in all.' However, let some raven come in to the help of our widow of Zarephath's 'cruse and cake,' so that our 'handful of meal in the barrel shall not waste,' neither our 'little oil in the cruse' fail 'until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.' You know how to 'spiritually discern' what I say. Don't think that I am much afraid of actual meat and bread giving out."

"Well, then," said John, "I'll relate a thing that took place at conference, that will, perhaps, replenish a 'lee-tle bit' our 'cruse of oil,' or love, and our 'cake of meal,' or wisdom.

"You recollect a brother preacher whom we met at the Weston Conference, named Leeper. At that time he was not expecting to live long, and was exceedingly spiritually minded. In fact, the spheres and atmospheres of the other world seemed then to be gathering around him. He was exceedingly gentle in manner and lovable in spirit. During the year he died, and at the conference Bishop Pierce preached his 'funeral.' In the course of the sermon the bishop said a thing or two that made the whole conference alternately weep and shout for joy. The parts of the sermon that caused this weeping and shouting for joy were when the bishop said:

"'For days and nights and for weeks before Brother Leeper died he had some extraordinary Christian experience. His spiritual eyesight seemed, like that of Paul and Stephen, to be opened. He saw and mentioned by name many of the loved ones that had died in his family and out of his pastoral flocks and gone into the world above. There he seemingly was in converse with them as familiarly as if they were still on the earth. He frequently said to those at his bedside, 'Don't you see Brother —, or Sister —?' mentioning particular names of departed loved ones; and he seemed surprised that his bedside friends did not see them as he did. Not only was his spiritual eyesight opened, but his spiritual ears, or hearing, and he frequently said to those attendant at his side, 'Oh, isn't that beautiful, beautiful singing. Brother — is leading the singing as he used to do in the old Chillicothe Church choir. Oh, what music. Oh, wife, don't you hear it? It is like the murmur of many waters mingled with the sweet sighing of winds off of South Sea spice islands.'"

"The good bishop enumerated perhaps twenty things that Brother Leeper saw and heard from time to time during the last weeks of his life on earth, which he called 'being on the Mount of Transfiguration,' and being like the beloved Apostle John when he saw 'windows in heaven opened' as described in Book of Revelation, and looked in and saw so many heavenly things. He spoke of Paul being caught up into the heavens while yet in the body, and of Jacob seeing angels descending and ascending on what is called Jacob's ladder, and said that Brother Leeper was tasting of the same things of the world to come as did good old Jacob and John and Paul. This made the other life look so real that all the preachers shouted with joy; and I confess that, amid all dead things of materialism that I saw on all sides, this opening of the spiritual sight and hearing of the good Brother Leeper, as described by Bishop Pierce, was quite refreshing to me, and perhaps made the most pleasant and powerful impression on me of anything and all the things combined that took place at the conference. I wish you had been there to hear the eloquent Bishop Pierce describe this Mount of Transfiguration, which he said 'the Scriptures as well as Brother Leeper's actual experience showed that it was possible for men to ascend into while yet on earth in the body.' "

"I am glad that the bishop preached such a sermon," said "Mrs. Clara," or "clear of vision," as John sometimes called her. "Because it will keep the presiding elders from accusing you of heresy and spirit-rappingism when you preach, not only the possibility but the actual fact of men on earth having their spiritual eyesight opened.

"I think the very best sermon you preach is the one that some of the preachers say is heresy and 'spirit-rappingism.' "

"To what particular sermon do you allude?" queried John.

"Why, the one in which you take the Scriptural position that man is a spirit, or spiritual being, in contradistinction to being a mere animal, or sensual fleshly being, and that, as a spirit, while on earth he is merely clothed with a fleshly body, like God who prepared a body of the seed of Abraham in which He took up His abode, and, while dwelling on earth in this earthly temple of his body, was called 'God manifest in the flesh.' In this same sermon you show that it is possible, as the bishop showed in the case of Brother Leeper, it is not only possible, but is frequently the case, that men have their spiritual senses opened and see and hear things in the spiritual world with their spiritual eyes and ears. You know that when you

preached this sermon, Brother Downing and Brother Pryor, and I believe Brother Thompson, accused you of being a 'spirit-rapper' and a Swedenborgian. So, it appears that if you are a spirit-rapper Brother Leeper and Bishop Pierce are such! Have you told Brothers Downing, Pryor, and Thompson about the bishop's great annual conference sermon?"

"Well, no," said John. "It was to be published in the St. Louis Christian Advocate, by request of conference, and I suppose that they will all see it."

Just then there came up to the parsonage gate a very distinguished-looking young man. As was his custom when visitors came, John got up from the porch where he and his wife were sitting and started to the gate to meet the visitor, remarking:

"I really believe it is my old University friend, Celsus Price, the son of General Sterling Price! I'll go and meet him."

Sure enough, the visitor, aristocratic in bearing and with the features of a regular Southern patrician, was Captain Celsus Price. Neither John nor his wife had met "Celsus," as they called him, since the days at Columbia University.

For four years he had been on his father's military staff as aide-de-camp along with Major Mellon and Drury Pulliam, of Texas, also officers on his father's staff. After the war he and his father had embarked in the commission business at St. Louis. His father died the year before. Drury Pulliam was killed in "Price's Raid" in Missouri in 1864, and Major Mellon and Celsus were still in the commission business in St. Louis. Captain Celsus was up in Pike County seeing after the tobacco crop in the interests of his house, and hearing that his old University friends, John Counsellor and Clara Bingham, his wife, lived at the Clarksville parsonage, had called to see them. He was received by John and his wife as though no four years' bloody chasm had ever been rolling between them. John's wife, with a two-months-old babe in her arms, followed John down the walk to greet the visitor at the gate. The babe had not as yet been named, and on John and his wife shaking hands with Captain Celsus Price, the wife said to the captain, as by inspiration of the moment, kissing the babe:

"Captain Celsus, this is the namesake of your cousin Em,—Emma Childs."

Among other things Captain Celsus told John about the time when Judge Counsellor was prisoner in his father's army. He said there was a desperate man named Charley M., who was a camp-

follower or in some way connected with his father's army. During the war Charley killed over thirty men in private broils. Just after the battle of Lexington he had killed an old man named White for some supposed outrage committed by White on Captain Lightner, a kinsman of Charley. It is said that he was hung to a lamp-post out at Cheyenne by some of his own comrades just after the war. This Charley seemingly had a grudge against Judge Counsellor. "And it came to my ears," said Captain Celsus, "that he wished to kill your father. I at once sought him out and told him what I had heard, and said to him, and clinched what I said with one of our old University idiomatics, spelled 'D—n me, if I don't!' that, if a hair of your father's head was hurt I would hold him personally responsible for it; and if Judge Counsellor was killed I would kill the man that did it, or kill any man that ever said he would do so. I got my father to tell Charley the same thing. My father thought a great deal of you and Cousin Em, and told me a dozen times how you were affected on the steamboat 'Sunshine' at the woodyard landing between Jefferson City and Booneville. My father said that as soon as the battle of Lexington was over he would release and send your father home, as he was not making war on non-combatants. This, you know, he did."

Here the good wife said:

"John, you and Captain Price turn for a while from the things of war, and become little children again and play with this little babe, and I'll take Ginsy (the nurse) and, in the phraseology we learned among our Northern Methodist sisters, I'll 'prepare tea,' or what you two might call 'hash up a little hash for supper.'"

Now, the good wife, who previous to her marriage with John had never cooked a meal, had soon learned the marvelous tact as a cook of seemingly creating something out of nothing, and John was never ashamed, on notice or without notice, of inviting guests, even hungry as well as ascetical ones, to her table.

The supper being over and all sitting out on the porch in the deep twilight, Captain Price said to John:

"John, I hear that you are somewhat learned about what some call 'spiritual subjects,' and I want to ask you a question."

To this John replied:

"Since my mother died in 1857 I have given a good deal of thought to such matters, and since Em died in 1862 I have scarcely thought of any other sort of subjects. In fact, I have made a very serious study of all Bible things. But I confess I am still far from

having full light on the subject. Yet I think I am in the light of the 'first day,' and if your question appertains to the plane of things in that light I may readily answer it. What is it?"

"It is this," said the captain, "do you believe in the possibility of departed people, spirits or whatever you call them, being able to take possession of what are called 'mediums,' and through these mediums to talk to people on this earth? Now, let me have a fair and square answer to this fair and square question; because I assure you that I ask it in the utmost good faith and for the best of purposes."

"Yes, yes," answered John, "I not only believe in the possibility of such things, but in the actual fact that such things are now being done in all parts of the world, and, are not only now being done, but have been going on from the days of Samuel and the Witch of Endor, and from the more remote days of Job's time, when Job said, 'A spirit passed before my face and the hair of my flesh stood up,' down through the days when Jehovah was on earth and cast out of men 'all manner of spirits,' as related in all the four Gospels, down through the apostolic times when, as related of Paul and Silas, 'It came to pass, as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying.' This girl so 'possessed with a spirit,' it is related, 'followed Paul many days,' and 'Paul being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.' This was followed by the statement that, when the 'girl's master saw that the hope of their gains was gone,' they caused Paul and Silas to be accused and cast into jail, where took place the further 'spirited' transaction of the foundations of the prison being shaken and all the doors of the prison being opened, and every one's bonds being loosed. Certainly, my dear captain, no man can believe the Bible without believing in, not only the possibility, but the record of thousands of actual occurrences, that spirits 'obsess' people, and through these 'obsessed' people talk to men on this earth."

Here Captain Price said:

"And if a man can believe what he sees with his own eyes and hears with his own ears, as I have done, he must believe with Solomon that there is 'nothing new under the sun' and 'what has been will be again,' and that such things as spirits obsessing people is still extant. Because I am going to tell you and Cousin Clara something that actually took place with me, and it is this: Major Mellon was on my father's staff during the war as commissary. Also there

was a young man from Texas on the staff. Cousin Clara knew him at the University the year after you graduated, when she had just come back from Europe. His name was Drury Pulliam."

"Oh, yes, I knew him well," said Clara. "He was a beau of my most devoted friend, Laura Rollins. He was quite a high-roller, as I recollect. Laura told me that he saved her father's life, I believe, at the Centralia massacre."

"Yes, I've heard him speak of that," said the captain. "Even a rebel guerrilla has a tender spot in his heart. Drury was greatly in love with Laura. However, to my story, which is not a romance, but a solemn fact. Poor Drury was killed during my father's great raid in Missouri in 1864. He and I were the most devoted of friends, from 1859 at the University all through the war to the day of his death. Now, Major Mellon is a 'spiritualist.' For years he insisted on me attending one of the 'spiritualistic seances.' For a long time I told the major, in not very polite language at times, that I'd have nothing to do with such d—n nonsense; for I was really vexed at the idea of such a splendid man as Major Mellon believing such things. Finally one Sunday evening about a month ago the major called at my rooms at the Planters House, and insisted that for once I go with him to call upon a most noted medium, assuring me that she was a perfect lady and a most wonderful medium, being the refined daughter of an old ex-Confederate friend.

"For years I had known Major Mellon, and knew him to be a perfect gentleman and a most intelligent man. My father always trusted him implicitly where millions of dollars and thousands of lives were at stake. Every officer and private in Price's army will say what I say of the major. So, more on account of personal friendship than for any other reason, I went with him to the Sunday evening 'seance.' Now, John, don't you and Clara think that I am crazy when I say to you that the spirit of Drury Pulliam took possession of that medium and through her tongue and voice talked to me just exactly as he used to do through his own mouth, using the exact tone of voice (which was one peculiar to him) and the exact kind of words that he always used when he was on earth. In fact, if it had been Drury Pulliam himself, he could not have spoken in his own tone of voice and with his peculiar stilted words more naturally than did this medium for him. And he talked of things of which no one on earth excepting us two ever knew a thing about! Now, I'll say to you on the honor of a gentleman that what I have stated are facts, which Major Mellon will confirm word for word. Now what do you think of the matter?"

"Well," replied John, "as I stated to you in the beginning, I have no doubt of what you say as a fact. There is one thing, however, about which you and I may radically differ. It is that, while I admit, yes, know, that spirits always did, and always will, take possession of certain susceptible people who court and permit such obsession, yet I think such intercourse with the spiritual world exceedingly disorderly and dangerous. And while for over twenty years I have believed in the possibility and fact of spirits obsessing people as they did in Bible days, yet at the same time I have believed that such obsession is disorderly and dangerous. I have never attended a spiritual seance, and have always advised people not to permit themselves to consult those who have familiar spirits of divination. When this spiritual medium business first came about I read a work on it by W. B. Hayden, of Portland, Maine, in which he showed all of the details as well as the exceeding dangers and disorderly proceedings involved in obsessing and using people as mediums. Since that I have never had even a desire to comply with the request of those who are described by the Prophet Isaiah, as in the latter days saying: 'Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and mutter.' If you will send and get Mr. Hayden's book it will tell you more from both scientific and Scriptural standpoints than I could tell you in an all night's talk."

"Why," said Captain Price, "don't you believe that Swedenborg told the truth when he claimed that he had his spiritual eye-sight and hearing opened, and saw on the spiritual side of the Bible, as well as on the letter, and was thus enabled to 'spiritually discern' the Scriptures?"

"There is a difference between a 'seer' and a 'wizard possessed of a familiar spirit,'" replied John. "Yes, as vast a difference as there is between Paul and Peter and John, who saw things in the spiritual world, and the girl out of whom Paul cast the spirit of divination. A 'seer' never seeks to see. For good purposes the Lord sometimes opens the eyes of people on earth, as He did with the Assyrian boy, as related in the old Bible, and with Paul when he was caught up to the third heaven, and with the beloved Peter, James, and John on the Mount of Transfiguration, and with John, the Apocalyptic seer, who, on the Sabbath day, saw a door open in heaven, and saw seven golden candlesticks, and seemingly for a long period saw angels and dragons and beasts and horses, the rise and fall of great kingdoms, and finally, saw a whole new heaven and a new earth and a 'holy city coming down from God out of heaven upon

the earth.' Yes, Swedenborg might, like some of old, have had the gift of seership; but if he did, he certainly never sought it. It was given to him as a gift of the Lord for good purposes. And I am told that his followers say that his seership is proved by the test that Isaiah laid down in testing whether one is a wizard or a seer of God, by an appeal to 'the law and the testimony;' and that he may be tested by the standard laid down by the Apostle John in his first epistle, when he said, 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God;' and says that you may know whether they be of God, 'Hereby know ye the spirit of God; for every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is of God.' And I understand that Swedenborg is the only theologian, or explainer of the Scriptures, since the days of John and Paul who unequivocally teaches that there is but one God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is that one God, and that, besides this only one wise God there is no God—that in Christ God was 'manifest in all of his fullness in the flesh.' This being so, Swedenborg is differentiated from the wizards who have familiar spirits, all of whom deny the Godship of Christ, as Paul and John and James and Thomas, who acknowledged Christ as 'my Lord and my God,' 'differ from the witch of Endor or from the spirits that deny that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.' However this may be, the fact remains that 'seeking wizards who have familiar spirits' is disorderly, as I think. Because nearly all of the 'spirit-rappers' deny in the long run that there is any God at all, while Swedenborg teaches, with more power and more light than all the legions combined, not only the absolute necessity for a personal God, but shows in a most marvelous light how the Lord Jesus Christ is the First and the Last, the only wise God of heaven and earth, 'in whom dwells all the Godhead bodily,' as all the apostles preached."

"Then, you think," replied Captain Price, "that it was really the spirit of Drury Pulliam that talked to me through the St. Louis medium?"

"Certainly I do," said John. "From what you tell me of Drury, he was a high-roller and had very little regard for the laws of order, except so far as these laws tallied with his whims and caprices."

"Well, yes," said the captain, "that, I must confess, is about the size of it. And there happened a thing the next Sunday that confirms me in your view, that is, that it is only 'disorderly spirits' that seek to obsess people. Another medium tried to make me believe that my father, through her, was talking to me. But it did not talk like

my father, or use his peculiar kind of language, and I did not believe it was my father, though it told me of several things that no one excepting father and me knew anything about. What do you think of this?"

"Why, certainly," said John, "it was not your father. He was and is yet an orderly man, and will do nothing against the laws of order, and the law of order of heaven is that when people depart from the earth they ascend higher and higher through all the planes of the world of spirits until they reach their home in the heavens which are above the earth and above the world of spirits. Hence, you see by common perception that those who are descending and coming down to earth again are in inverted states of order, as well as of life. Upward is heaven! Downward is hell! This is universally recognized by all men. When you get home, please send for Mr. Hayden's 'The Dangers of Modern Spiritualism.' It is worth its weight in gold."

"Well," said Captain Price, "most preachers deny even spiritualism as a fact; but so far as I am concerned they might deny it as a fact till Doomsday, and I would tell them that I know it is a fact. But, as to what you say, I am not able to deny that it is disorderly. I believe that you are right. Mere bald-headed denials don't count, but a candid admission of a fact with an explanation of it satisfies rational men, and is the only thing that will or ought to satisfy them."

It was now quite late. John pressed his old college friend to stay all night with them, but the captain said that the Keokuk and St. Louis packet Warsaw was due at eleven o'clock that night, and he must go back to St. Louis. Just then the hoarse but sonorous whistle of the packet boat was heard up the river, and Captain Celsus Price, with that ease and grace that characterize the old-time Southern gentleman, bade John and his wife a friendly good-bye and shake of hand, and kissed Horace and Allie and little Cousin "Em," and went off the parsonage porch with John accompanying him to the gate. This was the last time on earth he was ever seen by the Counsellor family.

Soon after a rich aunt, Mrs. Garth, of Howard County, Missouri, died and left Celsus and his brother Heber a fortune, which these brave, bright sons of a brave old father used in a long sojourn in Persia for the study of the wonderful lore of the oriental occult sciences. It is very probable that, had Captain Celsus sent for and read Mr. Hayden's book which John had recommended, his long trip to the mystic Mountains of the Moon would have been saved. In

Hayden's book he would have learned more of the ancient magic arts of wizard and of the Middle Age divination of the Servian magi and of the latter-day disorderly procedures of the mediums than he could ever learn from the dreamy adepts of oriental occultism, or from a score of Madame Blavatskys.

Things herein related are facts,—real facts about real persons. We shall only add that under no circumstances can any spirit obsess any person unless such person is willing and seeks to be obsessed. Before the incarnation of Jehovah in the Christ in the flesh this was not so. Men then were unwilling captives to all kinds of disorderly spirits; but the sphere that Jehovah spread abroad throughout the realms of the human plane on earth “cast out” all such spirits, and they now have no power over man except such as men voluntarily seek to give them.

Oh, what a blessed thing is this one particular of the redeeming of men from the bondage of devils.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEVERAL PREACHERS AND POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

Andrew Monroe, Presiding Elder—His Idea of the Saints, and of “Ancient Landmarks”—A Sam Jones Blatherskite Who Preaches “Demonology”—John’s Counter Doctrine of Angel-ology—A Saloon-Keeper’s Reception in the Other World, and How the Angels Minister to and Judge Him—The Ministration of Angels—The Good Wife Prevents a Threatened Collision With the Presiding Elder—Regeneration—A “Campbellite” Brother Called to Explain “For Christ’s Sake.”

During John’s second year’s work on the Clarksville Circuit his presiding elder was a venerable minister, the Rev. Andrew Monroe. Brother Monroe was the most well-meaning and in some respects the most badly mistaken of men in his abstract doctrinal tenets. He was a great stickler for the traditional doctrines of his church. He honestly believed that these embraced and proclaimed all of the fullness of what once and for all was “delivered to the saints,” the Methodists being the “saints” and the “delivery” that was made being such as is contained in the articles of religion printed in the Methodist Book of Discipline, and in the disquisitions and diatribes concerning the same delivered by Wesley, Watson, Fletcher, and other Methodist theologians. Everything that Moses said in the law, everything that David ever said or sung in psalms, every word of wisdom that Solomon paraphrased in proverbs, everything that seer or prophet ever foresaw or prophesied, everything that John the Baptist preached in the wilderness or Jesus preached in the temple, everything that the apostles preached or practiced, everything seen, heard, or portrayed in that great apocalyptic cyclorama in which the doors of heaven were opened, and angels were the preachers,—yea, everything past, present, and future, appertaining to the kingdom of heaven, or to its counter kingdom of hell,—with Brother Monroe, all these things had to be considered in the light of what the Methodist Discipline said about them, all had to be judged after the wisdom of Wesley and Watson, all had to repose in a Methodist bed and cover themselves

with Methodist coverlets; and any stretching of weary or growing limbs beyond this bed was forbidden. The limbs had to be lopped off to suit the bed, instead of the bed made larger to suit the growing limbs of children made under the law of an endless growth of an endless life!

Strange as it may seem, in such dreams, such fantasies do even good men sometimes indulge. Some, instead of calling such indulgences "phantasms," call them "believing lies and being damned," or greatly damaged in both spirit and usefulness of life. Yet Brother Monroe did this thing—the very thing that the Jews did, although they did not know what they were doing, when they judged Jesus from the standpoint of their own traditions, instead of from the standpoint of the Law and Prophets.

Among politicians Brother Monroe would be classed as a "Bourbon who never forgets any old thing of Bourbon family history, nor ever learns any new thing." Brother Monroe never learned any new thing of Him "who sits on the throne and proclaims, Behold I make all things new."

Strange to say, there were many of such kind in the days of the first coming of the Son of Man; and prophecy, as well as actual observation of things right under our noses, shows that many such actually exist in the churches in this the day of the second coming of the Son of Man.

However, John continued to grow in both the grace and knowledge of God, and continued to bring out of the Scriptures things both new and old. Among the new truths—at least new to Methodist and other "orthodox" pulpits—was this, that "the resurrection" is the raising of the man himself from the earthly life to the heavenly life, and that this raising up or resurrection takes place, not at the end of the world, but in the third day after the death of the body, just as stated by the Prophet Hosea: "After two days will He revive us; in the third day will He raise us up and we shall live in his sight."

On "experimental religion" John preached that all of "experimental religion" did not consist in feeling good and crying and shouting at a camp meeting; but that it must be carried into such every-day experiences as a horse trade.

Strange to say, the preaching of the above two things caused him to be accused of "heresy," or "heterodoxy," or at least of not being "orthodox," while, as matter of fact, he both entertained and preached doctrines concerning the Godhead, and the doctrine that the Scriptures and not the men who wrote them were inspired, and

the doctrine of the ministration of angels,—all of which doctrines are about as different from the traditions of present-day so-called “orthodoxy” as the original doctrines or commandments of God were different from the traditions of the Jews.

Fortunately, however, for the church authorities, they did not accuse John of heresy on his views about the Godhead and the “Scriptures,” but accused him of want of orthodoxy on the two things above mentioned, which are not of much vital importance. When the day comes that any church calling itself Christian takes issue with what John believed and preached about the Lord Jesus Christ being the only wise God our Saviour, then that Church will fall on a rock that will grind it to pieces. Providentially for the present, the “orthodox” churches neither affirm nor deny that “there is but one God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is that one God.” They hold it as a “mystery,” and by doing this do not confirm themselves in the awful sin of again denying and rejecting the Lord in “whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.”

It is true that in their believing and preaching about the Godhead as a “mystery,” they are in a Babylon of confusion and spiritual drunkenness. Yet, if not called out of this Babylon during this life, all of those who really are in good of life will be called out by the angels in the judgment that takes place in the world to come.

The scope of this work will permit only a brief statement of John’s belief about the Godhead, the Holy Scriptures, and the ministration of angels. Perhaps as to the latter subject the matter can be the better illustrated by an occurrence.

There was a kind of Sam Jones blatherskite preaching through the country as an “evangelist,” who used to relate what will illustrate the “orthodox” idea of the reception in the other world of wicked people. The said Sam Jones, so-called evangelist, related as a matter of fact the following incident:

In Georgia there lived a good, pious father who had a son who enlisted in the Confederate Army. This boy was a quiet, orderly, dutiful son and neighbor. In one of the great battles on the Chickahominy Swamps the boy was badly wounded. He was placed in a cabin on the edge of one of the great swamps, and lingered on for weeks and months. His father was notified and came up from Georgia to nurse his boy. The father was a strict church member and very austere, while the boy was not a church member, but, taking after his mother, was a very amiable and kind-hearted sort of an outside Samaritan. Winter came. The boy still lingered, and the

father gently warned him about being "baptized and joining the church." This the boy refused, saying such things could make him no better,—that he was going to die and had no need of earthly priests with their earthly baptism and earthly churches, and that he would trust the High Priest above.

The father grew morbid, and as a matter of course was in a fit frame of mind to conjure up any morbid and horrible thing of mental illusion. One winter night the father laid in a lot of dry wood for fire. The boy lay upon the bed, and the father, after building up a fire, lay down on a cot near the bedside of his boy, fell asleep, and had the following delirious illusion of mind: He saw the Devil, who looked like a sort of human beast with cloven hoof and lizard-like tail. This devil came in through a crack in the door at the foot of the bed and anxiously looked around him. He then got upon the foot of the bed and nervously looked about him again. Then he got on the feet of the boy; then walked cautiously up his legs and got upon his breast and sat down there. Just at this time the boy's soul, or spirit, jumped out of his mouth, and with a loud shriek, ran out through the crack in the door into the winter night with the devil, also shrieking, close at his heels. The chase continued, both boy and devil shrieking and screaming, until the sounds died away far down in the mud and mire of the swamp.

The father then awoke,—the boy had really died. This Sam Jones evangelist (of diabolism and delusion) related the above as a real occurrence, and used it to show how "bad" people are ushered into and received in the other world.

John, on the other hand, was used to illustrate such things about as follows:

Anheuser Jones is a saloon-keeper. Like many other saloon-keepers, he is not altogether bad. He is a kind husband, a good neighbor, and an orderly citizen. He has conscientious scruples about the saloon business and often tries to quit it. But he has a family. He has no other way of making a living. He often wishes that he had some other way,—often promises his wife and some good Christian women that he will quit the business as soon as he can. In this state of mind he dies. The angels (not devils) "take charge of him," for God is the same in every world. When people come into this world through birth such angels as mothers and doctors and those who love little babes have charge of them. So also when people (good or bad, for God lets his sun and rain come to all alike) go into the other world through resurrection, the very kindest of

angels take charge of them. They take Jones to their homes and do all things possible to separate and save any little wheat that may be found among the tares in his field of life. These angels do all that is possible to find, amid a great deal of hay, dross, and stubble, any little silver that may be worth the saving. These good angels, in the great mass of heterogeneous materials look for that little seed of the kingdom of heaven which, though "the least," may under their tender ministrations become the greatest of all things in Jones's life. From day to day, from week to week, from year to year, if necessary, they keep Jones with them in their beautiful homes and their schools of instruction, furnishing everything without money and without price, and try and try, until, if possible, they succeed in strengthening Jones's bruised reed of life and fanning the smoking flame of love for good things that had been well-nigh quenched in the murky atmosphere of his saloon surroundings on earth.

These ministering angels are not only more intent on saving the remnants, of saving the wheat, the silver hidden in the rubbish, the bruised reed, the most extraordinarily least seed of the kingdom of heaven to be found anywhere in the mass of Jones's bad life,—in this effort to save these angels are not only possessed of a greater love than any earthly mother ever had to save the feeble and flickering life that shows any sign of itself in the pulse or in the eyes of her sick little child; but they are as much wiser than earthly mothers in saving life as an angel is wiser than poor weak mortals on earth. "When my father and mother forsake me, thou, O Lord, wilt take charge of me." And nothing, no, nothing in heaven or earth, can keep these ministering angels from saving Jones except Jones himself. If the ruling love of Jones's life is such that he prefers the company and teachings of these ministering spirits, or angels, to the association of devils, he will remain with them, and under their ministrations every tare that is in the wheat of his life will be winnowed out, and he will be guided by their counsel and at the proper time be received into his place in heaven. On the other hand, if Jones, like the prodigal, voluntarily parts company with the angels in whose charge the Lord places him, and goes off and consorts with devils, what little good he has will be taken away from him and he will be cast into more grievous states of life than he was ever in on the earth, and there he will remain until he has paid the last farthing and learned that he is a fool; when the Lord, who says that "He will not leave his soul in hell," will lead him forth by some way of which at present neither Jones nor others, perhaps, know.

The ministration of angels in the salvation of all heirs of salvation is as much superior to the ministration of earthly ministers as heaven is superior to earth. Were this not so, not one would be finally saved where there are ten thousand saved.

On one occasion when John had proclaimed the above sentiments, a lady whose church spirit greatly exceeded her Christian spirit, with dilated nostrils and heaving bosom, very angrily remarked:

"I don't believe that God gives people any such chances to be saved."

To this John replied:

"My dear sister, how many chances would you give your boy to be saved from the penitentiary, even worse, from hell? You hardly think you could give him too many chances, do you?"

"Oh, no," said the lady; "I'd give my boy ten thousand chances to be saved; but the Lord don't and won't."

"Then," replied John, "it is to be supposed that, notwithstanding the Bible says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up,' you would do more for your boy than the Lord would do. The truth is that you might sit down and think of ten thousand ways of saving your boy; but the Lord will think of ten thousand more until he is saved, if he wishes to be saved. For whoever asks, knocks, or hungers, or thirsts, shall get what he asks, knocks, seeks, hungers, or thirsts for."

The good lady could not claim to be more willing to save than the Lord, or that she would give her boy more chances of a reasonable kind to be saved than the Heavenly Father would give, especially as His mercy endureth, not for a day, not for one life, nor for one world, but "forever and forever."

What more reasonable than that angels, who know everything, will be able to save more people than earthly preachers, who in nine cases out of ten, are but the "blind leading the blind?" Besides, such texts of Scripture as the following directly assert the many uses of angels as helps to men: "The angel of the Lord campeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them;" "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." In Acts reference is made to those "who have received the law by the disposition of angels." Luke shows that angels "take charge" of people when they die; for it is there emphatically stated. "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels

into Abraham's bosom." Matthew shows that angels are employed to judge, or to separate the tares from the wheat; for in the parable of the tares and wheat it is stated, "Let both grow until the harvest, and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, but gather ye the wheat into my barn." "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels." One of the distinct promises made by the Lord to those "who have followed me in the regeneration," or who have become angels, is "Ye shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." The great apostle expressly declares, "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" and adds, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" Perhaps a thousand instances might be cited in the Scriptures where the Lord uses angels for "delivering men," for "taking charge" of men, "holding men up in their hands," for "teaching" men, for "judging" men, for separating good and bad,—yea, for all kinds of ministrations; for is it not written of angels, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth (sent out of the heavens) to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Not until the Dark Ages did the Church lose sight of the "ministration of angels." In fact, the angels do as much more for men than men on earth do, as the angels "excel" men in strength and wisdom and love.

No man who is a believer in the Holy Scriptures, and is sane of mind, can read the beautiful volume entitled, "The Angels: Who are They, and What Do They Do?" written by a Bible Student, John Hyde, but will see plainly that, without the ministration of angels, but few if any could be saved. As a matter of course, all admit that the preachers on earth do a good deal in helping to save men. Much more do heavenly or angelic ministers minister, not to one only, but to all who shall be heirs of salvation." Only a materialistic church can or will deny this.

As to the Scriptures, John preached boldly that in all cases where the literal sense or "letter" would kill, the spirit, or spiritual sense, would make wise unto life and salvation. All the literal wars mentioned in the Bible, under this doctrine, would prove to be wars against the enemies in our own heart and mind household. Instead of killing real men, women, and children, in wars of extermination, according to the literal practice of the heathen and barbarous Jews, Christians are to exterminate all errors of mind represented by men, and all evil lusts represented by women, and eradicate all thoughts of error and affections for evil, represented by sons and daughters.

By "spiritually discerning" the Scriptures there is not a wilderness in all Bible places that might not be made to bloom as a fruitful garden. There is not a "rock," great or small, that may not be made to gush forth with waters of life.

As to the "Doctrine of the Lord," that made the Lord Jesus Christ the "first and the last," the "Alpha and Omega," the "beginning and the end of the Godhead,"—made Him not only "the Son," but also "the Father" and the "Almighty God," on this John laid great stress; because it involved a subject which, if not understood, involved all other themes in darkness and confusion, because this is a thing that the "first and great commandment" deals with, as stated by Jesus Himself, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is *One* Lord." Not only the "first" in order of statement, but, like the first principles of any science, it must first be understood before there can be any possible understanding of the deep things of such science. As a matter of fact, the proper understanding of the doctrine of the Godhead being in its fullness in the Lord Jesus Christ will not leave one single stone on top of another of any creed as now formulated and preached by the so-called "orthodox" churches. The very fact that this doctrine will lead to the utter overthrow of all the doctrines of the orthodox church creeds makes it very distasteful to a mere ecclesiastic. Scarcely an "orthodox" preacher can even discuss the subject without getting angry. The mention of it seems to have about the same effect on the orthodox church preacher as did the declaration of Jesus on the Jewish multitude when He said, speaking of His "everlasting Fatherhood," "Before Abraham was I am."

This invariably causes the "casting of stones," if not a "casting out of the synagogue." The following is an account of a little altercation that John had with his presiding elder on the subject. The elder had called at the parsonage to give John some advice on church doctrine, and among other things said:

"I understand from some of our local preachers that you do not believe in the three persons in the Godhead as laid down in our articles of religion. How is this?"

John's wife was sitting near, and knowing that John's hour of being "accused" was at hand, laughingly said:

"Brother Monroe, I don't think that you and John will ever agree about what is good Christian doctrine until you agree how such doctrine is to be proved, whether from the words of the Bible itself, or from the writings of this or that church. I told John some years

ago, when he contended that he could preach anything that he could prove from the Scriptures, that he perhaps would find himself mistaken when what he preached and proved from the Scriptures was not in keeping with what the church standards taught on such subjects.

"Now, to save a good deal of misunderstanding between you and John, hadn't you better both agree to find out whether you wish to prove things by the words of the Holy Scriptures or by citations from the writings of the Methodist Church?"

Here the elder perhaps saw that he was in a "pocket," and said that really there was a subject of more importance, and which could be better understood than the subject of the Godhead, and that was the subject of "experimental religion," about which the elder said he had heard that John was heterodox, or at least not Methodistic.

On this point John stated his views substantially as before stated in this chapter, and added:

"As to the mere feeling of exultation that people have when they perceive that they love God or God loves them, such feelings are no index of the initial of regeneration; because every man undergoing the life of regeneration has such feelings on thousands, if not ten thousands, of occasions."

"What do you mean," replied the elder, "by undergoing the life of regeneration? Don't you believe the good old Methodist doctrine that men are regenerated, born again, born from above, born of God, at some particular time and place?"

Here John frankly stated:

"I do not believe in what is called 'instantaneous regeneration.' I believe that the putting off of the old man, Adam, and the putting on of the new man, Christ Jesus, never did and never will and never can take place at and during the duration of any particular tick of the clock. It is a lifetime work,—a daily taking up of the cross of Christ and crucifying the flesh and its lusts and appetites; and as the old Adamic life is lost in the death of these evils, the new Christian life of counter good flows in; as you die to one, you are made alive to the other. I cannot call to mind one single analogy in all nature, or one single text of Scripture in all the Bible, that would lead any intelligent man to believe that anybody ever has, or ever will, or ever can, in a moment, die to all of the old Adam in him and be made alive to all the new man Christ Jesus. Such things are utterly out of the range of all intelligent human experience, contrary to all analo-

gies of God's book, as written in the things of nature, and nowhere asserted by his revealed Word as contained in the Bible.

"On the other hand, there are manifold texts of Scripture that directly assert that, as it took the Christ thirty odd years in his life, to put off all that he inherited from the Jewish mother, and put on all that 'came down from his Heavenly Father,' so also it will take any and all men a good lifetime in this world and the help of angels in the world of spirits before they will fulfill the 'following of Him in the regeneration' which all must undergo before they shall be like Him, or born again, or renewed in His image and likeness.

"From Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians it will be seen that Christ had a dual nature, the infirm human derived from the Jewish mother and the Divine which was the Father dwelling within. So, man has two natures,—one called the Adamic, from below, and the other 'of God from above.' Paul described these two natures, and warned against the lower. If a person is 'led of the flesh,' or the old evil Adamic nature, he is not 'born of God.' If, however, he be 'led of the spirit,' he is 'born of God.'

"Now, everybody knows that this contest within himself to determine whether the 'flesh' or the 'spirit' shall rule, began at a time to which their memory does not run back, when they first had some suspicion, let alone conviction, that there was some difference between right and wrong, and when this 'life and death' in doing the right or doing the wrong was set before them. And any man who has intelligence to perceive and honesty to admit what he sees, will admit that during his entire earthly life this contest of being 'led by the flesh' or by 'the spirit' is going on. Only the angels will be with him when the contest ends, and when he shall be holy sufficient to go, without the sound of axe or any tool of iron, into his heavenly house or home.

"Hence the Lord speaks of the matter, not as an instantaneous act, but as a following of Him; for He says, 'Verily I say unto you that ye that have followed me in the regeneration . . . shall sit upon twelve thrones.' The Book of Revelation describes it as an 'overcoming.' The apostles described the life of regeneration as a warfare. In fact, it is a whole lifetime affair, and does not take place at any particular moment. If the being 'born from above,' or the kingdom of God in us, does not come as seed that is planted and gradually sprouts and gradually gets the blade and the stalks, and then the bloom and then the ear, etc., then there is no use in trying to believe the direct and plain words of the Scriptures."

Here the good old elder said :

"While what you say, Brother Counsellor, is not Methodistic; yet it has some ground for being believed from a Scriptural standpoint, but while we remain in the Methodist ministry we must submit to Methodist usages and doctrines."

Here Sister Counsellor announced supper, which I think she had "hurried up a lee-tle" for reasons that are obvious.

At the table the elder concluded his grace with the usual wind-up of "for Christ's sake." John was about to ask him for his authority in asking everything "for Christ's sake," when his good wife, seeing what was coming, turned the subject by inquiring about the wives and children of some of the brother preachers in the district. This was the last interview between John and his presiding elder. As to what the elder thought and did, we shall see when the next annual conference meets in a month or so at Columbia.

The next week John had a chance at his table to call for Bible authority justifying the conclusion of all prayers with the usual "orthodox" phrase, "for Christ's sake."

A Christian minister, of the Alexander Campbell faith, was dining with him. He concluded his "grace" with "for Christ's sake," and in the course of the meal, after John had complimented the sect to which the minister belonged as "proving all things by the Scriptures," and after speaking of a good many "non-scriptural superstitions" and errors that the followers of Mr. Campbell had exploded, John said to the minister :

"Brother Everett, I know that you people pride yourselves on being able to prove what you preach from the Scriptures. However, there are some things that you practice for which I have never been able to see how you find any scripture."

"What practice," said the preacher, "do you allude to?"

"Why," responded John, "that of ending your prayers as you did your little 'grace,' with the phrase, 'for Christ's sake.' Where is any scripture for such practice?"

While it is true that the members of his church are as ready with scriptural quotations as the left-handed Benjamites were in "slinging stones at a hair's breadth," yet at this the preacher hummed and hesitated, and made several attempts at several quotations which he failed to complete, when John's wife, seeing the situation, interposed :

"Well, papa, may be Brother Everett has not thought this subject of sufficient importance to study up on, and perhaps you had

better give the scriptures on your side first, and then give Brother Everett a chance; because that is nothing but fair. Yes, I think it is altogether parliamentary for the one that proposes a subject to open the discussion."

"Yes," said John to his wife, "what you say is true. But didn't Brother Everett open the subject by concluding his grace as he did? But, if the subject is not distasteful to him, we will waive all formalities and technicalities as to the right of way in discussion, and say:

"First, that this saying is based on the erroneous idea that there are two Gods, or at least, 'two persons,' in the Godhead, and that one of these must be addressed for the sake of the other one. There can be no doubt but that such altogether unscriptural delusion gave rise to this altogether unscriptural phrase of asking one person of the Godhead to do something for the sake of another person in the Godhead.

"Just as soon as men begin to see that there is but one God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this 'only wise God,' as Jude says, then will this phrase, 'for Christ's sake,' cease to be used by any intelligent minister."

"How will you conclude your prayers?" inquired the minister.

"Why," said John, "didn't the Lord Himself give an example of prayer when He said, 'after this manner, therefore, pray ye?' This prayer expressly taught by the Saviour Himself did not conclude with a 'for Christ's sake,' but with an ascription that gave some reason why the prayer would be answered; because it says, as a reason, 'For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory,' which are very powerful reasons why one might expect the One prayed to to answer and give what was asked for,—because He has all the power, and would be glorified in exercising it."

"It is true," continued John, "that prayers in the Bible have all been concluded seemingly somewhat at variance with the concluding ascription in the Lord's Prayer; but this is only seeming. Nowhere was ever a prayer concluded in the Bible based on the idea of there being two Gods, with such words as 'for Christ's sake.'"

"Well, please give a few samples of how a prayer ought to be concluded from a Bible standpoint," said the preacher, who had begun to exercise the peculiar trait of his sect of people in getting Bible authority for proving things.

"Here is one," said John. "In Isaiah it is said, 'I, even I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake.' In Ne-

hemiah it is said, 'For thy great mercy's sake thou didst not consume them nor forsake them.' The Psalmist said, 'Arise and redeem us for thy mercies' sake.' Again, 'Remember me for thy goodness' sake.' The Prophet Isaiah said, as a cause for hoping good things, 'I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord and the great goodness which He hath bestowed on them (not for Christ's sake, but) according to the multitude of His loving kindnesses.'

"Everywhere prayer should be concluded with the expectation that it will be granted because of the Lord's loving kindness, or of His 'great goodness,' just as children expect to get things from their parents, because they know that their parents love them."

Here the preacher said:

"I'll think of this matter, and if I can find any scripture to justify my use of 'for Christ's sake' I will call again and let you know."

But he never called any more at all.

John was about to ask him the difference between praying to "God" as such, and the "Father" as such, and whether any Christian, taking the Lord's form of prayer, was at all justified in praying to the Divine except under His name of "Everlasting Father" or "Father in Heaven;" but his wife, seeing that their visitor was not altogether at ease at the shape of things, changed the subject, by saying:

"Brother Everett, can't you bring every one of the children and Sister Everett with her knitting and darning and spend the day with us? I know that we would all love each other more if we only knew each other better."

To tell the truth, perhaps Brother Everett appreciated a triumph in a wordy discussion of more importance than 'loving one another,' notwithstanding the Apostle John's teachings.

CHAPTER XXX.

A DOCTRINE FOR WHICH JOHN WAS NOT ACCUSED OF
HERESY; BUT WHICH CAUSED HIS ACTION
AFTER THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

A Subject That Did Ring and Ring in John's Ears—A Fireside Talk About It Between John and His Wife—The "Second Coming"—It Is Now "At Hand," Sweeping Like a Noah's Flood, but the Churches Don't Know It—What Is Meant by the "Old" and "New" Heaven and Earth—John and His Wife Hold Up Their Heads and Rejoice.

There was one thing above all others that kept ringing, ringing in his ears, and kept up a commotion in his life that might well be described as wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes from beneath, the darkening of the sun by day and the failing of the light of the moon by night, and the falling of the stars from such heavens as were at that time above his mental earth.

He seemed to be on a house-top with voices saying, "Don't go down."

Seemingly, angels out of the Scriptures, as well as his mother, who was now an angel, and his wife, who already measured many heights, depths, breadths, and lengths of the measurement of angelhood, and the words of his old newspaper friend, all of these angel voices kept proclaiming with trumpet-like tones in his ear the hundred and odd things revealed as startling but solemn truths in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew and in all the twenty-two chapters of the Book of Revelation. Every once in a while a startlingly solemn truth with new light would flash athwart his mind like "lightning that cometh out of the east and shineth unto the west." However, these fitful flashes of light were growing more and more into the light of a day in which there was to be no succeeding night, nor need of candle between flashes of lightning.

He would open at the Book of Daniel and read, "And I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like unto the Son of Man came

with the clouds of heaven," and, like Daniel, John "was grieved in his spirit in the midst of his body and the visions of his head troubled him."

"Is it possible," he pondered from time to time, "that what Jesus said in verses thirty-seven and thirty-eight of the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew's Gospel,—is it possible, yea, is it not even probable, that the second coming of the Son of Man would be as the days of Noe, wherein all but a very few 'knew not until the flood came and took them all away?' 'Yes, yes,' said John, 'such a thing is not only possible, but it is probable.' It is declared by Jesus Himself to be a fact. For the Scripture above written concludes, 'So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.'"

John read an exposition of the Scriptures sent to him by his old newspaper friend which said: "Spiritually discerned, a flood means a perfect inundation and overflow by errors and falsehoods and spiritual lies of all the whole world of truth."

Such was "Noe's flood." The whole firmament of truth, the light of sun, moon, and stars, was darkened. So, at the first coming of the Son of Man, the Jews, the organized ecclesiasticism of that day, had darkened all the truths of heaven. Said Jesus himself: "Ye have made the commandment of God of none effect by your traditions." The chief of which "traditions" is that of which the Apostle Paul says: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ; for in Him (Christ Jesus the Lord) dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

Now, John knew from history that the Jews had altogether rejected and crucified Christ Jesus the Lord. And he knew from actual hearing and seeing that the ecclesiastical traditions of this day of the second coming of the Son of Man had again "spoiled" of their meaning the thousand and one commandments which proclaim the great central truth of all Scripture, that in the Lord Jesus Christ "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

Some of the present-day creeds call the Lord Jesus Christ the "second person in the Trinity." Many so-called Christian ministers look on Him as only a superior prophet or teacher. Many of them pray to another God (in their minds) called "the Father," and "for the sake" of the God called "the Son," and expect their prayers to be answered. In fact, John himself, in his youth under the ecclesiastical church tradition about the Godhead consisting of "three persons," had been in mind, a "Tri-theist,"—praying to "God the Father" for

the sake of "God the Son" to send "God the Holy Spirit" to do this and that. In worship, under the bewildering influence of this "Three Persons" tradition, he at times was pained at the idea that he might give a little too much glory to God the Son for being, seemingly, a little bit more tender and compassionate than God the Father was in demanding a good-sized price to be paid to his justice before he would consent to forgive the foibles and shortcomings of his poor, sickly, sin-stricken children on earth. And on inquiry John had found that this was about the pained and confused state of mind entertained by both members and ministry who had intelligence enough to have a rational thought about it, and sufficient courage of conviction to confess their sin in this vital respect against the great central truth of all Scripture, that "there is but one God," that "the Lord Jesus Christ is this One God," that "beside Him there is no God," that to Him directly all worship should be given in heaven and on earth; and to whom all prayer should be directed as to "Our Father in Heaven," because He is not only the Son, but the "Almighty God, the Everlasting Father."

When the words written in Revelation were trumpeted in his ears, "Behold I make all things new," when he heard, as stated in the first chapter of Revelation, "Jesus Christ who is the faithful (or truthful) witness," saying to John "to write the things that thou hast seen; and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter," and among these "written things" read and re-read such truths as that at His second coming, and really as the occasion of His second coming, the organized church had become fallen from its high apostolic calling, and become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

So, as usual in such cases, he went to his wife.

"Mamma," said he, "open up the old marked Bible, and let's see what it says."

"Mamma," with a smile on her face, said:

"Now, John, I think that this opening of the Bible is quite an improvement on your 'Well, well, wells.'"

So she got the old marked Bible, and opened it and read:

"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see, and they also that pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him."

"Well," said John, "I guess that I am at least one of the 'all kindreds of the earth;' for I certainly, like Daniel, have a little bit of the 'wail' feeling. Let me see. Didn't we read one of those

leaflets from the tree of life whose leaves were for the healing of the nations that wail, in which it was stated, and we thought thoroughly proved from the Scripture, that the term 'cloud when spiritually interpreted and discerned meant the letter of the Bible, which shaded or veiled the inner meaning, or spirit, or 'spiritual meaning,' and that 'eye,' being spiritually discerned, meant the mind that mentally 'sees' what is the meaning of things?"

"Certainly," said the wife, "there can be no doubt that in the Bible the letter is but a covering, or cloud, to veil the real spirit of things, so as to prevent such truths from being like the sunshine, too intense for the mind to receive in all fullness without being dazzled. Even Jehovah, when He wanted to manifest Himself to man, knowing that God out of Christ is a consuming fire, and that unless He 'veiled Himself,' 'covered Himself,' 'clothed Himself,' yes, 'hid' Himself, in a covering, or body, of human kind, man could not see Him and live, 'veiled' Himself by making Himself a little lower than the angels, and took upon Himself a body 'of the seed of Abraham,' as Paul wrote to the Hebrews."

"Now, John," said the wife, "the Word as well as God was made 'flesh,' that is, it also had a covering to the spirit of it, as a man's body of flesh covers the spirit within the man. Now you see, John, how this is. If all of a sudden you had come into the knowledge or light of the fact that we are now in the midst of the day and the things of the second coming of the Son of Man, as declared in Matthew and Revelation, my opinion is that you could have hardly stood the intense light, and you would have been in the plight of Paul when 'suddenly there shined about him a light from Heaven, and he fell to the earth.' You would have trembled with a fear, as the Israelites did at the hearing from Sinai of the commandments. There had to be a 'thick cloud on the mount.'"

"Well," said John, "I see in all the letter of the Scripture that this is the time of the second coming. And all commentators—'every eye'—see this. Now open the book again."

The wife opened and read:

"Behold. The tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, their God."

"That means," said John, "that the Lord has assumed a Divine-human body, or tabernacle, so that He might 'manifest Himself to man' as 'their God.' While formerly men had to go to the temple at Jerusalem to worship God, now they can come to Him in the tab-

ernacle of His body, in which He dwells, or is apprehensible and come-at-able by the minds of men."

"Yes," continued the wife, "in Verse 22 it is declared, 'I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.'"

"Yes," said John, "Jesus told the woman at the well of Samaria that there was no longer any need of going up to the temple at Jerusalem to worship God, and Habakkuk and Stephen and Paul all denied the idea of worship being confined to buildings made with men's hands, but spoke, as did Habakkuk, of 'the Lord being in His Holy Temple,' speaking of 'the temple of His body,' in which 'dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead.'"

"Then," said the wife, "I gather from what you say, and from what one of those 'leaflets from the tree of life' showed to be the fact, that, so far as each person is concerned, the second coming of the Son of Man consists in this:

"First, whenever a person has lost sight of the fact that there is but one God and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this only one God, and then, by searching the Scriptures, sees that there is but one God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this God, then takes place the second coming of this central truth of Him who said, 'I am the Truth,' to the *mind* of that person.

"Second, when the mind has received the Lord Jesus Christ as the only wise God the Saviour, and the heart begins to love this only God, then is the second coming of the Son of Man, or God in His Divine humanity, to the *heart* of the person so loving Him.

"Third, when the person with his mind sees and with his heart loves, and in his life, or acts, 'obeys' this Wonderful Counselor, this Almighty God, this Everlasting Father, this Son of Man and Prince of Peace, then there is the fulfillment of what Jesus Himself said: 'At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and I will *manifest myself* to him.'"

"Yes," said John, "that is exactly what I mean by the second coming of the Son of Man to individual men. Don't you think that such coming is sufficient? What more has a man than a mind and heart and strength? To see, or understand, the Lord and His words, to love Him solely and supremely, and to keep His commandments, is a very high and large estate."

"Yes, I think so myself," replied the wife. "But for people who look for some great spectacular appearing, as the Jews did, how

will you ever satisfy them that such a coming as you speak of is the fulfillment of all the glowing imagery with which Jesus in Matthew and John in Revelation portray this coming?"

"Well," said John, "let us take the case of His first coming. The Scriptures teach that as the Jews received Him at His first coming, so will ecclesiastical hierarchies receive Him at His second coming. Now, you know that such glowing imagery as follows was prophesied of His first coming.

"In Joel we read: 'Like the noise of chariots on the top of mountains;' 'All faces shall gather blackness;' 'They shall enter into the windows like a thief;' 'The sun and the moon shall be dark and the stars shall withdraw their shining;' 'And I will show wonders in the heaven and in the earth, blood and fire and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood before the great and terrible day of the Lord come.'

"Ezekiel and Malachi and all the prophets had glowing imagery about the first coming. Now, the Jews took all these things literally, and lost all idea of the spiritual things signified by the prophets. They hoped for a great earthly kingdom instead of the 'kingdom within them.' In their wild ambition for a great leader who would join issue on some Pharsalian battle-field with Caesar and overcome him and bind him to the chariot wheels of the conqueror.

"Now, when they saw 'the carpenter's son,' the 'man of sorrows,' the homeless wanderer about the brakes of the wilderness, the itinerant preacher haunting the fords of Jordan and the tanglewood of sea-sides,—when they saw the penniless sad-visaged man who had, seemingly, to press fish into unwilling partnership to raise tax money,—when they heard His seemingly un-Romanlike courage proclaiming, 'If a man smite you on one cheek, turn the other to him,' and, instead of sizing men up on the idea of 'how big is Goliath,' he estimated them as being great in proportion as they were like little children, and, instead of seeking dominion and rulership as masters over others, sought to become great by becoming servants of all others,—all their ideas of a King of kings and a Lord of lords disappeared at the one who was born in a horse-trough, educated in a carpenter's shop, and crucified as a malefactor.

"With all His great works of miracle, with all His exhibitions of wisdom, with all His wonderful counsel, the Jew could not believe that this homeless 'Man of sorrows' and of 'marred countenance' was the expected Messiah, although they were looking for His coming; for the Samaritan woman said: 'I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ.'

"So it will be with the 'fallen' church dignitaries at His second coming. They will be—yea, they veritably are at this day—looking for this coming to be with some great spectacular exhibition of fireworks that will burn up the earth and illuminate the heavens like a burning city. They look for a literal coming of a literal God upon the literal earth as a literal earthly ruler, at least for a thousand years, just as the Jews did. They are looking for the setting up of a kingdom without, instead of a kingdom within them.

"And notwithstanding spiritually their 'sun,' or love, has waxed cold, and their 'moon,' or faith, is growing dim and dimmer as the years come and go,—so dim that they have even quit hoping, let alone believing, anything about the coming of the Son of Man, or His ability to save them from sin while yet on the earth,—notwithstanding their 'stars,' or knowledges of spiritual things, have 'fallen' from spiritual altitudes called heaven to the ground, so that they don't know who their Lord is, what the resurrection is, what the atonement is, what the ministration of angels means, what is the 'letter that kills, and the spirit that giveth life,'—yea, notwithstanding they know that, out of some fifteen hundred millions of people on the earth, a fallen church has so failed to use its talent of preaching the Gospel to these millions and baptizing them into the name, or nature, of Jesus, only some four hundred million have ever heard the Gospel, and out of this four hundred million only about one in a thousand have 'obeyed' the Gospel, and even among those who have heard and been baptized, many, if not a majority, never go to church and do not even strive to walk perfectly in the law of the Lord. Yet they do not expect that God will take this Gospel-preaching exclusive prerogative, or talent, not used, from the non-user. In their wild, vainglorious imaginations of what great outward fireworks are to accompany the coming of the Meek and Lowly, they pay no attention to the 'still, small voice' that says, 'I come as a thief in the night,' just as the Spirit itself comes in the re-birth of man, coming whence and flowing whither no man knows.

"In their vain imaginations as to the 'Lo heres' and the 'Lo theres,' they entirely overlook that coming to their minds and hearts and lives of the Scripture fact that there is but one God, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is that God to whom all knowledge and love and obedience are due."

Here the good wife said:

"So you see, John, we are beginning to realize what our good old newspaper friend said we would if we only 'followed on to

know.' Listen here, what the marked Scriptures say: 'Nevertheless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me up by thy right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory.'"

"Yes," said John, "were it not for such helpful scriptures as the one you have read, we indeed would grow faint of courage, and experience what was prophesied of this second coming, that in its day men's hearts would fail them for fear."

"Papa," said the wife, "didn't our newspaper friend say that the chief rulers, as well as traditions or creeds of the so-called 'orthodox' ecclesiasticisms would take about the same attitude toward the true doctrine of the Lord at His second coming as the scribes and chief rulers, together with the priests and elders, with their traditions, did at His first coming?"

"Well, I think he did," said John; "but the very thought of such a thing affects me as Daniel was affected in his 'night visions' of the coming of the Son of Man. Daniel said of the seeing of the things of this coming: 'I, Daniel, was grieved in my spirit in the midst of my body, and the visions of my head troubled me.' And I fancy that, inasmuch as our own beloved Methodist ecclesiasticism is in some danger of being drifted into the same relation to true Christian doctrine as the Jews were in, we would better do as Daniel stated: 'Hitherto is the end of the matter. As for me, Daniel, my cogitations much troubled me and my countenance changed in me; but I kept the matter in my heart.'"

"That is, you think," said the wife, "that, as long as you remain a Methodist minister, loyalty to the church compels you to preach nothing contrary to the Methodist creed?"

"Well, not exactly that," replied John, "but it is sometimes better to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. The conference will soon meet and may be the Lord will lead us, by a way we know not, out of the dilemma."

"Yes," smilingly replied the wife, "by a way that we don't know of; for the Book says this 'way' that we don't know of is a very evident affair. Because we must confess that to be in a church and not of it, and the getting along in such a divided-house state of affairs without a 'scene' is something that is going to take a great deal more of wisdom than most of us children have. You really think, papa, that all of the orthodox world is at the parting of the ways in which they must either follow the Lord Jesus Christ as the only God of heaven and earth, or, like the Jews, they must reject Him as such."

"Why, certainly," replied John. "There is nothing more evident than that the churches are being drifted, or swept away, without knowing it, into the denial of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only wise God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Are not they all worshipers of Mars? Is there any concord between Mars and Jesus? Do they not all pray to the Father as one person, 'for the sake of Christ,' another person, thus making two Gods? Invariably yes, without a single exception among the preachers whom I have tried, and I have tried over one hundred, without one single exception when you say that there is but one God and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this one God, they will ask, 'Where then is the Father?' and begin to argue and confirm their idea of the Father and the Son being different persons, by asking, 'Didn't the Son pray to the Father?' Why, right in the beginning, they excitedly exclaim, 'Wasn't it said, Let us make man in our image?' and they will quote any passage of Scripture that has the least appearance of there being two or three Gods; notwithstanding that these Scriptures do not refer to a duality or multiplicity of persons or of Gods at all, but to the different elements or features of the same Person or God. For instance, David prayed, 'O my soul, why art *thou* cast down within me? Hope *thou* in God.' Yet all know that this address to his soul as 'thou,' as seemingly a second person, didn't make two men or two people out of the one man David. Paul spoke of two things or principles in himself. The Godhead has such features and elements as make God at one time a 'Redeemer,' then a 'Saviour,' then a 'Father,' then a 'King,' then 'Lord,' then 'Jesus,' then the 'Christ,' then the 'Son of God,' then the 'Son of Man,' yet even the orthodox churches have not gone so far astray as to call the Saviour one person and the Redeemer another person, the Father another person, the Son another person, and the Holy Spirit another 'very God,' and the Son of Man a different person from the Son of God, and so on *ad infinitum*, in multiplying Gods many and Lords many and persons many. And yet this is the very process of mind, the very road traveled by the Greeks in multiplying their Gods up to several thousand in number. The Romans did the same thing. So, also, did the Assyrians and the Egyptians. And even the Jews, by this same process, got to worshiping everything from a calf to Baal-peor, and from Baal-peor to Solomon,—on one Sabbath going to a Zidonian temple with one of his Zidonian wives and worshiping the 'Goddess of the Zidonians,' and on the next Sabbath going with one of the Ammonitish wives and wor-

shipping 'Milcom, the abomination of the Ammonites.' (I Kings xi. 5.) And so on through Jeroboam's reign, of which it is written (I Kings xii. 28): 'Whereupon the king took counsel and made two calves of gold, and said unto them (the Israelites), 'It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem. Behold thy gods, O Israel, that brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.'

"You know that when ideas were expressed by means of symbols, the 'calf' was the symbol of a particular feature or characteristic of the Godhead. The Jews separated this element, or one particular feature, into another person or thing, and worshiped it as a god having a separate existence from the body of the Godhead of which it was only a part.

"Our present day 'orthodox' creeds have progressed along the same road of multiplying Gods and Lords, and 'very' divine persons, to the extent of at least three; and it is only a question of time when they will have more. Some of them have already added the Virgin Mary and some this saint and some that. Nearly all of them place Peter and Paul and James and John on a level of infallibility with the Lord Himself, and are naming their temples, 'Church of St. John,' 'Church of St. Peter,' instead of having a mere wayside synagogue for opening the Bible and teaching, or the Church of Christ, with Christ Jesus as the only Rabbi and Master and Priest and Prophet, and the only wise God our Saviour. It is terrible," groaned John. "It is well that the great apostle Paul warned the church at Corinth that, though 'there be that are called Gods whether in heaven or on earth (as there be gods many and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things.' That is, there is but one God—one Divine Being—consisting of the Father as the Soul and the Christ as the body, yet being but one God, as a man's soul and body are but one man; for you know that a man is made in the image and likeness of God."

"But, papa," queried the now thoroughly interested wife, "what about the new earth and the new heavens and the passing away of the old earth and the old heavens that both Daniel and John speak of as taking place at the second coming?"

"Why, darling," said John, "this is all plain. Just take our case to whose minds the Lord has come, as yet only in fitful flashes of light or lightning through the clouds of heaven, through the letter of the Word of God. Just see how it is with us. The old earth of Methodism with its priests worshiping Mars, with its 'rul-

ing elders and bishops,' with its denials of the ministrations of angels, with its horrible idea of the bloody sacrifice of one God to appease the vengeful wrath of another God,—why, all of this earth is quaking beneath our feet and passing away; and a new earth is taking the place of the old, in which new earth we are finding pretty much everything new,—a new idea of God, a new way of interpreting the Bible, a new way of praying direct to God 'for His loving kindness' sake.' The old earth of a great earthly ecclesiasticism, with its earthly temples and earthly priests of power, is 'falling, falling,' and I may say, is about 'fallen, fallen,' from all Scripture places. And the heavens! The old heaven that was a place of idle vagabondism spent in loafing about at protracted meetings has given way to a heaven where each and all *will have a home and something to do!* The old heaven where God sits looking out for a chance to send some of his children to hell for any little wobbling on the spindle of their poor, sickly, weakly, diseased frames of body made out of dust,—this old heaven with its old God of vengeance has given way to a new heaven which is like a Father's House of many mansions, with the doors open day and night on every side for the return to their homes of all His wandering, prodigal children that have wandered off among all the nations, kindreds, tribes, and tongues of earth. And in the doors of this heavenly House, the Father stands, longingly looking out for the return of His poor erring children. The old heaven of seeing God gathering a few of His sheep into the fold, and closing the doors while the 'many' of his children are out on the bleak, wintry mountains among wolves and wild beasts,—this old heaven has given place to a heaven in which we hear the Good Shepherd say, 'I shall not rest day or night until I gather ninety-nine out of every hundred of my children,—and when I've gathered these ninety-nine, I'll not close the doors and sit down feasting while there is one of the family fold whose seat is vacant around the home fireside,—I'll go forth, I'll bend the heavens, I'll go into the wilderness, I'll ascend the mountain side, I'll go into the world of spirits, I'll descend into the hells, and I'll not only find, but will press those of the streets into the great supper that I have prepared for the whole family. Yea, I'll restore all places, persons, and things; there shall be a *restitution of all things*. All of the kingdoms of all worlds are mine, and I am going to have my way of salvation to the uttermost parts of every nation, kindred, tongue, and tribe.'

“So the Lord hath said, and His word goeth forth so that there is no speech or language where it is not heard,—heard on earth,—heard in heaven,—heard by spirits imprisoned in the world of spirits, and his word shall not return unto Him void. He will gather in his arms and bring back on His shoulder all the wanderers, all of even ‘the lost,’ for His arms shall not be shortened or His strength weakened until He has overcome all,—yea, overcome death and hell itself, and set all prisoners free. Oh, my darling, my darling wife, what would we not do for these our own little children that are innocently sleeping, looking to us for protection and food and clothing? We would do much for them. Yea, if we did a million times as much as we would and could do, yet the Heavenly Father will do more for us. For your love for the little children that sleep to-night in our poor home may fail, my darling, but the love of God, the great heart of the great Father, will never fail.

“What a different view of the Father is this from the old one that He is going to gather a few into His kingdom and turn the many over to the devil. Why, the Jews had this very idea of a very select set of elect. Oh, wife, wife,” exclaimed John, “look at our earthly church, the old Methodist ecclesiasticism. It is quaking beneath our very feet. For there shall be earthquakes. It is passing away from our thought, from our love, from our labors. Perhaps this is the last year that we shall ever labor in its vineyard! It is passing, passing away, so far as our spiritual earth is concerned, and in its place a new earth, a new church is forming,—a church in which Jesus alone is the ‘Prince,’ the ‘Almighty God,’ the ‘Everlasting Father;’ and love with its consort truth—love to this God and the neighbor—takes the place of ‘faith alone.’ So of everything. Verily, the old heavens and earth are giving way with us to the new earth and heavens!

“As with us individually, so it will be with the church. When the church, in its creed, in its faith, in its love, in its life of doing good, recognizes the Lord Jesus Christ as the only one to love,—the only one to follow,—then there will be a passing away of the old miserable church earth, and in its place a new church on earth will come. Yea, the very ‘orthodox’ heavens with its select few, with mothers feasting while their children are burning—even the old God as imagined by the old mind of men, as one who had to be paid a bloody price to buy off His justice, will give way to a God who spends all of His riches of power and wisdom and love to save His

children. What further use have we for an old earth and an old imaginary heaven passing away as worthless as a scroll? Have we not the coming of a new earth and a new heaven wherein dwelleth righteousness (not wrongness), and in which there is no night. Oh, indeed, we can now understand, when we see the effects on our minds of the second coming of the Son of man, why the Master said, 'Hold up your heads and rejoice' at the prospect, let alone the reality, of such a coming. Who would not rejoice at the recognition of God as being such a God as dwelt in Jesus the Christ, so kind, so sympathetic, so helpful, so full of compassion, so much more kind to all of His children, especially the weak and sick ones, than an earthly father or mother can be? For He is our Heavenly Father who, when an earthly father and mother forsake us, will 'take us up.' "

"Oh, papa," said the wife, "if we could only get our good old Methodist Church to see like Daniel, yes, like even us now, in the 'night visions,'—yes, in the awfully dark night, the midnight itself of the church,—to see the 'visions' of the coming of the Son of Man such as we see. It cannot be possible," continued the wife, "that you will be cast out of the church for seeing these 'visions' of the Son of Man, not only coming, but already come in the clouds of heaven to many here and there all over the earth!"

"Well, you know, darling," said John, "that they not only rejected the Lord Himself and cast Him out of His own kingdom, or church, but crucified Him. And He said that if they received not Him, neither would they receive His Word or His prophets. They would saw them asunder alike."

"There is another point," continued the wife. "Did not one of the leaflets that our old friend gave us say that in the world of spirits there had congregated during the Dark Ages an innumerable horde of spirits of men from the earth, composed of agnostics and infidels, materialists and spiritualists, and those who believe lies and love mystery and darkness, and that his great horde vainly imagined and believed that, as they saw no devil or hell such as the ignorant church ecclesiastics had pictured on earth, therefore they were in heaven,—at the end of things?"

"Yes," replied John, "what you say is the truth. At the end of every dispensation the Bible describes a judgment in the spiritual world by spiritual means upon the spirits of that dispensation. And, as the world of spirits is the root, or source of life, of all things on earth, when anything takes place in that world, the effects are seen

on this earth. Hence, after John described a general judgment which he saw when he was 'in the spirit,' and saw all of the imaginary heavens dissolved by the proclamation of the truths indicated by the sounding of trumpets, he then described what came down from God out of heaven upon the earth, and, as there was a new idea in the world of spirits of what heaven is, so this new idea, or truth, came down upon the earth, and created a 'new earth.' Until this old, imaginary heaven, composed of the mingled horde of spirits that went up there during the Dark Ages was dissolved, the church on earth partook of the nature of the so-called church or heavens in the world of spirits.

"But, from this on, the church on earth, or the 'new earth,' will be patterned after the truths handed down from above, and thus be 'born from above,'—which process is now going on. Now all old things are being made new, in keeping with the 'new heavens' in the world of spirits."

"Then," queried the wife, "I understand that, at the end of each dispensation, there is a general judgment in the world of spirits to judge such spirits as those spoken of in the parable of the wheat and tares, that couldn't be judged as they went up from the earth, but had to be left until the 'end of the world,' by which 'end' we know is meant the end of a dispensation?"

"Certainly," said John, "your idea is correct. "And the end of an old dispensation is always succeeded by a new one being set up, or inaugurated, in its place. This is indicated by an 'old earth' giving way to a 'new earth' and an 'old heaven' to a 'new heaven.'"

"Now, the so-called 'orthodox' church has come to an end,—at least, like the Jews, it has ceased to keep and cultivate the Lord's vineyard. It has become Babelized and 'drunk' on the cup of a thousand fornicated and adulterated errors. At its close the 'new earth' and 'new heaven,' indicated by the New Jerusalem described in the Book of Revelation, is coming down from God out of heaven. We are now in the midst of the days of this coming, and if we can endure to the end all things will be glorious. The coming, so far as the earth of life is concerned, is like the tidal sap of spring coming into the roots and flowing out through the branches of forest and all vegetation,—throwing off the old bark and leaves and dead twigs, and putting out, like the fig tree, new leaves and new fruit.

"We have to do with the judgment in the world of spirits only so far as that judgment affects us here on earth, and it affects us as

causes are related to effects. Swedenborg, the greatest expositor of Scripture the world has ever seen, says that the judgment on Babylon, or on the fallen church of the Dark Ages, took place in the world of spirits some one hundred and fifty years ago, and its effects are now being manifested on the earth."

It must be remarked that it is true that John's mistaken idea of loyalty to his church creed, to his church "authorities," and to his churchism generally, restrained him from publicly preaching the Gospel truth that he and his wife investigated and believed, as in this chapter related. And in this, did he not follow in the footsteps of the only "Master" of all things? For He, while a member of the Jewish Church, denounced its terrible apostasies and sins. Still, it may be that, while He was the Judge of the whole earth, yet no particular man is authorized to judge; but to do as John and his wife did, "search the Scriptures," and learn and act for themselves. It was the entertaining of such truths as those given in this chapter that led John to the action which he took on being charged with heresy as hereinafter related.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"SIGNS" OF THE NECESSITY FOR THE "SECOND COMING" OF THE SON OF MAN.

Remarkable Sermon of Elder Leftwich, D. D.—The "Throne" of Jesus the Lord to "Let Down"—Romanism of a Texas "Methodist Divine"—"Wooden Temples" Again Regarded "Holy"—The Ecclesiastical "Captains" Seek "Dens" and Call on "Rocks" to "Hide Them"—A Few of These "Dens" and "Rocks" Enumerated and Exposed—Why John Didn't "Go Out."

During John's four years' connection with the Southern Methodist Conference in Missouri, he heard a good many strange ideas advanced by the big preachers. Perhaps the most noted of these were in a sermon preached by the Rev. W. M. Leftwich, D. D., who was considered one of the ablest exponents of Law and Gospel in the bounds of Methodism, and for whom John personally entertained a regard, if not an affection, that a son might entertain for a father, for Dr. Leftwich was one of the most congenial and accomplished gentlemen that John ever met. Most especially was he kind and encouraging to all young ministers. But, notwithstanding this, John and his wife were much staggered at one of his sermons, delivered at the dedication of one of the new churches built within the bounds of one of John's circuits, Prairieville, if I recollect. The text was this: "Then cometh the end, when He shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father."

What the good but not wise Brother Leftwich preached, and what effect it had on John and his wife, will be seen from the following conversation that took place between them when they returned to the parsonage after the dedicating sermon.

"Papa," said the good wife, "we think the world and all of Brother Leftwich; but I don't know when I was ever so much disappointed and actually pained at a sermon, as I was at his dedicatory sermon."

Now, John was as much pained as his wife, but he was a little more disposed to palliate things than was she,—not that he had more

of that charity that "hopes and bears all things" than did his wife, but because he had, at any time, less of that finer conscientiousness that demands that people shall not feign what they do not feel, which conscientiousness characterized his wife all through her life. So he merely said:

"Well, well, well, darling!"

Upon which the wife said:

"Why, John, if the apostle had exhorted, 'Let your conversation be 'Well, well, well,' instead of being 'Yea, yea, and nay, nay,' I think that you, instead of the Pope, would be in a sort of infallible apostolic succession—in style of conversation at least. Still, I think that really you are excusable for your wail of 'Well, well, well,'—or rather your requiem of what you really mean and are trying to say, 'Peace, peace, peace,' when you know and feel that there is no peace.

"Now, let me ask you a few questions," continued the wife. "Didn't Brother Leftwich expressly say that the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ would one day come to an end?"

"Yes," said John.

"Well," said the wife, "I am going to read what the Bible itself says about this kingdom of Christ. The Psalmist says, 'The Lord is King forever and ever.' Now Paul, in his first letter to Timothy, calls the Christ Jesus 'the only Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords.' Some may deny that the Lord Jesus Christ is 'the only Potentate.' So here is some more Scripture from that good old prophet, Isaiah, who, above all others, prophesied of the coming of the Messiah. He says, speaking of the child unto us born and the son unto us given, 'Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom to order it, and establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever.'

"And Daniel, in speaking of Christ's kingdom to be set up in the midst of the days, says of this kingdom that it 'shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, and it *shall stand forever.*'

"Daniel further says: 'And I saw in the night visions, and behold, one like unto the Son of Man; . . . and there was given Him dominion and glory and a kingdom; . . . and His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.'

“And in Verse 27 he speaks of this kingdom as an ‘Everlasting Kingdom;’ and says that all ‘dominions shall serve and obey Him.’

“Then, Isaiah says: ‘His seed shall endure forever, and His throne as the sun before me.’

“And after prophets had spoken in the beginning, here comes the Revelator in the end, and says: ‘The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.’

“Now, then, papa,” queried the good wife, “which are we to believe, our good Methodist Brother Leftwich or David and Daniel and John and all of the Bible writers?”

“Well,” said John, “however much we love and respect the good old Methodist preachers, we will believe the law and prophets and Gospel and Revelation before them.”

“How could Brother Leftwich,” continued the wife, “make such a grievous mistake as to claim in the face of one hundred texts of Scripture that there would be an end of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ?”

“Why, this is very plain,” said John. “You see that the Methodists make ‘three persons’ in the Godhead, each, as they say, ‘very God.’ Of these three they say that the ‘Son’ is the second person. Their mistake is this, instead of making the Son a ‘person,’ a ‘very God,’ they should do as the Scriptures teach, that is, say that the Father is the soul, or essential Divine, from which all things come, and the Son is the human element by which all things are done, and that the ‘Holy Spirit’ is the Divine life proceeding from the Father and the Son, as a man’s power proceeds from his soul, or spirit, through his body, or, as the light and heat of the sun are ‘shed forth’ from the internal heat of the sun through the body of the sun as a medium or mediator.

“What Paul meant was that, in order to assist man and to be ‘at-one-ment’ with him, and to ‘help’ him ‘overcome’ all his foes, God clothed Himself with, or made for Himself, a human body called the Son; and in this human body, while battling on the human plane, we may say, as a ‘man,’ He overcame and subdued all the enemies of man. And He did this in His human body. He did this as ‘a man’ (being ‘very man’ on the outside, and ‘very God’ on the inside), so that man also might do what He did, He assisting man, as the Divine, or Father, or Soul, assisted the Son.

“Just so soon as God in the flesh, or in the Son, or in His human nature, had put down all rule and all authority and power,’ then He

put off the mere human, or all that He was clothed with from the human mother, Mary, and put on a Divine Human from God, even the Father, and thus began to exert power and rule as 'the Mighty God and Everlasting Father.' Yet He was the same Lord Jesus Christ whose kingdom shall endure as the sun in the heavens endures forever.

"But as long as one professes to believe in more than one person—or in more than one God—he will never be able to see the meaning of such texts as that which Brother Leftwich endeavored to explain, yet so signally failed to do. You know that all orthodox churches have one person in the Godhead—the Son—offered as a sacrifice to another person in the Godhead. This they call the 'Vicarious Atonement,' which is as great a mistake as and more hurtful than the mistake of supposing that the kingdom of the Lord will have an end. They even pray to one 'for the sake of' another."

"Indeed," said the wife, "there is great need for a 'second coming' of the Son of Man to a church or to preachers who are in such midnight darkness,—perhaps a greater need than for His coming at first."

Years after this, in far off Texas, John heard another dedicatory sermon from one of the leading D. D.'s of Texas, in which this good but not wise doctor took as a text: "The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him" (Habakkuk ii. 20).

This D. D. called the wooden church structure, built of human hands, the "holy temple" that the prophet spoke of and ascribed as much "sanctity" to this wooden structure as he ascribed to the "temple not made with hands," the body of the Lord in which He "manifested" on earth the indwelling and invisible God. Why, Habakkuk had just spoken of the unprofitableness of "wood" laid over with gold, but which had no breath, even as a wooden church structure has no breath. Stephen was stoned, not by the Lord, but by a sensualized set of ecclesiastics for preaching that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands" (Acts vii. 48). And Paul, as stated in Acts xvii. 24, declared to the "ignorant" of Athens that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

This good Texas D. D. was being swept away into the Romish error of ascribing more sanctity to an ecclesiastical building than to a home or other places. What more sanctity has one place than another? It is true that both the Jews and the Romish Church worship even days, seasons, moons, and places. But the true Christian Church utterly repudiates all such things, and with very great reason repudiates them.

In order to get a great Christian apostle winnowed of the Jewish tares that still adhered to him through his Jewish heredity, the angel of the Lord had to let down from heaven a sheet full of all manner of four-footed, wild, and creeping things of earth, and all kinds of fowls of the air. At this vessel full of odds and ends the Jewish stomach of Peter revolted. But not so that of the angel. Hence the angel says to the Jew, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." And yet, after over nineteen hundred years of the preaching of Christian doctrine we find an ecclesiastical rabbi, of even a John Wesleyan church, preaching about the "holiness" of one place over another, and preaching that the "living God" takes up His abode in "houses made with hands." The next thing will be that Methodist priests will be preaching the doctrine of the woman at the well in Samaria, that it is necessary, in order to worship God, that "you-uns" must go up to the temple at Jerusalem, and "we-uns" must go to the altars on the mountain tops of Samaria,—a doctrine which the Lord Himself utterly repudiated by saying that God is a Spirit and seeketh worshipers to worship Him "in spirit and in truth" in all places and in all things of life.

The truth is that any one who is able to "discern the signs" will discover, in every preachment and prayer of the big ecclesiastical "Masters" and "Rabbis," as to both doctrine and animus, things that absolutely necessitate the "coming" again or the second coming of the meek and lowly Son of Man to His own meek and lowly church. And when He comes He will again be rejected by His own!

It was no idle query made by the Lord when plaintively He inquired, with a sad introductory,—*"Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"*

That He will find no faith in Him as the "Everlasting Father," which is His chief feature and the one in which all the hope of His children on earth is centered and dependent, will be seen from what follows, as well as from other thousands of things.

For some thirty odd years John had been in the habit of asking ministers and "Amen Corner" members of the several ecclesiastical organizations three questions,—all Scriptural questions; and while all of them had invariably very glibly answered the first and second questions, yet every one of them without exception either refused or failed to answer the third. Many have utterly repudiated even the idea contained in the third question. The solemn truth is that, where any so-called "orthodox minister" gives a correct Scriptural answer to the third question, he then and there admits what will inevitably over-

throw and "not leave one stone upon another" in the structure of his entire so-called orthodox creed, or system of doctrine; and rather than repudiate the church creed, an ordinary ecclesiastic will repudiate the "Christ." That this is so, we will ask our readers to prove it for themselves by doing as John has done for over these thirty years,—that is, submit for answer to the first one, two, or one hundred of "orthodox" ministers that you meet the following three questions:

First. "How many Gods does the Bible proclaim?" This all will glibly and necessarily answer, "only one," because this is declared in thousands of Scriptural texts.

Second. "In how many texts of Scripture is the Lord Jesus Christ called and recognized as God?" To this all will answer, "In a great number." The truth is that there is not a single place in the whole Bible where anything is said or predicated of God, that does not apply to the Lord Jesus Christ as the God or the feature of the God spoken of; for He Himself, after His resurrection, on the road to Emmaus, had an interview with some of His followers of which it is written: "And beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." (See Luke xxiv. 28.) And He said: "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Him."

Third, "If there is but one God, and if the Lord Jesus Christ is this one God, where then is the Father?"

The Scriptures declare the answer in a multitude of passages.

"Blessed be thou, O Lord God of Israel, our Father forever and forever." "Unto us a child is born and a son is given; whose name shall be called . . . the Everlasting Father;" "Thou, O Lord, art our Father and our Redeemer;" "Thou art my God, my Father, and the rock of my salvation;" "Lord, show us the Father. . . . Jesus said, Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. And how sayest thou, then, *show us the Father?*" Jesus had just said to Thomas, "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also, and from *henceforth* ye know Him *and have seen Him.*" Paul calls Him that "descended and ascended" the "One God and Father of all." Yet, notwithstanding all this, that in the Law and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, and in the Epistles, and in the great final Book of "revealed things that must come to pass,"—notwithstanding that from all these high up hill countries comes witness after witness testifying with unanimous acclaim of the Lord Jesus Christ,

"Thou, O Lord, art our Father and our Redeemer," when you ask of any and every "orthodox" minister a question that implies that the Lord Jesus Christ is "The Father" as well as Redeemer, then and there these so-called preachers of Christ in "all of His fullness" will, instead of answering straight from the shoulder, as Lawgiver, Prophet, Psalmist, Evangelist, and Revelator all answer, that He is not only the Son, not only the Redeemer, not only the Saviour, not only the Almighty God, but He is also "The Everlasting Father," instead of making this scriptural answer, they will begin to "wobble," or prevaricate, or get confused, or grow angry, and jump the question. And then, if pressed, they will begin to feel the "truth" that all men feel when their errors or evils are exposed, and they will begin to do as stated in Revelation vi.16—what all the "captains" and "great and rich men" of an earthly sensual church will do when the Son of Man comes revealed in His true nature of Alpha and Omega, as God, Father, Son, Redeemer, All in All—they will begin to "hide" themselves in some of the "dens" of their own misconstruction, or call on some of the "rocks" that they have hewed out and missculptured to "hide" them from the wrath of the Lamb.

One will say: "Didn't the Son pray to the Father? How then can it be said that the Son is the Father? Can one pray to himself?"

Another will say: "Do not the Scriptures speak of three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit? How then can one person be another?"

Another will say (and John has heard more than one make this Babylonish admission of mystery "written in the brow"): "Why, the Bible is not a revelation, but a mystery, and we are not expected to understand, neither can we understand the things there stated." And this notwithstanding Jesus said, "Blessed is he that heareth these sayings and understandeth them." And, strange to say, many will actually affirm, in the very face of a thousand scriptures, that there are "two Gods"—God the "Father" and God the "Son." And some will go so far as to proclaim their traditions, or creed, for the Word of God, and say that there are "three—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, 'each very God'—and yet it is not 'permissible to say that there is more than one God.'" All of which any way-faring man will recognize as unmitigated midnight darkness and Babel building not excelled on the ancient plains of Shinar.

Now, the first "den" that they seek to hide in is that the Son prayed to the Father. They overlook a thing that is, by precept on precept and line on line, often taught in the Scriptures, that in every

man there are (not two persons, but) two natures,—the lower and the higher, the natural and spiritual, the outer and inner. David recognized this when he interrogated and exhorted his soul: “Why, art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.” Here he addresses his own soul as “thou” in the language that implies a second person. But all know that there was no second person. And all should equally know that in the infirm human nature called the Son, with which the Lord clothed His Divine nature for earthly purposes, there was no second person who was supplicated, any more than there was in David’s case. It was merely an appeal of the lower nature in the Lord to the higher one,—of the human to the Divine.

So, also, we find Paul in a dozen different statements showing this double nature in man,—the mind serving God, and the flesh serving sin, one thing in him doing good while another is doing evil, allowing one thing and doing another,—just the same as if He were two persons. In like manner when Jehovah assumed a human nature by incarnation in the Christ, there were two natures, not two persons. Paul himself spoke of these two natures in Jesus Christ when he said: “Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, etc., for to make *in himself of twain One* new man.” What could be plainer than that? While there were two natures yet there was but “one man.” In fact, this making “of twain one” was the very “*at-oncement*” itself concerning which “orthodoxy” is in such grievous midnight darkness as to teach it as being a commercial transaction in which an angry God was paid a price to get Him to pardon His poor sin-stricken children.

Then, again, there is not one single man, woman, or child who has ability to exercise that rational thought that enables a man to know himself who does not know of the double nature in his own person. It is folly to doubt this. And yet, notwithstanding the great expositors and writers of Scripture,—the Psalmist David and the Apostle Paul,—spoke of two natures that were not two persons, and notwithstanding every man has this witness in himself and knows that he himself is a veritable Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll, and notwithstanding Lawgiver and Prophet and Psalmist and Apostle and Revelator, all declare that there is but one God, even the Father, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this “Almighty God and Everlasting Father,” yet, in order to keep their ecclesiastical “great God Diana” from falling down, some of the so-called “orthodox” “silver-smiths” cry one thing and some another. It is a sad fact that it is

always the Demetriuses,—the high-priests, the elders, the rabbis, the ruling masters,—of some ecclesiastical craft that raise the cry, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians,” when old hoary error is in danger of tumbling down from its creedal pedestal,—for the common people, by which is meant those who do not “exercise dominion over others” as do the ruling ecclesiastical priests, hear new truths gladly and would adopt them were it not for the weakness in human nature, which in its dependence inquires, “Have any of the scribes done this or that?” Jesus Christ would never have been crucified if the common people had had their way. The blood was not even on the gentile ruler, Pontius Pilate; but “on us and our children,” as cried the priests and rulers of the synagogue.

Now, as to the other “dens” that the ecclesiastical captains seek to hide themselves in, as to the other rocks (rocks in a bad sense mean errors of doctrine) with which the “rich and great” men of orthodoxy seek to cover themselves, they are scarcely worthy of serious consideration. The idea that revelation is a mystery, and can’t be understood. The idea of more than one God. The idea that certainly so many men cannot for ages follow after a lie. The idea that the age and generation of Babel builders has forever ceased.

There is a special rock, or grievous error, under which persons notably labor who refuse to hear the voice of the Son of Man at His second coming commanding them to “come out of Babylon.” This error is that the sporadic cases of what might be called “wandering stars” are cited as examples of the fate of those who, disgusted with the extreme follies of a “fallen” church, go out from it in such utter disgust that they even find more self-respect in being agnostics, or even infidels, than they do in a vain effort to say that they believe things preached by priests which neither the preacher nor hearer understands.

Now, an agnostic or an infidel is apt to indulge in extremes of impiety in order to show his disgust for those who, still in Babylon, make and believe lies and are thereby damned with spiritual drunkenness. The fate of these “wandering stars” is enough to deter a timid person of fearful heart from ever emerging from the “dens” of a fallen Babylon. But there is as much difference between a person who “comes out of Babylon” on hearing the heavenly voice of an angel (the truth), saying to him, “Come out of her, my people,” and a “wandering star” of agnosticism or infidelity, as there was between the apostles who heeded the call of Christ to come out of a fallen Judaism and follow Him, and the temple priests and pharisees

who boastfully claimed to be the elect children of Abraham whilst unknowingly murdering the very God of Abraham. No star can be called wandering which revolves around the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Sun of Love, Light, and Life in all of the heavens. Such stars are those who revolve around the Lord Jesus Christ as the "only wise God" to be worshiped in the days of the second coming.

One reason why a "fallen" church perpetuates itself is because of attacks on it by those who have nothing better to offer in its place. But when a "fallen" church goes up against or alongside of the great motherly-hearted "Woman clothed with the Sun," then indeed does the "fallen one" appear in all her horrible beastliness, such as her drunken orgies of non-understandable "mysteries" and her horrible holocausts of the very bodies of men offered on the altars of Mars. For it is well known that this "fallen" woman—this degraded church—has since the days of the Council of Nice been preaching "mystery" instead of revelation, and since the days of the Roman war-dragon Constantine has been sowing to the sword with the vain expectation of reaping a harvest of "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Another great rock, or error, under which as in a "den" those at ease in a "fallen" church seeks to hide themselves is that when they are called on to "come out of Babylon" they cry out, "Oh, only another sect;" being ignorant of the great truth that the coming of the Son of Man, as proclaimed in the Book of Revelation, is not to patch a new patch on an old garment, or to put a flagon of new wine into an old bottle, as Athanasius and Luther and Calvin and Wesley and Alexander Campbell sought to do; but to preach Him who, sitting upon the throne of heaven and earth, proclaims: "Behold, I make *all things* new!"—a new heaven and a new earth, a new church, even the great city or church of the New Jerusalem, coming, not up from men, but down from God of heaven.

The cry of "Sect," at this coming church is as great an error as was the cry of Sect at the dispensation set up by the incarnated God at His first coming.

Such, however, are the "dens," such the "mountains and rocks," that the "fallen" church captains and rich men and merchantmen of Babylon call to fall on them and hide them from "the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of His wrath has come. Who shall be able to stand?"

The "wrath" here spoken of is such as the man with weak eyes feels when the sun shines directly into his sore and blinded eyes, even as the sunshine is "wrathful" to the eyes of a bat when it gets out of its "den."

Oh, no, no. As prophesied by Isaiah, the New Jerusalem—the Church of the Second Coming that every eye shall see—is not a mill pond where “galleys go with oars propelled” by men, but “there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams wherein shall go no galleys with oars;” for there the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King, our “Almighty God,” our “Everlasting Father.”

The New Jerusalem—the New Church now coming as a consequence of the Second Coming of the Son of Man—is not a *sect*, but a distinct dispensation wherein love—love to the Lord and to the neighbor—is the beginning and the end, the Law and the Gospel.

And the idea that such “dens” and “rocks” can again make void the array of Scriptures that declare that there is but one God and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this “only wise God our Saviour” and our “Everlasting Father!”

The angels will certainly have great labor when the teeming millions of the blind that have been led by the blind come up to angelic colleges in the world of spirits to have the book of God’s truths opened, even as the mysteries of higher mathematics are opened to the minds of youth in the universities of the world. Things are “done on earth as in heaven.” So the angels have schools for instruction.

Elder Leftwich may preach the shocking heresy that the Lord Jesus Christ is to be dethroned, and Elder Nelms may contradict Stephen and Paul and Jesus, and preach the Romish heresy of the sanctity of wooden temples made with the hands of men; and Elder This and Elder That may preach up this “den” and that “rock,” hill and mountain, and Elder Andrew Monroe may accuse the John Counsellors who hold to the doctrine of “*one Lord, one faith, one baptism*,” and all the elders be considered infallible and of good ecclesiastical report; and as to John Counsellor, like the blind boy who was healed of blindness, when he essays to heal others, these chief priests and elders “revile him” and say “we know that this man is a sinner.”

The reader may ask why it was, since John scarcely believed one church doctrine as laid down in the traditions of the Methodist ecclesiasticism, that he remained a minister in that church.

To this three answers may be given:

First, was not Christ baptized by a Jewish priest, and did He not continue to the end in ecclesiastical relation with the Jewish Church, notwithstanding that He knew that the Jewish Church had made the truths of the commandments of God void by its traditions? He remained until he was rejected.

Second. Although John's wife felt otherwise, yet, in some degree, he still believed that the church authorities would act in good faith and in accord with their own express law, as laid down in paragraph V, of Chapter I, Section I, of their declared Articles of Religion and Rules, which reads as follows: "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation. So that, whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." In such words as the above, did not John have abundant reason to believe that he would be allowed to believe and preach anything that he knew that he could prove by scores of texts and principles of Scripture?

Third, John never claimed to be infallible, nor does he make this claim to-day. If he had started out in a "holy" state and gone forward with "perfectness," then a good many of his weaknesses and wobblings, and doublings of his tracks like the Israelites, in the wilderness, would not have been recorded. But what is written is history as it occurred. And it is well that weaknesses and wobblings and double back trackings do occur, so that others may not be deterred by an unapproachable brightness of perfection. Perhaps many a good man, when he has fallen some seventy and seven times, would get discouraged were it not that the Bible shows the weaknesses of even Jacob in a cattle trade, and David with the wife of one of his captains away from home, and of the disciples in wanting high seats in the coming kingdom, in their readiness to call down fire on villagers who did not receive them, and who continuously were rebuked for selfish shortcomings, and told that "as yet there were many things that they could not bear." If everybody mentioned in the Bible had been perfect to start with, then indeed would all latter-day starters for sainthood be discouraged to such an extent that they would never even start.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DOCTRINE OF "EXPERIMENTAL" RELIGION, AND OF THE "RESURRECTION." JOHN "ACCUSED OF HERESY."

"Feeling Happy" Not Regeneration—"Regeneration" Not Begun and Ended in a Minute—Regeneration Not a "Mushroom" Growth, but an Everlasting "Tree of Life."—The Importance of "Small Things"—The Resurrection, What It is—Not of the Fleshly Body, but of the "Living Soul," or of "Man as a Spirit"—However, "More Weighty" Things of Law and Gospel.

Inasmuch as the Methodist Conference was approaching at which John was to see the materialization of his wife's "prescience" of some bodeful event, it may be well enough to give a brief statement of one of the "heresies" of which he was accused. John never spoke of things of religion as "doctrines," but as "Hows" and "Ways" and "Highways."

As stated by himself, the subject that we shall now notice is, "How to get Religion," or, as he sometimes stated it, "The Way from Egypt to Canaan," or, "Regeneration,—when Begun, how Carried on, and where Finished."

The Methodist idea of regeneration is that it is a kind of miraculous change that takes place at some particular tick of the clock, and that the favorite place for the occurrence of this convulsive change is the "Mourners' Bench" during the excitement of some "protracted meeting."

The way in which this miraculous and instantaneous and convulsive "change of heart," described as "being born again," or "regenerated," or "passing from death to life," is manifested, according to Methodist tradition, is that the "new-born babe" "feels happy," or "feels forgiven," "feels that all his sins are gone," "feels like shouting aloud," or perhaps the "feelings" are so excited that the convert does "shout aloud." The latter is considered the most conclusive proof of being "born again." In fact, there is hardly a word, or phrase, or sentence to be found in the entire Methodist nomenclature concerning "regeneration" that is not descriptive of

the "feelings" as being the standard of knowing whether or not "Jesus Christ is in you." And all this, too, in the face of such oft-repeated Scripture declarations as that "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," and "The fool rageth (shouteth) and is confident."

They put the heart right in the lead in the face of the very first instruction given to mankind by Jehovah Himself after "the fall," when it was said to the woman, who is typical of the "heart" of human nature, "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," the woman representing the heart and the man representing the head, and everybody, both man and woman, has the "heart" and "head."

Everybody knows that his "feelings," or hot passions, should be subject to his cool judgment,—the head rule over the heart.

Now, while this spasmodic and instantaneous and convulsive change from death to life is not universally believed in by Methodists, yet such is their "doctrine" on the subject of regeneration. And it is universally known that "protracted meetings" and "camp meetings" and "mourners' benches" are the "occasions" and "places" and "means" at and through which "Methodism" relies in great part for its recruits to the service of God in the Methodist part of the Vineyard.

After years and years of actual observation of such things, after years and years of careful reading of the Scriptures, and after years and years of doing what the apostle exhorted: "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove yourselves. Know ye not your own selves now that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate?" and after years and years of learning "the invisible things" of God's spiritual kingdom as seen by the things of His kingdom of nature, after connecting nature and the Scriptures and common sense and common observation, John considerably and calmly concluded that the doctrine of instantaneous and convulsive regeneration is unscriptural, unnatural, and delusive. Hence he preached that the natural life and the spiritual life in man begin simultaneously. While the natural father and mother are the source of the natural fleshly nature, which is corrupt by heredity and is called the Adamic nature, within this nature—within this natural man—God, who is a Spirit, breathes a spiritual nature, and man is simultaneously a natural being and a spiritual being, or a mere animal and a "living soul." Now, the problem to be worked out is whether the man is to be led and moulded by the flesh, or led and moulded by the spirit.

John would declare to his congregation that there was not a single one of them, however depraved, that had not within him the "mustard seed," the "hidden leaven," the silver lost in household rubbish, the "smoking flax," some "hunger," some "thirst," some little "affection" or "feeling," or some little "thought," appertaining to some person, place, or thing that is not altogether earthly and fleshly, but heavenly or spiritual. And he would proclaim that the only way to "get religion," to "get to heaven," to build up the kingdom of God within one is to settle down to work out one's own salvation. This working out of one's own salvation is like raising a crop. God gives the sunshine, God gives the soil, gives the early and latter rain; but does not give the corn. Man, being co-worker with God, avails himself of God's gifts of soil, sun, and shower, and goes to work getting rid of weeds, etc., and planting, cultivating, and digging round about the crop.

So, spiritually, God gives a little mustard seed, a little thought about the kingdom of God. Now, if one has the very "least" thought that there is a God, or that there is a "hereafter" in which he has a suspicion that perhaps he may live, the only thing necessary to insure this thought, this slight suspicion of a "perhaps" or a "maybe," this least of all things,—the only thing for one having such a suspicion to do is to dig round about and cultivate the suspicion, and it will "grow up" to become "the greatest" or dominating thing of his whole life. And the way to cultivate such a suspicion, such a seed of the kingdom of heaven, is to give more thought from day to day to the things which appertain to the spiritual side of one's nature, reading the Bible, hearing sermons, and thinking and doing this and that which may from time to time and from day to day come in one's way.

Turning from those in whom the thought life—the head—predominates, John would say that, if there is a man, woman, or child present who has the "smoking flax" of the kingdom of heaven within him, the only thing necessary to get this "smoking" fire to flare out into a great flame is to add fuel to it and fan it. He would then explain that fire is typical of love, and that if a man has the very least affection for anything right as against anything wrong, the least affection for that which is humane against that which is inhuman, the least affection for truth as against falsehood,—yea, the very latest affection for any person, place, or thing of "good report" as against persons and places and things of "evil report,"—such person has in such affection the elements of the great baptism of

fire, has within him the love which is the fulfillment, is the end, is the life of all Law and of all Gospel. And the only thing necessary to make this "smoking" fire "go on" into a great furnace of fire in the heart, is to add, from day to day, fuel to it and fan it until it gets so hot that it needs no fanning.

That "love" feeds on thoughts and on acts,—that the more you think of God and of good the more you will love them, and the more you do the commandments of God the more you will not only love these commandments, but the more will you enter into the life of the love enjoined by such commandments. For the way to enter into life is to keep the commandments incident to such life. Naturally, if a man practices honesty, he will enter into the life of honesty. So also spiritually, as Christ always illustrated spiritual things by natural ones, and the apostle said that "the invisible" appears from the "visible."

John would exhort that A don't want to get into B's shoes before he makes a start, saying that the kingdom of heaven is like the city described in Revelation, with not only three gates, but with three gates on each and every side. So that no man on the south side need wait to get into the footsteps of any man on the north side, or any of those on the west and east sides; but every man starts exactly from where he finds himself, whether with a "mustard seed" of thought, or a "smoking flax" of affection, or a "bruised reed" of trying in the least to live a better life. Knowing that so many men defer making a start in a new life until they can "get better," or get more strength, or more something or other, he explained, in this connection, such scriptures as, "Now is the accepted time." "To-day, if ye will hear, etc., the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

There were two points John particularly emphasized and urged upon his hearers, One, start now, just exactly with what you have and what you are. The start is a mere deciding to live a better life, or think about a better life, to cease now from some evil for "Christ's sake," to begin to learn some good to do, to think or love any least thing enjoined by Scripture. The other, under no circumstances should any one expect to get to any place, or condition of life, simultaneously with starting for such place. It takes a whole lifetime on the earth for any one to "work out his salvation" and "to make his calling and election sure." In fact, for the purpose of making our "calling and election sure," life, the whole of life, with everything of life, was given. Hence people should not be discouraged as long as they have a "mustard seed" of thought, or a "smoking flax" of

affection, or a "bruised reed" of trying to live better. And, if the person having such things so wills, all the power of the world and flesh and devil cannot eventually keep the mustard seed from growing from "the very least to the very greatest" of all things of life on earth and in heaven.

Another point John always specially urged. And that was not to be always hunting around for a big job to do; but to do the thing that you find yourself right "up against," taking no thought of big jobs of to-morrow, but giving all attention to the little things just at hand, whether those things consist of a kind word, a pleasant smile, or a little helpfulness to the one with whom you are associated,—in fact, not to wait to go up to Jerusalem to the temple, nor to the altars on the mountains of Samaria, to worship God—to do a good act; but whenever and wherever one finds himself, then and there he should do the things of the "then" and the "there." The "kingdom of heaven is AT HAND" means this!

Doing this way, the old Samaritan was preferred and commended by the Great Judge over both priest and Levite, who passed by a very meritorious job in the Lord's vineyard to hunt up a supposed bigger one down at Jericho.

Perhaps John was more explicit and urgent on the point of "Christian experience" than on any other. He insisted that "experimental religion" does not consist in the recollection of some time at a camp meeting, or other time and place of arousal, where one has gone through some little excitement of "feeling happy," and believing and calling this "feeling" being "born again," "born of God," or any other kind of birth; but the real "experimental religion" consists in carrying your religion into each and every experience of life, such as a "horse trade," or giving in property for assessment of taxes, or politics, or war, or buying and selling things, being particular to place no greater estimate on the value of a thing when you wish to sell it than when you wish to buy it.

"These things," he would say, "ye ought to do, and not leave undone any greater ones, such as praying, being baptized, going to church, etc., whenever these bigger things come to hand without being hunted up with the idea that they have to be done before you do the daily little things that are daily 'up against' you."

John, very early in his Christian career, concluded that most big things were made up of little ones,—that even the kingdom of heaven starts within every one from a mustard seed. Hence he emphasized the importance of small things, the importance of "driving

out the heathen little by little," of the line on line and precept on precept way of learning,—always concluding, "Don't expect to get there before you start."

He thus kept the gates of Gospel grace open night and day. He did not wait for protracted meetings and camp meetings to "get religion," but urged on all men to use what God Almighty had already given to them,—that is, to thought add thought, to affectional impulse for good add other affections. And this can be done on the principle of he that hath a talent and uses it unto him more is given. The more you think of God in heaven and righteousness of life, the more will your thoughts of and affections for these things be increased, and more especially where you put your thoughts into acts, and seek to satisfy the hunger of your love by feeding upon or obeying the commandments and precepts of God.

In living such a life, a great estate of heavenly truths would be laid up as treasures in the heaven of the mind, a great furnace of love would be kindled in the heaven of the heart, and an opportunity for continual employment every day in the year would be opened up day by day for work for our daily bread.

So John, like Philip, baptized eunuchs by the wayside, and preached in every household, and took people into the church at all stages in their life from the first to the eleventh hour. Hence, on every "work" he had, "believers were the more added to the Lord, both of men and women daily."

While carrying on this daily campaign of small things, at proper seasons there would break out a kind of Pentecostal gale in which many ships of individual life would rush into the havens of salvation. But John knew that where there is one day of Pentecostal rush, there must be a thousand of every-day push-and-pull through a kind of trackless wilderness that stretches with a forty years' stretch from the starting-point of all in Egypt and the end point of all in Canaan. There are so many "every days!" And he would explain that the death of all the Israelites who started out of Egypt before they got into Canaan, or heaven, did not signify that those who make a start shall fail to get in; but signified that before the "end of regeneration" is attained, we "must die" to every thought of error and to every affection of evil, which all recognize as a job that could not be done up in a convulsive spasm at any particular tick of the clock; but takes a good long lifetime of "eschewing evil and learning to do good," and even then will need, in the world of spirits, the world of judgment, the assistance of good and wise an-

gels to separate the tares from the wheat in the field of our lives, such as we all carry with us into the other world.

Such was John's idea and preachment of "experimental religion,"—a kind of experience that begins with the natural man, in an endless increment of knowledge, wisdom, love, and power.

For failing to preach that the "resurrection" consists in the "raising up" of the natural, fleshly body after it has lain in the grave or been eaten up by worms and corruption for thousands of years, and in plastering this corrupt body of flesh and bones and blood on to a living soul, for failing to preach such more than sensual and materialistic error, and instead preaching that, when a man's natural body dies, this body returns to the dust, of which dust material it was made, while the spirit, which is the real "living soul" or person, goes to God, being "clothed on from heaven" by a spiritual body, John was esteemed a heretic. This resurrection, or being "revived" and "raised up," takes place, not at some unfixed time away down the ages yet to come, but, as stated by the Prophet Hosea, "After two days will He revive us: in the third day will He raise us up, and we shall live in His sight."

For preaching this "to-day" kind of resurrection and salvation from the grave,—yea, for preaching Christ's doctrine of the resurrection, as opposed to that of the Jewish woman, Martha, as stated in the Gospel, John was not considered "orthodox" or "Methodistic," but something or other that made him deserving of rejection. It was for this "unorthodoxy" on the subjects of "the resurrection" and of "experimental religion" that he was accused of heresy.

It is true that, so opposed was he to leaving the ecclesiasticism of his forefathers, had he not radically differed from the traditions or teachings of Methodism on "more weighty things of Law and Gospel," he would perhaps not have insisted so strenuously on these lighter things of anise, mint, and cummin,—lighter things at least compared with the serious question of "the fullness of the Godhead in the Son of Man," and the appalling fact that now is the time of the "second coming" of this Son of Man, with all the effects of His coming.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOHN'S LAST "CONFERENCE," AND WHAT TOOK PLACE.

"Conference" Comes on—John's Experience of "Earthquakes," etc.—To "Shorten Those Days," John is Providentially Kept Away from Conference—The Action of Conference on His Case—A Kind of Joseph of Arimathea as Chairman of the "Investigating Committee"—John Asks to be Tried by the Bible Standard, and Not by that of Methodist Traditions—This Reasonable Request Kindly "Side-Trackd" Along With John Himself.

"Conference" is one of the gala occasions for Methodist preachers. Perhaps a bridegroom scarcely looks forward to his bridal day with more pleasurable anticipations than does the itinerant Methodist preacher to conference. Here they meet old friends and colaborers. Here they hear the great and beloved, much revered and implicitly obeyed bishop. Here they undergo that painfully pleasurable excitement of uncertainty that gamblers experience in games of chance where there are large things at stake. The preachers to all intents and purposes have their very "homes" at stake. With John, however, the conference day loomed up as a kind of day of judgment. Inasmuch as he was experiencing all kinds of spiritual earthquakes, and seeing one old set of things rolling up like a scroll and giving way to an entirely different set, his sun, moon, and stars ecclesiastically were not of the calm spring-time shine and sparkle.

It was somewhat of a dark and rainy day in the December of his church life. It was a bodeful and discouraging looking "evening," whatever the "morning" after it might be. The wars and rumors of wars between the ideas and things of the old earth and the new earth filled his mind, and the jealousies between the loves of the old and new heavens made his heart to some extent fail with fear and trembling. In fact, there took place in the life,—in the mind life, in the heart life, in the actual life,—of John Counsellor, in greater or less degree and measure, *every one of the things that are set forth in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew as being incident to the second coming of the Son of Man!*

But, with a faithful wife at his side, with ten thousand Scripture truths being trumpeted in his ears,—through the darkness. through the pestilence, through the famine and the tumult of earthquakes in divers places,—through all of these, he heard a still small voice saying, “Let not your heart be troubled,” “For the elect’s sake these days shall be shortened.” Athwart all this chaos of gloom shot sparks of light or lightning from east to west, succeeded by darkness.

So John never looked backward. Being in the field, he never went back to take his old clothes; and being on the house top—where all are who see the coming of the bright Morning Star afar off in the east,—he did not come down to take anything out of his old house. As a matter of course, all these things were spiritual transactions connected with a spiritual transaction that will sooner or later overtake all persons who are not permanently wedded to “midnight darkness,” and but few, let us believe, are so wedded. Either in this or in the world of spirits, as shown in the Book of Revelation, “every eye shall see this coming of the Son of Man,” and those that “endure unto the end” will also see the coming down from heaven. as a consequence of this coming of the Son of Man, of a beautiful four-squared city with gates on every side and in which there is “no night,” no mere flickering of candle light; for they “need no candle” nor even light of sun, “but the Lord God giveth them light, because “He is the Light of the world.” And as to all manner of fruit trees yielding their fruit every month, these trees testify that all who give up the old will find much more and better fruit in the new heaven and the new earth.

One way of “shortening” those days, and at the same time avoiding a “scene” which would be so distasteful to the refined and cultured taste of John’s wife, occurred in this wise: The place of the conference was Columbia, which was somewhat over on the Missouri River side of the State, while John’s present home was over on the Mississippi River side. The distance by buggy travel across the State was about one-fourth what it was by steamboat and railroad. Now, John’s finances were somewhat shortened, as pretty much are the finances of all itinerant preachers; so he concluded to go to conference in his buggy “across the country,” and perhaps board along the route at the “Preachers’ Homes.” But the very day that John had set to start it rained, and kept on raining every day up to the very one that John should have arrived at conference. So, seemingly, he was providentially kept away from conference. At least

he didn't go, and he always thought that it was well enough that he did not; for it is possibly true that the kind Father spares his children all things of humiliation that are possible. And there were several things that would have been humiliating at Columbia to John's sensibilities. The place of the conference was the seat of the State University where John had graduated, only eleven years before, with the highest honor of his class. Also here lived some of the patrician friends of his wife. For him to come to this place, and, instead of occupying some of the pulpits of the great ecclesiastical temples, to be found occupying the prisoner's dock as a "heretic" under ecclesiastical accusation and indictment of good and lawful ecclesiastical elders and rabbinical rulers who exercise authority and dominion over all the other brethren, this might have been too much. Besides, John was a little too hot-headed as yet to submit dumbly, in an altogether lamb-like spirit, to shearers shearing him in public. Perhaps this public shearing might have ended in a "scene" of the sort that generally follow heresy hunts—scenes that are neither creditable to the shearers nor to the "sheared." However, this latter is merely problematical; for no one had any bad feeling against John, nor did he have any, in the very least, against any one in any wise connected with the conference.

Here is about what took place in his case, as reported to him by a brother preacher who was present at conference. The roll-call for a report on the character and the labors of all who were candidates for orders was taken up. In due course John's name was called, to ascertain "whether or not there be any complaint against him." At this point it was the duty of the presiding elder to make answer, and his elder, Rev. Andrew Monroe, rose and said substantially:

"In this case I confess I am much bothered as well as pained. Brother Counsellor is not at conference, and I do not know why. During the year his labors for the church have been incessant and peculiarly successful. Hundreds of members have been added to the church under his ministrations, and several church buildings erected. His kindly, brotherly, charitable spirit has been marked, and is unexceptionable. All the financial interests of the church have been well attended to and sustained. But I am pained to say that Brother Counsellor is not free from the suspicion, if not the actual charge, on the part of some of the preachers, of being unsound as to certain Methodist doctrines. Among those on which he is accused of being unsound is experimental religion, and another is the doctrine of

the resurrection, and some others of which just now the accusation is not very definite. In the absence of Brother Counsellor I hardly know what to recommend in his case."

Here some brother minister, perhaps Brother Joe Pritchett, remarked that he knew Brother Counsellor, and would confirm all that his elder had said about his good works and about his exceptionally good spirit. While he had heard some indefinite rumors of some doctrinal "taints," yet he would suggest that no hasty action be taken on such a case as this. Let the whole matter be referred to a committee to be selected by the bishop, and let this committee, at its earliest convenience, have a friendly consultation with the accused brother, and recommend such action as they may deem best; and, in the mean time, let his presiding elder be authorized to give Brother Counsellor work within the bounds of the conference, provided the elder and the committee thought that the giving of such work would not be contrary to the interests of the church and the cause of Christ.

This suggestion was unanimously agreed to by the conference. The bishop appointed Rev. Joseph H. Pritchett as chairman of this committee. It might be well to remark that, while no one in public speech accused John in any wise harshly, yet in the "council" of the bishop and elders there was a good deal of sentiment as well as talk of the stern necessity in all cases where preachers did not fit the Methodist bed, or cover their ministerial proportions with Methodist coverlets, that one of two things must be done, either that all growing length of limb had to be ceremonially amputated or the possessor of such limbs be ceremoniously indicted, tried, and cast out. Any idea of lengthening the bed to suit the growing soul and body of a growing child of a living God was considered "heresy," if not actual treason to Methodism. Any child who felt with the apostle that he was made after the power of an endless life, and felt that pulse beat of endless progression along the lines of which it is said that Jesus Himself "increased,"—that is, in "wisdom and stature,"—must be smothered or cast away.

"Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, and is like unto a man (not like a mummy, or stock, or stone) that is a householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old," such a scribe, such a grower in wisdom and stature, had to be fitted to the Methodist bed and covered with the Methodist counterpane, or—well—why, get out of bed, yes, out of the house,—yes, go out, even in the winter time, unto the wilderness. This was exactly John's status. He had grown in wisdom and in stature,

and consequently to some extent "in favor with God and man." As a scribe, he became a householder that "brought forth things new and old" out of the great granaries of truth stored up in God's Word, and—yes, "Woe unto him,"—his "flight" out of the "old" to find the "new" had been "in the winter," while that of his wife had been from a summer time "field." The difference was this: John had spent his spring time and summer days of youth as a proselyte to dogmas that made him sevenfold a child of an ecclesiastical Babylon, while of his wife it seemingly could be said, as of the New Jerusalem "Zion," that she was "born in her," and that she was one of the singers as well as one of the "players on instruments" who had all of her "springs" in the one Lord of Zion.

Well, like all earthly things, conference had come and gone. But there was the committee out on a still hunt for either John or heresy apart from John, for, it must be truly written, no one seemed to have any but the best of feeling for John himself.

The preacher, Brother Tarwater, who, at Liberty in 1860, had taken John and Em into his little church, now came to turn John out from the old Clarksville parsonage. John retired, on furlough for the present, to a fruit farm out on the turn-pike leading from Clarksville to Paynesville.

The conference committee did not "summon," but soon kindly requested John to "meet them in consultation at Florence." There was yet some "failing of heart" on John's part,—some leafless boughs and fruitless trees caused by his "flight in the winter,"—but, with a kiss from his wife and with an open Bible, he went and made reply to the committee in a very courteous but courageous and cheery tone.

On the morning of a most lovely Indian Summer day in October, 1869, he met the committee. Two of them had the bearing toward him of those who commiseratingly "did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted" with a mild species of insanity, or obsessed of a devil. Not so with the good Brother Pritchett. He had no sentimental commiseration for those who are "despised and rejected of men," nor contempt for a "man of sorrows," or scorn for "one acquainted with grief," but rather had feeling of sympathy for a brother who looks lonely because "there is none to help," and in his wonderment that there are "none to uphold" him looks around with a far-away appeal for sympathetic companionship, feeling, if not saying, "Wilt thou also leave me?"

Now, to any one in this winter day vintage of affliction and of grief and sorrow, Brother Pritchett, if he perchance did not have

that knowledge and that courage of conviction that would lead him to say, "Thou, O brother, shalt not tread the wine-press alone," yet, like his namesake of Arimathea had some kindly preference that John should not be altogether numbered with transgressors, and that he should have at least a kindly sort of burial.

Even such little loving-kindnesses as this are never forgotten or left behind; because in every man there is that like unto the jewels of silver and gold which the Hebrew women borrowed of their neighbors and never returned, but ever kept for their own use. Hence, as chairman of the committee, Brother Pritchett avoided using any harsh words whatever. He eschewed all spirit of a high-priest seeking "only to accuse."

The committee met, and John met with it. Without stating anything whatever as to either indictment or charge against him, he was requested to make a statement of whatever he might please to say. The chairman knew, perhaps, that in this way the committee would get more light and a more exact and true idea of the state of things than they could possibly do by any summoning of witnesses, or by any inquisitorial cork-screw process of cross-examination. The chairman knew that John knew more than any and all accusing witnesses, and that he had the courage of his convictions to tell all that he knew. At least this was indicated by the action of the chairman, so John said:

"Brethren, right in the beginning of a proceeding such as we are now engaging in, which proceeding is an investigation as to whether I am altogether, as a Methodist minister, sound in Christian doctrine, all must admit that it is absolutely necessary for us first to determine by what standard the accused shall be tried or measured. Because without a measure no man can be intelligently measured; without some definite law no man can be either acquitted or condemned. Now, if I am to be tried by the following constitutional law enacted by the highest authority known to Methodism, then I am ready for trial on any and every doctrine that I have ever preached in pulpit or entertained in the closet. I will read the Methodist Law as follows: Chapter I, Articles of Religion and General Rules, Section I, Paragraph V, of Methodist Discipline, says: 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.'

"But if I am to be accused, tried, and sentenced under a code commonly known as 'the standards of the church,' which in final analysis is only another name for 'the traditions of the elders,' then I will say in advance that for two conclusive reasons any trial whatever is absolutely unnecessary.

"In the first place, all history makes it manifest that when any householder in any ecclesiastical familyhood endeavors to bring forth out of spiritual treasures things that are 'new' as well as 'old,' any trial results in the foregone conclusion that nothing 'new' is to be tolerated. All the growth of the ages is to be lopped off to suit the bed that is 'shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it.' The accused must shrivel up so as to be covered with the covering that is no wider 'than that he can wrap himself in it.'

"All intelligent people know that, when any measure is measured by the traditions of the elders, while such measurement will come up to the 'standards' of the church elders, yet it always fails to come up to the cords that are ever lengthening and to the stakes that are ever strengthening with the pulse beat of the power of endless life, such as throbs in the bosom of the living law of the living God.

"When we consider how church traditions are formed, and how the living word of the only wise God is written, all can recognize the folly of procedure under the one and the wisdom of judging by the other.

"You know, brethren, that the Jews, through their traditions, made the original commandments of God absolutely void by a process similar to that by which all ecclesiasticisms are finally catalogued in the list of the 'fallen—Babylon is fallen,' fallen far away from the original truth of God.

"The Jewish Talmud was the book in which was written the 'opinions' of Jewish scribes and elders, while the Bible is 'The Book,' the great, great book, that writes down and reveals the great truths of Him who is 'The Truth' itself.

"The Talmud grew by Scribe No. 1 saying what Moses said that God said; and then Scribe No. 2 saying that Scribe No. 1 said that Moses said that God said; and No. 3 saying that it was his opinion that No. 2 said that No. 1 said that Moses said that God said so and so. Then comes the fourth addition by way of tradition to the effect that Scribe No. 4 says that No. 3 said that it was his opinion that No. 2 said that it was his opinion that No. 1 said that it was his opinion that Moses said that God said this, and not that. And so, up to the

time of the Saviour, this traditions-of-the-elders industry had manufactured some forty-odd volumes of church standards, or traditions, in which Scribe No. 40 had given as his 'opinion' that Scribe No. 39 had an 'opinion' that Scribe No. 38 had said that it was his opinion that Scribe No. 37 was of the opinion, etc., etc., etc., until the opinion chain became so tiresome to investigate from No. 40 down through all the links to No. 1, that men in weariness of spirit took the 'opinion' of No. 40 as the opinion of God, without any examination. Every edition of opinion, as a matter of course, like hearsay evidence, got farther away from the truth,—from the truth of Him who only is the Truth. So, if I am to be tried by the Methodistic Talmud, by the 'traditions' or 'standards' of the Methodist ecclesiastical elders, then I will plead guilty in advance of not believing scarcely a thing that they at the present day hold in their traditions.

"If I dissented from Methodist traditions only on the two points of doctrine on which I understand I am accused of being 'unsound' or 'tainted' with heresy,—that is, as to 'experimental religion' and as to whether 'the great resurrection' is that of a man's corrupt body, or of the man himself as a living soul being raised up in a spiritual body into a world above the earth,—as to these I could perhaps afford to forbear for harmony's sake to speak outside of what Wesley and Watson and other elders say. But there are some things of primary and essential Christian doctrine concerning which I so radically differ from the traditions of the Methodist elders, that I find it impossible to be silent about them any longer. And, while I am confident that all of the doctrines which I believe can, in the language of your fifth article of religion, be 'read' in and 'proved' by explicit texts of Scripture without number, written in the Law and in the Prophets, in the Psalms and in the Gospels, in the epistles and in the symbolism of what was seen and heard by the 'chosen apostle of God' who was 'in the spirit on the Lord's day' and heard a great voice as of a trumpet saying, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, and what thou seest write in a book,'—while I say that I believe the doctrines of which I speak can be 'read' in and 'proved' by thousands of witnesses speaking from all the above named heavenly sources, *yet I know that they are not Methodistic!*

"Hence, as I said, if I am to be tried by the traditions of Methodism, I plead guilty without trial; and so, however painful it may be, let the affair be shortened without any further application of the sponge wet with vinegar.

"But if I am to be tried and tested and adjudged by the Holy Scriptures, as written by Moses and Elias and David and Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Peter and Paul and the man who was 'in the spirit on the Lord's day,' then I am ready to proceed; for I have all these witnesses present to put on the stand in my behalf.

"In conclusion, I will say that I think it due to all concerned that I mention a few of the truths in which I believe, and which all men must admit are in radical opposition to the traditions of Methodism. These I will mention, then, in the order of their importance. The first is that there is but one God and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this only wise God our Saviour. This truth necessarily involves that all worship should be of the Lord Jesus Christ who is 'the Almighty God,' the 'Everlasting Father,' and the 'Prince of Peace,' and that all prayer should be directed to Him, not for the sake of another, but because to Him, as our heavenly Father, 'is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever and ever.' That what He does for us is not on account of some 'price paid to Him' by another; but on account of His own Name or Nature's sake, which is the nature of a Father towards His sick-unto-death children. That what He does in the way of forgiveness is not because He has been bought off or appeased by some horribly brutal and bloody sacrifice; but we expect sympathy and help from Him, even as a sick and helpless child would expect help from its mother, knowing that the 'mercies and multitudes of loving kindnesses' of the mother are but drops as compared with the oceans of 'the loving kindnesses of the Lord.'

"The second doctrine is that now is the day of the second coming of the Son of Man, when all things of the church earth, or doctrine, and of the church heaven, or life, are to be made 'new.' The Prince of Peace is no longer to share in a divided worship with the dragons and the serpents and the bloody beasts of war.

"The third is that the Holy Scripture is the Word of God in which there is a living spirit, and that the Scripture must be spiritually discerned so that men as spirits may learn and be armed by the spiritual truths and laws taught therein; and that the very principles established by these laws on earth are also established in the heavens. Hence that men and women will be real people in heaven as they are on earth, with no difference except that in heaven they have heavenly or spiritual bodies, while on earth they have earthly bodies; that this earthly body at death is put off forever and 'returns to the dust,' while the man, as a spirit in a spiritual body, is 'raised up' or resurrected into the spiritual world.

"The fourth doctrine is that religion does not consist in mere 'temple worship,' but in loving and obeying God the best you can, and loving and serving your neighbor (everybody whom opportunity offers) the same as you would like to have any one help you when occasion occurs.

"Now, as matter of course, you will all see that if these truths are admitted the whole so-called 'orthodox' plan of salvation falls, scarcely one stone adhering to or being left on top of another. That is, while there may be some segregated truth here and there in the 'orthodox' church creeds, yet as a whole there is no true Christian system whatever,—which is meant by 'not one stone is left on another.' Every creed of every church may contain some segregated truth represented by stone; but these 'stones' do not cohere as a system.

"It is true, brethren, that the doctrine of the Godhead and of the second coming of the Son of Man are doctrines of such far-reaching importance that no conscientious minister should hold his peace about them. And I confess that at present I am only in the 'light of the first day' about them. But I believe that if I follow on to know I shall soon know or see the light of the sun, moon, and stars that characterize the 'fourth day,' or fourth state of regeneration. I am not willing to quit following on along the lines of these great central highways from darkness to light, from death spiritual to everlasting life, even though I know that such following on will lead me out of the wilderness of Methodism, which I confess will be the case, though I go out with grief and sorrow and affliction; because even the Master had these in His being 'lifted up, so that He might with great power draw all men unto Him.'

"If," concluded John, "I am to be tried by the Holy Scriptures, I am ready for trial; but if I am to be tried by the church standards of Methodism, or the traditions of Wesley and Watson, then I plead guilty, and will take the consequences."

The committee then retired for consultation, and in a short time reported to John through their chairman, Brother Pritchett, by verbal report substantially as follows:

First, that as Methodists all trials must be held under Methodist standards; but,

Second, that the committee are very unwilling that there should be any trial, and think that it can be avoided by you taking more thought and giving more investigation to the subjects of differences, and, in the mean time, to cease from any public discussion or ex-

pression of opinion about the controverted points of doctrine; and, in this case, we will recommend that the presiding elder give you work, if you so desire.

Thereupon John said to Brother Pritchett:

"To be honest, I will say that I believe any further investigation of the matters of which I have spoken will only end in my more firmly believing them. So I think that I would better, once for all, withdraw from the conference and from the entire Methodist connection."

"This," Brother Pritchett said, "might be hasty. So, I advise you not to do so."

"I will do this," said John; "I will go home, and buy some books that I have never read, and study the things as to the 'fullness of the Godhead of Christ' and as to this being the day of the second coming, and just as soon as I finally make up my mind clearly, without any doubt at all, I'll let your committee know. However, in the mean time, I'll not accept of any work. This I could not conscientiously do."

The railroad train was about due, so after hasty and friendly handshaking between John and the committee, he left for the last time a meeting of Methodists with which he had any organic or ecclesiastical relation. He went home and was greeted at the gate by his faithful wife. They walked hand in hand into the house, and after an affectionate kiss John said:

"Well, darling, your 'prescience' was, as usual, better than my blundering reasoning. The Church authorities refuse to try the standing of ministers by the Bible standard, and say that as Methodists all things must be measured by Methodist standards. So you know the result."

"Yes," replied the wife, "I knew some time ago what the result would be. I suppose you found that they 'shortened' the way if not the day of your 'going out,' or did they 'cast' you out?"

"Well," replied John, "just at present, not exactly either. I may say that they did not cast me out, neither have I exactly 'gone out;' but I consider that I am 'going out' pretty fast as well as pretty smoothly, especially for one whose going out is in the 'winter time.' There is such a difference between your 'going out' and mine. In fact, I believe that you never had any 'going out' accompanied by earthquakes, and famines, and wars, and the failing and falling of sun, moon, and stars, like those which accompany my 'going out.'

Surely you must be one of the class of whom it is written in the eighty-seventh Psalm, 'The Lord shall count when He writeth up the people, that this and that man was born there.' "

This, probably, was the fact. So John told his wife all that took place, and how he had held the matter of "going out" or being "cast out" perhaps in abeyance for the time being.

The wife now opened the old marked Bible, and read the following marked passage: "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." And again she read another marked passage: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not of; I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them and crooked ways straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them."

"Yes," said John, "who would have thought of the way that I have been led out of Babylon into at least the borders of the beautiful city of Zion that John saw 'coming down' from God out of heaven? I never had the least idea of it except as one step led to another. And now the matter seems about ended, and ended in a way that I could not have made one-half as good had I had the ordering of it myself."

"Well," said the wife, "we'll open and read a third bit of Scripture." And she opened and read: "Nevertheless, I am certainly with thee; thou hast holden me by the right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory."

"Well, darling," said John, "what more can we ask? While some things yet seem dark, we'll go forward, step by step, with as much unfaltering courage as possible."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN'S GOING FORWARD.

John Reads More and is the More Confirmed—He Sends His Letter of "Withdrawal" to the Church Committee—What Action Was Taken in Premises He Never Knew—John, Like Moses in Midian, Retires to the Wilderness—He Goes to Texas—Life in Texas—No Locks to the Doors, and Hospitality and Neighborly Kindness Universal—John Goes to Herding Lambs in Scholastic Pastures—His "Winter School" a Success.

In accordance with his agreement with the church committee, John settled down to a more serious consideration than ever of the matters of difference between himself and the church standards. He bought a great many new books, treating especially on the subjects in dispute, such as the "Apocalypse Revealed" and the "Apocalypse Explained" by Swedenborg, all of Horace Bushnell's works, and "Noble's Appeal to All Christ's Ministers." By the last more especially, he was not only more confirmed in his views, but he saw more clearly than ever that "all old things" were passing away, and that, under the word of Him that sits upon an everlasting throne, it is true when He solemnly proclaims, "Behold, I make all things new."

So in a few months he wrote to the church committee that with a sad heart, yet with a clear and conscientious mind, he would be compelled to offer his final withdrawal from any organic connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. As to what disposition the committee or the conference ever made of this proposed "withdrawal," John was not at that time informed; nor does he know to-day what action, if any, ever was taken on it. At least he never heard that he was pilloried either in person or in effigy. It is very probable that many members of the conference, in fact about all that knew John personally, were about as sad at his going out from them as he was himself. It is no small thing to give up and forsake, even ecclesiastically, fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters for even the kingdom of heaven's sake; or, in this case, "for Christ's sake"—for it was practically his faith in Christ that caused John to forsake Methodism.

Within a few months John went to St. Louis and united with a Christian congregation whose creed substantially was one word, "Love,"—love to the Lord and to the neighbor, as enjoined in the tenth chapter of Luke, where it is expressly declared, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Of which commandments the Lord Jesus Christ said, "This do, and thou shalt live," and that "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." And of which the apostles preached that "love is the fulfilling of the law."

As a matter of course, these disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ had some definite ideas about the entire Scriptures that differentiated them from the so-called "orthodox" ecclesiasticism about as much as a new, healthy thing differs from an old diseased one. It is true that these quiet people "were not striving, nor crying, neither causing their voice to be heard in the streets," yet in the wilderness of the mind were lifting up Him who, being lifted up, shall draw all men unto Him as a center of power and of all salvation and of all life even stronger than the mysterious but all forceful power of gravity, which draws all things to the center of creation. So John united with these people, and by them was licensed to go forth and preach the real Gospel of God to all who are ahungred for the bread, or athirst for the living waters of life.

His wife, who was always better than John, did not join this church, always contending that, as a member of the body of universal humanity, one could love more people as brethren and sisters than could possibly be done as a member of any one particular sect of the body of universal humanity.

John now began to experience what any man must and will experience who goes out of some old Egypt seeking some new Canaan,—who goes out of some country of Haran into a land where he is compelled to speak of his wife as his sister. Yes, John began to experience a good deal of the wilderness side of things. For to have one's field grubbed and cleared of the old tanglewood necessarily leaves a somewhat wilderness of waste before the fruit trees can be planted and cultivated to the point of bearing. There is a big stretch between the "evening and morning" of all first days of all states of life, and the "evening and the morning" of the seventh day thereof.

So John, like Jacob serving seven years for Rachel the younger, got Leah the older, and then served seven years more in order to get Rachel, because he ill-advisedly sought the younger first. Like

Moses when he had slain the Egyptian in smiting the Hebrew, John herded sheep with the daughters of Reuel in the wilderness of Midian, and stood up and helped these daughters water their flock, and protected them from the onslaughts of the priests of Midian.

Yea, John, like the One in whose steps he was endeavoring to follow, for forty days and forty nights was among all kinds of wild beasts in the wilderness. Yet, like Abraham and Jacob and Moses and the Lord of Abraham, more was always gained than that which was given up, and John steadily journeyed from the country of "old" things to the city of all things "new,"—of which journeying we shall relate a few steps and note a few mile-post marks erected on the way.

As usual and inevitable in a wilderness journey, the traveler often doubled on his track. All do this except those who, like John's good wife, have the perception of the wayfarer, which is a divine gift mostly bestowed upon women, like the gift of instinct in a horse that enables the patient animal to find his way even out of a wilderness without studying geography. But John had no such gifted estate as that of the wayfarer who, though unlearned, "errs not" in the highway of this or that holiness. John often found himself back in the place from which he started. In 1870 he found himself back in the old Border Ruffian county over on the Missouri River. His mother was gone. So was his father. So was the church in which he had virtually been born and nurtured. An earthquake could not have caused a more complete case of disappearance. The old earth had passed away from under his feet, and the new one was as yet somewhat in a state of fluidity. He went to herding sheep in this Midian. He taught in the public schools until the summer of 1873. In 1873 his father-in-law, like the father-in-law of Moses, became somewhat concerned about his "eating bread," and gave him a gift, or rather, at John's request, gave to John's wife, who was the same as himself, a gift of a large body of land in the wilderness of far-away Texas. To this wilderness John and his wife and his children, Horace, Allie, Emma, and one other son, Bingham, traveled, like Abraham, by land. They left the Missouri River on the evening of August 10, 1873, and arrived at their landed estate in a west Texas county on the evening of September 10, 1873. All of which, seemingly, was a kind of "evening" business.

For a while John combined the occupations of both Moses and Jacob, herding sheep and cattle, teaching school and ranching,—all of which had the cast, if not the cold steel itself, of the wilderness look as well as the wilderness reality of things. Once in a way at a

full of moon the Comanche brave would raid the country in quest of horses, and, like Sherman going through Georgia, was not particularly averse to shooting and scalping whatever came in his way. On dark and drizzly nights the lonely wolf howled his lonesome howl as he prowled along the hills in quest, like all the world, of what Texans call his "grub-steak." And the cow-boys would occasionally "shoot up the town."

But with all of this everybody seemed friendly, and could not do too much for you. Men would move their families out of one room of their spacious two-room houses, to give a stranger shelter until he could build, or buy, or rent, or get sufficiently acclimated to "bunk on the ground out-doors." One of the best of neighbors, Tom Wood, thus gave up one room of his two-room house to John without rent. With a seemingly wasteful prodigality of time, men would leave their work and their homes and travel for days around the country with strangers who were prospecting for homes, and often would furnish food and horses and wagons free of charge for these prospecting tours. They seemed to be a kind of children of heaven who were altogether "blessed in deeds," and not for them.

As to preachers, principally of the "local" variety, there were more preachers to the square mile, considering population, than perhaps, in any country out of heaven,—where "all are ministers."

One out of Texas has no more idea of the many traits of goodness of Texas frontier people than a Massachusetts Puritan had of any goodness being among the Border Ruffians during the days between 1854 and 1860.

So thoroughly honest are these Texas people, that a gentleman from one of the northern cities, on visiting Texas, was utterly surprised at finding that the people not only had no locks on their doors, but would leave these unlocked houses for weeks at a time, and on returning find everything in the house that they left there. Of this he wrote an account to a Cincinnati daily. After a residence of some twenty-eight years in Texas, John has never had all the doors of his house locked, and frequently all were wide open night and day, and he has never had as much as a pin taken from it.

The truth is that there was for many years after John's coming to Texas such an idyllic, easy, slipshod sort of life that there was great danger, arising from so much hospitality and visiting around, of the whole of society being merged into an ideal state of vagabondism,—a good deal like many suppose heaven to be,—a kind of easy-going country where people sing songs and attend protracted

meetings with everlasting "basket dinner on the ground." Yet this writer can affirm that such was for many years, and is yet, to some extent, the general status of social life in such counties as Erath. There is nothing that more strikingly exemplifies the buoyancy of spirit and childlike nature of these sons of the South than is to be found in any little indication of good. For instance, the drought has been excessive, the ground hardens and crops languish, and the cattle wander about and "low" for water that comes not for the "lowing." The spirits of the farmer, as mortgager, along with the spirits of the merchant as mortgagee, both sink below zero. But lo, a slight rain comes. All become hopeful and begin to work and whistle, and to whistle and work to an extent that is really pathetic to those who appreciate the buoyancy of the real childlike spirit. It was this spirit—this carrying of the "dews of youth" into the fields of war—that made the Southern legions practically invincible on the battlefield.

After the life which John Counsellor and his wife had been born in and brought up to, this was no doubt the best medicine, or tonic, or baptism of nature itself, that the Divine Providence could administer. Especially so for John. For years, with spiritual earthquakes under his feet, and with spiritual wars and rumors of wars beating their alarm drums and blowing their bugles in his ears, coupled with a minglement of sun and moon failing in their light and stars falling to the ground, and with all these things so many false prophets pointing out heaven and the way to it—some saying, "Lo, here," and some, "Lo, there,"—and so many patrician-featured friends who were commiserating him, and especially commiserating his wife, as being "stricken of God" and "numbered with sinners" for transgressions of the law of common sense in trying to solve the problem of the coming of the kingdom of the new heaven and the new earth that were to be ushered in at the second coming of the Son of Man,—this wilderness was to John as Midian was to Moses, as the sheep fold was to David, as perhaps the whole wilderness was to Him of whom John was essaying to be a "follower."

And John was not idle in this wilderness. Like Moses and Jacob and David, he went to herding—herding human lambs in scholastic pastures. To illustrate his mode of herding human lambs, or children, we will give a short account of a winter school that he taught at the public school-house near his ranch. We will preface this by stating that the people generally were all new settlers and poor. Schoolbooks were costly. Every teacher required the chil-

dren to get new books such as he had taught. There was very rightfully great complaint about this having to get new books every session.

On the opening day of school John, among other classes, organized a "Grammar Class" by saying:

"All who have ever studied English Grammar, and those who desire to study it, will come forward."

Whereupon four girls and two boys responded.

"Let me see your books," said John.

On inspection, he found the six grammars consisted of two by one author and the other four by four different authors respectively. He accordingly remarked:

"I am disappointed that each one of you has not a different book on grammar; because during the session we should like to learn what all the grammar writers say about the same thing."

"Law," ejaculated a good-sized Texas lassie. "Why, you don't expect to have six grammar classes, do you?"

"Oh, no," said John, "only one class."

He then said to them:

"Go to your seats and read everything in your book that is said about the noun."

"Good gracious," said another girl, "that's too long a lesson. There are a dozen pages in my book about that ar 'Noun.'"

"All right," said John, "then we shall know more about it than if there was only one page."

"Did you say 'read over' or study?" inquired one of the two boys.

"Well," said the teacher, "a little mixture of both. When you read a newspaper you don't study it particularly, but you can tell your mother pretty much everything that you read, can't you?"

"Certainly," said one of the girls, "but readin' er paper and studyin' this er grammar are a different thing."

"What difference?" asked John.

"Why, readin' ain't studyin', is it?"

"Certainly it is," said John, "unless you read as a parrot talks, without knowing what you are reading about."

During the afternoon John called:

"Grammar class will come for recitation."

"Which grammar class?" asked one of the girls.

"Why, the English grammar class," said John. "I don't understand that we have any Greek or Hebrew or Dutch grammar classes."

"But which book?" asked a pupil.

“I didn’t call for any book,” said John, “but for all who are studying grammar to come to the recitation bench.”

Having finally herded the class together on the recitation bench, John said:

“Each one of you close up your book, and all go to the black-board.”

He had already at his own expense prepared sufficient black-board to accommodate any ordinary number. All being in place at the board, he said:

“Each one of you write on the board your idea of what a noun is.”

“What our *idea* about er noun is, or what is in the book about it?” asked one of the girls.

“Well,” said John, “either one; “but I really would prefer that you write your own idea about it.”

Every one of the class had been guilty of the old grievous error of trying to “memorize” the whole dozen pages, and not one was able to “recollect” so that he could write down what “the book said.”

Whereupon John said:

“Well, children, we have learned one of the best lessons to-day that you could learn just at this time.”

“We ain’t learned nothin’,” said one of the boys, gruffly.

“Oh, yes, you have,” said John. “You’ve learned not to try merely to memorize things, which opens the way for something much better, that is, that you ‘understand’ things. You must clear up the ground before you can raise a good crop.”

John then went to the black-board, and by this and by that he managed to write down in separate examples the idea of each one of the authors as to the definition of a noun, as well as his own idea. For this he was not indebted to his University diploma of A. M., but to the new earth and the new heaven that had to some extent taken the places of the old earth and the old heaven in his mind, because, in the “push” that new things give old ones, all old things pass away. Sufficient to say, and truthfully say, that John’s grammar class, each and all, during the four months’ winter school in a rough public post-oak school-house in far-away regions of Texas, learned more about grammar than John himself had ever learned about it in several years at the State University from which he had graduated. All other classes also took up all other subjects of study topically, and not one single new book was required of any pupil on the ground that “we ain’t studyin’ that ar book.”

John's only trouble during the whole session was to restrain the younger children in their impatience to know "when's our time to go to the black-board?"

As we are on the school question, it might be profitable to note some of John's ideas about teachers, as he expressed them to teachers during the four years in which as county judge, he was *ex officio* superintendent of the public schools of his county.

One day, as he was issuing a teacher's certificate to a sprightly looking young man, he said:

"Professor, have you as yet contracted for a school?"

"No," replied the young teacher.

"Now," said John, "as this is your first certificate, as a matter of course you have never taught school. So how do you propose to make your first campaign in securing a school to teach?"

"Why," said the professor, "I have some fine recommendations to show to the trustees."

"Recommendations for what?" asked John. "As you have never taught school, as a matter of course no one can give you any recommendation as a *teacher*," and that is what is wanted. That is a kingdom of heaven to which everything else is a mere addition. No doubt that you can get a recommendation as being a gentleman, and perhaps as being a graduate of some Brush College that issues diplomas. But it is not every gentleman, even though a graduate, that can teach school."

"Well, what shall I do?" inquired the puzzled young professor.

"Why, do as I did," said John. "The first school I ever taught I said to the trustees: 'Gentlemen, you are in an office of trust. You ought not to fool away trust money, or even take chances of fooling it away on teachers that you know nothing about as teachers. Now, I propose that for the first month you fix no salary. In that time I can show you my faith by my works. You can judge what kind of a tree I am by fruits. If you find out that I am worth nothing, then pay me nothing, and call on me for any and all damages in the premises. If, however, you see that I am worth a little bit then pay me a 'little bit.' If you see I am worth a good deal, then pay me a 'good deal.' In fact, pay me according to what I am worth, so that you do not pay more than the finances of your school will allow.'"

"If I do this," said the young professor, "I'll not get anything, perhaps."

"Why," said the judge, "did you ever take God at His word, of doing right and realizing always that 'verily thou shalt be fed?' Try it, and on my word in the long run you'll get better pay than if you tried by some Shylock contract to pull money out of the public school funds. So will the patrons and the pupils of the school be better paid."

But John succeeded in getting only one teacher to follow his advice during all the years of his superintendency, and that was one of his own children, who realized by this means more than she expected. Verily, verily, "many are called, but few chosen" to travel the highest and straightest roads of business as well as of heaven."

Even in the matter of teaching, it appears that a good deal, if not all, had passed away out of John's life and a somewhat new earth and heaven taken their place. Most certainly the Texas earth with its surroundings in 1873 was somewhat different from the surroundings in which John and his wife had been born and bred. So, in one sense, this was a "new earth" to them,—an earth in its chaotic condition of "the evening" of the first day of a new creation, where old things had to pass away that new ones might come in.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EVOLUTION FROM ATTORNEY-AT-LAW TO COUNSELOR-IN-LAW. FORCED OUT OF EVEN THE COUNSELING PLANE OF LIFE.

Evolution Backward from Cotton Field to Law Office—From “Attorney” to “Counselor”—A Court Proceeding Conducted by “Able” Counsel—The Results of Such Suit—Cash and Brilliant Reputation for Attorneys—But the Loss of Faith by All Honest Citizens.

To endeavor to give any detailed account of John's life in Texas would be to prolong the story into several volumes. Therefore we will give account of only some few notable occurrences of his Texas life. One of these will be his seeming “doubling on his tracks” by his return to the practice of law, which, however, only illustrates that the double back tracking of the Israelites in the wilderness is but the experience of about all people, except such as the “few” of the both “called and chosen” who, like John's mother and his wife, went into the straight way.

Most people whose frames are but of dust and ashes, will “wobble on the spindle” of their frail axles. Were this not so, it would not have been written that “in His love and in His pity He redeemed them;” because “pity” is only predicable of weaklings who cannot walk without staggering.

John's experience in actual life would have knocked all the Pharisee out of him if he ever had any. A favorite proverb was, “All men are made of the same mud.”

One beautiful day in October, about the year 1878, John took the children with him to “pick cotton” in a field where there was a fine yield of that fleecy staple. There were some dozen or more pickers in the field,—mostly children ranging in age from five years old and up. John thought he would make a “trial trip” of picking that day, and so, like the old Missouri steamboat men on trial trips, crowded bacon and all fast steam producing things into the furnace.

Everybody, from the babies to the gray-haired men and women, was "on a race," not so much for "glory," but because they were paid by the pound. At the close of the day the "weighing up" took place. Every little lad and lass in the field was ahead of John. The idea that a six-year-old Texas boy should distance one who, in a four years' stretch of track at a great State University, had thrown the dust back in the face of all competitors, while it did not make John feel "cheap," yet made him feel that he was a fool, as every prodigal has to feel when traveling away from home.

That night John said to his wife:

"I am going to move to town and go into some business that will enable me to get our children out of the cotton patch and give them an education."

To this the wife somewhat laughingly replied:

"If their education don't amount to more than your University course did, why, it won't amount to much."

"Well," said John, "don't you think that an education amounts to something when it enables one to know the exact point at which he is a fool?"

"Why, papa," said the good wife, "I was only joking. I think really that you have made a better use of your education than any student I know who has ever graduated at your University."

"Why, darling," said John, "do you mean what you say for 'taffy?'"

"No, indeed," said the good wife. "What single graduate of this University has ever used his education to 'hear and understand' the high-school truths of real life that are taught in the colleges where Moses and David and Isaiah and John and Peter and Paul are the professors, and Jesus Christ Himself is the President? While your school-mates, Bodine, Catron, Smith, Rothwell, Hyde, Price, Chappell, E. L. King, and many others, have used their education to get for themselves places of judges, congressmen, and other high seats in the civil temples, you have not used yours for selfish purposes; but in the use you have put it to you have been made not only a free man from that ecclesiastical bigotry that has ruined and will continue to ruin every person and country that remains in its bonds of iniquity and gall of bitterness,—not only have you used it for entering the blessing of freedom, but you have used it to enter into planes of spiritual light, power, and life which even the great bishops and popes of the fallen churches have not even a greater glimpse of than did the scribes and great men of the Sanhedrim have of Him whom they despised, rejected, condemned, and cruci-

fied. And you know, papa, that we have said a thousand times that we would not give up what we have learned of God and of our relations to Him for all the world beside."

"Yes," said John, kissing his good wife, "I do not regret the past. It is all right. If I could change anything whatever by the mere turn of my finger, I would not do so. All things work together for our good. We know who the good Heavenly Father is, and we love Him. We must also obey Him, and I think just now He would say, 'Quit the cotton patch and come up higher.' It may be that I can return to my old chosen line of business,—the one for which I was educated, and at least be able to educate our children."

"Well, I am perfectly satisfied," said the wife, "that in one event you would make as great success at the law as you did the first year you practiced it, and as great success as you did at the University in distancing all competitors,—and that event cannot happen."

"What is that?" asked John.

"Why, that you enter the practice of law and carry into it all of your mind and soul and strength. But you can't do this. You know that the law, like the old fallen church, is sunk into the utmost depths of pollution and degradation. Didn't I hear you say yourself that you honestly believed that at least nine lawyers out of ten would accept a fee on any side of any question that a fee was first offered? That many of them, and especially those of big reputations for clearing criminals, would not only accept a fee from any Cain whose dirk was reeking with the blood of any Abel—would not only accept a fee from any Judas Iscariot whose hands were full of the blood money of a Christ,—yes, not only accept a fee to advocate the cause of and clear Cain and Judas; but that, having cleared them, they would boast of their great success and their ability to clear Judases and Cains?"

John could not deny that he believed what his wife had said, whether he had said it or not. And he knew that about everybody else who had been about the courts believed the same thing. So he did not essay to deny anything; but said:

"Well, darling, I think by coupling the land agency business with that of law, I will be enabled to take only such cases as I choose, and yet make enough to educate our children. I know that, in order to have any such thing as brilliant success in the law business as it is now practiced, it would be necessary to prostitute every mental and moral virtue to conniving at perjury, to keeping witnesses from telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,

—to making black look white, and worse still, to making white look black,—yes, to doing things as an officer of the court, to enable criminals to escape, which, if done out of court, would render me liable to indictment and to be sent to the penitentiary for ‘aiding and abetting criminals to escape justice.’ ”

“Yes, I think we had better leave the ranch,” said the wife, “because we certainly can’t educate the children here. And, judging the future by the past, I think the Lord will lead us by His counsel. I think, papa, that you place a great deal of reliance on the angels. Well, I rely a good deal on them myself; but at last all reliance must be placed on the ‘Lord,’ and there must be cordial co-operation on our part.”

“Well, yes,” replied John, “the Lord does His work through the angels.”

Now, most women, or rather most wives (because it is not every wife who is a real woman in the sense of what a woman should be), are not only willing, but prodding their husbands to rush into any profession where there is either a good deal of money or “worldly honor.” But not so with the wife whose eyes are opened,—yea, whose eyes have been “lifted up,” as those of John’s wife had been in “hearing and understanding” the Word of God.

So all was arranged, and John moved with his family to the county seat and opened up a “Land and Law Office,” putting the land above the law. In this he succeeded, not only in paying himself out of debt and in making a good living, but in his main object of educating his children, of whom it may be said truthfully, that any of his daughters can at any time be waked up out of sleep and demonstrate any problem in arithmetic, algebra, and the higher mathematics, and, in fact, know more in the entire curriculum of collegiate studies than John knew when he graduated at the State University of Missouri in 1858, at the head of his class. They are all laden with medals many and honors more. The boys are all settled in business, and have the respect and perfect confidence of all who know them. At the age of three days the angels took little John Counsellor for an education in heaven, while, on the 8th day of August, 1898, three armed ruffians entered the editorial office of Austin, who was entirely unarmed, and murdered him in cold blood for a newspaper article that he never wrote and knew nothing about.

The defense of these murderers by four of the so-called “leading lawyers” at the bar was so utterly ungodly, so unprofessional, and so signal in making void all things of judgment and justice

itself, and this all *for cold cash*,—this prostitution of all that is decent was one of the strong causes of John's quitting the bar, inasmuch as he could not feel right in being brought into professional or personal contact or association with men so utterly lost to every high and holy sentiment that should characterize and control the administration of justice in its own temples. Their conduct was such that John's wife, the mother whom everybody acclaimed as a perfect woman, at the sight of any of these "sheeny brilliant" attorneys, had a feeling of shock the same as the presence of a slimy serpent would have given her. In fact, the speeches and conduct of these miserable criminal advocates of crime and of criminals hastened the death of a woman approved of God and men.

However, to tell the truth, there is none who can enter into these terrible temptations incident to any fallen state of either a church or a profession and not be a "reed shaken of the wind."

John was often "shaken" and at times "bent over" from the perpendicular of the standards of judgment and justice. But, as he told his wife, the best thing that his education ever did for him was to enable him to know when he was a fool. So, eventually, John found it necessary to quit the mere "attorney-ship" line of business and to devote himself mainly to that of "counselor."

To discourage litigation, in the fierce passions of which lawyers, litigants, and witnesses are swept away as with a Noetic flood, John published the following circular:

TO PATRONS AND THE CONSIDERATE PUBLIC.

The reason that induces me to offer my services as counselor, instead of attorney, is that after some thirty-eight years' experience, spent partly as an attorney, partly as counselor and partly as judge, I can candidly say that nine-tenths of matters settled by resorting to law suits could, by resorting to a common counselor, be settled, 1st, in one-tenth the time; 2d, ten-fold less expensively; 3d, much more in keeping with good conscience and equity, and 4th, more satisfactorily to all concerned (except the attorneys and bailiffs). In support of this statement I submit an actual occurrence which came within my own experience, which is only one out of hundreds that have so come. Some years ago an old citizen of Erath County died, leaving an estate worth some \$30,000, consisting of lands, cattle, horses, money, etc. He had been married three times, and had three sets of heirs, having children by each marriage. The respective heirs heired differently and consulted different attorneys as to their legal rights. A triangular law suit was brewing, which, had it been resorted to, would scarcely have ended for years; and never ended with less expense than some \$3000 attorneys'

fees and costs. Attorneys' fees are generally ten per cent of the amount involved, which would have made \$3000, to say nothing of court costs. Some of the heirs consulted me. My advice was to settle the matter among themselves, as they were all honest, well meaning people, and only desired what was right. I proposed that, as common counselor in determining under the law their respective rights and drawing up papers, etc., I would settle the matter satisfactorily to them all inside of twenty-four hours after I met them in mutual consultation; and that I would charge for my service \$65, which was \$5 for each of the thirteen heirs—each heir paying his pro rata—no cure, no pay.

This was agreed on. A family dinner at the old homestead was had, at which all were present. In less than twenty-four hours all matters were adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned. Perhaps not ten, but twenty fold, was saved in attorneys' fees, costs of court, attending court "from term to term," and bad blood! For all remained friends among themselves and friends to myself—a never heard of thing in lawsuits!

I forbear to mention hundreds of law suits that have occurred here in Erath County in which the matter in dispute was a six-bit pig, or \$5 colt, where costs were multiplied hundreds of dollars, with great loss of time to neighbors who were witnesses, and bad blood boiling as in the caldron of the witch, with a net asset of tails and horns left for the litigants while somebody else "milked" the matter in dispute.

There is scarcely a citizen who has not had actual knowledge of the delays, the costs, the bad feelings, and utter unsatisfactoriness of settling disputes by lawsuits.

To such an extent have matters gone that notwithstanding lawyers, as a general thing, are above the average citizen in intelligence and social qualities, yet professionally, as so-called "officers of the court" they are forced to practices besmearing and dangerous to society. There are many honorable exceptions to this rule. All through the ages lawsuits have been regarded as terrible evils.

Six hundred years before Christ plaintively uttered His "woe unto lawyers," a Grecian *Æsop* allegorized a lawsuit as a proceeding in which Sheep and Sheep were litigants; the Fox and Eagle were attorneys; the Tiger was bailiff, and a Blind-folded Bat was judge. (Because if the judge knows anything of himself about the case he is disqualified from sitting on a lawsuit.) The usual verdict pictured was: "That plaintiff Sheep be sheared to make a soft den for Attorney Fox, and the Defendant Sheep be killed to satisfy the costs of Bailiff Tiger and the other members of the menagerie; and what be left of hide, horns, and hoofs to go as damages to fleeced Plaintiff Sheep."

Verily an ordinary lawsuit is a menagerie in which every wild beast known to the human heart is aroused from its secret lair; and every cunning bird of prey is called to cock-crowing from every rookery of the human mind; and each cruel beast and cunning bird is alert with an animus of "anything to win!"

The litigious "woe" had become so great in the days of Christ that He who was altogether given, not to the least exaggeration but to proclaiming "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," solemnly declared: "If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also!"

In the beginning there were no attorneys or even courts. No attorney, no bailiff or judge figured in the first murder case where Cain killed Abel. For centuries where men couldn't see clearly they consulted some mutual counselor "whose home was under the palm tree," instead of hiring attorneys; and settled everything by mutual submission to counsel. In those ages men only desired to know what was right, and on discovering the right cheerfully submitted to it. Why should not this be the case at this day?

Premises considered, I feel myself fully justified, yea, from my standpoint of seeing and knowing, I feel constrained to choose the office of counselor, so that I may honestly use what talents I have stored up in thirty-eight years of toil as attorney, counselor, and judge. In this capacity I shall,

1st. Do all things honorable to have all differences settled by amicable and mutual consultation and agreement.

2d. Counsel purchasers as to land titles and all other business engagements so as to prevent disputes, lawsuits, and losses.

3d. Will give particular attention to probate business such as that of executors, administrators, and guardians.

4th. Will take no cases to be litigated in court except such as the law requires to be settled by judicial proceedings, or in extreme cases where justice demands the restraint or constraint of those unwilling to submit to what is right.

5th. Will in all cases, so far as in me abideth, hew to the line of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," let the chips fall where they may.

JOHN COUNSELLOR, *Counselor-in-Law*.

While the "Law Journals," as organs of the Great-is-our-Legal-Diana-Craft, ridiculed this departure from the city of the Legal Sodom, yet John received congratulations from far and wide on his courage at coming out in favor of a course of conduct in the legal profession which is the only one that can be conscientiously pursued by any intelligent civilized man, to say nothing of a "pure and undefiled" Christian. There is about as much concord between the present-day practice of law and the precepts of Jesus as there is between Mammon and the Messiah.

When we as a nation are again in the throes of another internal war, the fallen priests of the Law and the fallen priests of the Gospel will be more responsible for all of the bloody agony and blasting desolation of such war than all other elements of society combined. Already the practices of the courts and of the "officers of the

court," that is, attorneys, *are making anarchists and mobocrats by the wholesale*. We will give one instance out of those of daily occurrence, where even one of John's own children was turned from all the teachings of his father and mother into an outright mobocrat, and when we have given the incident, which is in all things true, about ninety-nine men out of every hundred will say that a little dose of mob in this case would have done much more good than some seven years' "doses" of law actually accomplished.

Some years ago, on a large cattle ranch in the Pan-Handle section of Texas, a man was murdered in cold blood. For convenience, we will call the murdered man Abel Killed, and the murderer Cain Killer. The only eye-witness to the murder was Horace Counsellor. The circumstances were as follows:

Mr. Killed was a sober, hard-working head of a family, while Mr. Killer was a drinking gambler, in most part given to broils and bulldozing.

One rainy evening, when nobody was at work, there was a social game of cards in which the boisterous gambler took umbrage at some action of Abel, which, as testified on trial, was this: Cain was drinking and Abel had won all of his cash,—some few dollars being all. Cain urged Abel to continue the game on a credit basis, which Abel very unwillingly did, and having won some fifty dollars off of Cain, said to him that it was getting late and he must go to see about his family chores. He then offered to give Cain back, not only all of the money that he had won, but to cancel that which he had won on credit, stating that he did not make a living by gambling and was only playing for pastime. But Cain refused to quit playing, whereupon Abel laid the money that he had won on the table, and as he was leaving Cain threatened to kill him on sight.

Early the next morning Abel and Horace Counsellor were out on the ranch premises away from any house or person. Cain rode up to them on his horse and deliberately got down and deliberately shot Abel to death with a Winchester rifle. Horace clinched with the desperado, and after a long and at times doubtful physical struggle in which Cain was trying to shoot Horace also, and Horace was trying to get the gun and put Cain under arrest, Horace succeeded in this.

Horace made Cain get up on his horse, and tied his feet under him, intending to go for some one to see after the corpse of his murdered friend whose body lay stark and bloody on the wide prairie bosom.

Now, Abel was a universal favorite, and Cain was of universal ill-repute with the cow-boys of the great ranch on which, perhaps, some hundred were employed. At this juncture some half-dozen cow-boys rode up, and seeing and hearing from Horace what had been done, they proposed to hang the murderer there and then, and proceeded to prepare their lariats to that end,—which hanging, in the absence of trees or other gallows, would have been effected by four of the cow-boys placing their lariats around the neck of the culprit and then riding swiftly in opposite directions.

But Horace, having all the respect for law and order and fair play which characterized his ancestors on both maternal and paternal lines, pulled his gun and swore that he would kill the first man that attempted to hurt the prisoner,—that prisoners were sacred from violence until duly tried; and, with much persuasion backed by a gun, he finally got the boys to agree to carry the prisoner to the county-seat, some forty miles distant, and deliver him to the sheriff, assuring the boys that there was no doubt that the murderer would be hanged, because, said he:

“I know all of the facts and will testify to them, and hell and high-water can’t keep him from being hanged!”

So the prisoner was delivered to the sheriff. In some few months, the first trial, or rather, the first day set for trial, came round. Horace and some thirty or forty other cow-boys on the part of the State, and some thirty or forty miscellaneous persons on part of the defendant, gathered from all over the State by attachment, were ready for testifying at the trial. The defendant had a good many rich kinsfolk and friends who employed “able” counsel for the defense. Here this “able” counsel got in its first work by applying for a “change of venue,” with the usual “straw” proof that, if the motion was not granted, the court of appeals would reverse the case. Hence the local presiding judge was compelled to grant the motion, notwithstanding that he knew just as well as he knew that he was sitting on the bench that this motion was made “for delay,” during which “delay” witnesses would get scattered, some would die, and some be “bought or killed off,” and give the defendant time and chance for manufacturing some defense that might at least raise a “*reasonable* doubt.”

“Able” counsel pocketed a good deal of cash and chuckled to itself while intimating to the boys that “if you ever need help in a time of sore need, you’ll know whom to employ.”

This farce, so far, had cost the State and county some two thousand dollars, and cost some fifty odd witnesses many days' loss of time, and some of them great loss of money.

After six months the first trial came off. After the usual loading of the record by "able" counsel with motions for continuance, or postponement, or to quash the indictment, etc., hoping somewhere in this medley of motions to get in a seed that would justify the court of appeals to quibble about and reverse the verdict in case of conviction. The result of the trial was a verdict for "hanging the defendant." An appeal was taken to the "court above." After a year or more of holding up in court, a quibbling "opinion" of the court reversed the case, and sent it back for a new trial. Again, after nearly two years, the day of the second trial came round. Over one hundred witnesses were on hand. More motions, more quibbling, and more of this and that multiplied interminably with the hope of delay or a straw upon which to rest a "reversal" of the case in the higher court. (Many good people are beginning to think that the highness of this "Court of Obstruction" should materialize in the form of dignity that characterized Haman's elevation.)

Result of the day—another change of venue, with another six months' delay and another several thousand dollars' charge to State and county, and another going back and another coming back of some one hundred witnesses, losing time and, worse than losing time, fast losing faith in courts and in government itself. These open-bosomed boys of the open prairie began to think that five minutes' work with their old familiar lariats would have saved all of this two years' legal foolery and judicial blasphemy.

At the end of some four years from the date of the murder, the third trial day was set. More witnesses swore to prove that some other witnesses swore to lies, some to prove the judge was biased, some to prove that defendant was some years ago crazy, and some that he was born crazy, and some to prove this and that thing that had been lugged into the case purposely to confuse it and delay it. And lo and behold, a "continuance" by motion of defendant.

Another year and another coming of witnesses. Another increased bill of costs against the county and the State, which now aggregated over ten thousand dollars.

Another six months, another trial with a hung jury. Perhaps one or two men "hanging it." Thus the jury gets hung instead of the defendant.

After several more changes of venue and continuances, the end of the seventh year comes, and with it comes,

"We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty."

This is about the only kind of verdict that that celebrated court of obstruction and delay never reverses. Net result of trial: The State and county pay some \$25,000 costs, witnesses combined lose thousands of days and hundreds of dollars, and lose all the faith they ever had in courts, and a man who killed a companion on the open prairie in broad daylight goes free, and the "able" counsel pocket the cash and brag of their "glorious triumph" in clearing a very bad case. Alas, very many of the "able" counsel are leading members in leading churches!

In speaking of the grievous misdoings and results of this case, the Cow-boy Horace said:

"H—ll! Don't you know I ought to have let the boys hang the d—n scoundrel the morning that he killed poor Abel, who was one of the best men I ever knew, while Cain was one of the worst?"

I suspect that nine men out of every ten, even though nominally Christians, would concur in the sentiment uttered by the cow-boy, with "H—ll" and "D—n" thrown in.

Now it was the daily occurrence of such transactions as the above in the courts, coupled with the conduct of "able" counsel in frustrating justice in the case of the murderers of his own son, Austin, that caused John to quit the attorney business, and finally, so as to have nothing to do at all with courts as now run, to quit everything that would bring him in contact with law-books that are now in some one-hundredth edition of such traditions as those to be found in the Talmud.

Many are driven by the abuses and quibblings of the courts, and by the unutterable prostitution of its practicing priests, to advocate mob law, even to the extent of hanging, not only criminals out of the court, but such ones who, as officers of the court, sell their services for hire to clear criminals inside of the court. In fact it has gone so far that one of the best citizens in Texas told John that he was sitting in the court of appeals one day when they reversed a criminal case in which he himself knew the facts; and so outraged at this reversal was this good citizen that he said:

"If I had had a shot-gun, I could hardly have restrained myself from shooting the judge who, with great gusto, rendered the decision."

The last case in which John ever appeared in court conclusively convinced him of some serious things. It was a United States Court that operated in a West Texas district. The judge was a "carpet-bagger," or at least was neither in birth, nor in gentlemanly manners, nor in spirit kindred with the people over whose life, liberty, and property he had been foisted as a judge. By "foisted" is meant that he was not the choice of the people over whom he essayed to rule,—yes, "rule," like an old-time negro overseer was wont to "boss" over a slave gang in the cotton-fields of the South. This "federal judge" had been a shystering corporation attorney, and though at first rejected by the United States Senate, yet, through some private "pull" with the Capitolian Caesar, this coarse, self-pushing, boorish personage had succeeded in having himself "foisted" into judicial place of power,—power at least to exercise his low-bred instinct of insulting and bulldozing those temporarily in his clutches.

John and all of his people had been born and nurtured in the schools of law and order. With him reverence for established constitutional authority amounted to about the same as religion itself. But to the point.

John's last experience with the last case in the federal court presided over by this offensive imitator, if not literal blood descendant, of Jeffreys, convinced him of several serious things.

First. There must be something radically wrong in a judicial system under which such coarse bulldozers can be foisted into and kept in public place.

Second, that unless the better and peace-loving class of citizens take some peaceably legal or constitutional means to remedy these court evils, they will soon, like seed producing after its kind, produce worse evils, and all like abuses which preceded the French Revolution will end in a bottomless pit of anarchy and mobocracy.

All historians teach that the ignorance and insolence and inopportuneness of the "men in power" caused the French Revolution. And all that is in the human heart that partakes of the nature of the "wrath of the Lamb" is instinct with the feeling that "disloyalty to tyrants is loyalty to God," and that even "those in authority" (especially by means so purely undemocratic as those by which federal judges get power) may be, by even very good people, looked upon and denounced as "whited sepulchers filled with dead men's bones."

The great fear is that in the present infirm states of the hearts of men this "wrath of the Lamb" may take vengeance into its own hands and endeavor to overcome evil with evil, to overcome outrage with outrage, may invoke the wind that of itself produces the

whirlwind, may appeal to militarism, which inevitably in the end produces the anarchist with his stiletto, and at present spawns on the public just such miserable and offensive rulers as are now perverting the public service.

Though John had in him the cavalier blood of all the Seviers, and felt insult more keenly than perhaps one in a thousand does, and when he felt himself in the right was absolutely void of personal fear, yet so well did he know that like produces like, that evil cannot be overcome with evil, that the sword of the militarist produces the dagger of the anarchist, that he always opposed anything like the Virginia sentiment of "*Sic semper tyrannis*," opposed all "higher law" such as is administered by provost marshals and mobs; but in private talk, in public speech, and through the public press advocated such judicial reforms as the following:

First, to make all judges, State and Federal, subject to election and removal by *direct vote* of the people whom they were to serve,—not to rule.

Second, let a majority of the jury decide all cases, as even a presidential election is decided by a majority.

Third, when there is an unanimous verdict by a jury, let there be no appeal except to the trial judge, not to a set of old "musties" away off at the State capital who never hear half of the evidence, never see the demeanor of witnesses, and who are so hobbled and headed off from common sense by their own traditions that, like the Jews, they render the statutes and commandments of judgment and justice absolutely void.

Fourth, make it a felony punishable by disbarment and imprisonment in penitentiary for any officer of court (attorneys are under the law "officers" of the court) who for hire or fee endeavors to aid or abet in or out of court any criminal to escape justice,—making the penalty double when the aiding or abetting is done inside the court.

Fifth, change the circuit or district system of courts so that there will be in every county a local court whose gates, like those of Gospel grace, should stand open night and day. So that an offender committing an offense in the morning should be placed on trial in the evening. Then witnesses would not have to be brought from all over the State, then witnesses would not be killed out of the way, then "straw" witnesses could not be manufactured, then millions of dollars would be saved the people, then the occupation of attorneys whose chief talent lies in "applications for continuances" would be gone, then and then only "speedy and fair trial" guaranteed by the constitution would be insured.

Sixth, let honest men who know all about the case from personal knowledge sit as jurors in preference to men who know nothing about it, and never learn anything about it if "able" counsel can keep them ignorant of vital facts, and even what they do learn is from witnesses who are either so embarrassed by the bulldozing of "able" counsel that they cannot recollect one-half they know, or who are in many cases perjured. The more an honest man knows about a case the better qualified he is for a juror. Yet the scribes and elders of the law have reversed this commandment of common sense by letting only such men as are *blanks* sit as jurors. This perhaps might do, were it not that these "blanks" are often filled out in the handwriting of "able" counsel, "able" to make black look white and white look black, "able" to boast of deeds done by them as "officers of the court," which if done outside would send them to the penitentiary for aiding and abetting the bloodiest of criminals to escape.

With such things as these going on right at the head fountains of justice, is there any wonder at there being such convulsions of mobs everywhere, yea, and of a final French Revolution itself, when the wrath of all these wrongs shall gather together their combined strength in some civil cyclone?

So we see the causes that led, yea, forced, John out of a profession that, if not "fallen, fallen, fallen," would be like a Church of God that is not "fallen, fallen, fallen" should be, the crown of all professions. But as fallen it has become, like a fallen church the "habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

What will an honest man lose in an evolution out of such a horrible and miry pit? Whatever might be lost or gained, John came out of the legal city of all his forefathers and brothers. This ends his "Evolution" on one plane of life. Thus an "old earth" passed from under his feet in an earthquake. Thus an "old heaven" rolled up as a scroll and shriveled and passed away from his vision,—yea, from all of his life.

The "new earth" and the "new heaven" are in process of going from the "evening and morning" of their first day on toward the formation of their seventh.

And so it will be, and so it must be, with every honest lawyer who has the wisdom to discern the fallen condition of the legal Babylon, and strength sufficient to come out of it, even though it be in the winter time.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

POLITICS AGAIN. THE KIND THAT JOHN WENT INTO, AND WHY?

A Sample Partisan Speech by an "M. C."—A Non-Partisan Move of the People Captures John—This Move a Mere John Baptist Mission "In the Wilderness"—Direct Legislation and Proportional Representation the Only Way Out of the Political Babylon—The Political Babylon a Spawn of the "Spiritual Babylon"—The Cause Must be Removed Before the Effect Can be Cured.

At the time of John's re-entering politics his county and district and State were about ten to one Democratic; and it might have been supposed that any young man ambitious for place and preferment would side with such a majority. But it was not so with John. He sought only the truth as the pearl for which he was willing to sell all other things—place, power, public pie. He was fast becoming a citizen of a new age—of a new earth and a new heaven. Such as he cannot enter into partisan politics, unless he be like the dog returning to its vomit and the sow to her wallow. In the language of the *New Christianity*—a paper which he had begun to read regularly—he recognized politics "as but a systematized scheme by which the thieves strip the public of its raiment and leave it wounded half unto death for the priests and Levites to pray over and pass by, while the good Samaritan (mostly women) does all he can to help and heal the unfortunate."

So John re-entered politics as neither a partisan, nor priest, nor Levite, but as a Samaritan—as a patriot—recognizing all men as neighbors and furnishing a mule to any in need. Perhaps no one political Samaritan, according to means and opportunity, did more, by means of his money and by public speech and by writings in the public press, for the public weal than did John. He often wrote for as many as six papers at a time, and contributed often one-fourth of his income to campaign purposes. But this was not the case with him until, under a mistaken view of the highest duty of citizenship,

he had been altogether out of politics for nearly twenty years. The following circumstance first led him to re-enter the political field.

Along in the latter part of the seventies he was living on his ranch. One "First Monday" he went up to the county seat, and as usual there was public speaking by candidates for this and that place of power, that they "might save the country," and, incidentally, get a bit of public plunder.

That day a speech was made by a distinguished Texas member of Congress who was a candidate for re-election. The only thing John remembers of this speech was that the candidate gave, as one of the leading reasons why he should be re-elected, substantially the following:

"There is one thing," said he, "of great importance that I have learned a good deal about. In view of the narrow margin of votes between the two great political parties that are seeking to control the government, the subject of 'contested elections' cuts a large and serious figure. When I first went to Congress I was, perhaps, too honest, being fresh from the honest masses. When a contested election case came up for investigation, the only thing I inquired about was, 'Whom did the people elect?'

"But, to keep up with the boys on the other side, I had to learn better; and if I am returned, I will pledge my fellow countrymen that in contested election cases the only thing I will inquire about is, 'What is the party politics of the respective contestants?'

"And you know the result, for you know that I always vote the Democratic ticket without asking other questions than, 'Is it the party ticket?'"

This was greeted by immense applause, amid which John called to mind the "First Monday of Court" speeches back in the days of his life in Border Ruffianism. He involuntarily thought of his father and wished he were here to rebuke this blind leader leading the blind. But no echo came back from his father's old familiar voice, which was now still in death. So he got up and left, notwithstanding his warm personal friends (afterward Judge) Nugent and Frank, who sat at his side, urged him to stay and hear "the great speech through."

Nugent afterward changed his views on such rank partisanship, and became one of the greatest commoners of the people as against partisan politicians.

This "great speech" that had been cheered with tremendous applause was about the first that John had heard since his father went up against United States Senators Atchison and Green when he was

standing for law and order in the old Border Ruffian days in Missouri. It may be imagined that this speech aroused John's indignation.

He went back to his ranch in the wilderness, and after consultation with his wife, he determined to re-enter politics,—not “party politics,” but politics as the science of government, in which every citizen is under the highest and holiest obligations to use all of the wisdom, prudence, and sagacity in his power, not primarily for his own advancement, but for the common welfare. He saw that the word politics had been wrested from its primary meaning by the party politicians, just as the priests and Levites had wrested the original commands of God by their prostituting traditions. No citizen can shirk the duties of citizenship without being a public criminal. It is as much the duty of a Christian to enter upon and discharge the duties arising from his relation to the entire public, as it is to discharge the duties arising from his relation to his wife and his children, or his farm and his shop. Only, the relation to the entire public body comprehends as much greater obligations as the entire public is greater than any one part of it, such as its homes, its farms, its shops.

A citizen can be a greater criminal in neglecting his duties as a citizen than he can in neglecting his duties as a father or husband, or laborer. But none of these duties are in conflict. These tithings of mint, anise, and cummin ye ought to do, and not leave the weightier matter of the whole public weal or woe undone. If you do not this, then thieves will continue to rob, and priests and Levites will continue to go by on the other side; and the Samaritan, unorganized and on his own mule and with his own money, will be the only hope and help of the unfortunate.

This speech also staggered John a good deal on another more important point. During all of these years when he was studying the nature of God as manifested in Him who was “The Word made Flesh,” his mind had gradually been more and more inclined to a hopeful belief in the “restitution of all things,” as prophesied in the Bible. His mind often dwelt on such things,—that if the all-wise God could devise ways to overcome death and the grave and hell, He would also overcome sin, which causes death, the grave, and hell,—overcome it in all climes.

But turning away from the Divine side of things, and seeing the human side as he saw it at the Texas speech-making, greatly staggered his faith in the “restitution” idea of things. To think

into what horrible pits the party politicians had led the people! Into what fields of carnage, into what seas of blood, into what furnaces of fire, into what awful blackness of darkness the party politicians had led the people in a great four years of butchering each other like beeves!

In view of such leading, to see them again shouting back "thunderous applause" in responsive approbation of such awful anarchistic sentiments as those uttered by the Candidate "Bim," on this occasion of John's first attendance, after some twenty odd years, on a public speaking,—a speaking in the supposed interests of public weal,—made him a convert, for the time being, not only to the hideous doctrine of "total depravity" but to the seemingly righteous uncharitableness which declares: If there isn't a hell, there ought to be one, especially for such party politicians as those who can say in public that, as a judicial officer, "in determining who should be seated I have ceased to inquire whom the people elected, but now only inquire what are the party politics of the respective contestants, and vote for my party man."

John thought, so far as "politics" is concerned, that any decent man's health would be better out in the ozone of a wilderness life than in the putrid atmosphere of a First Monday speaking which was intended to "save the country." Yet he was led back into politics, not, however, of a partisan kind; but a kind that he always described as being on the civil plane exactly what the campaigning of John the Baptist was on a spiritual plane, and he always contended that the campaign upon which he entered must eventually end like that of John the Baptist, which seemingly "forlorn hope" campaigning will be explained hereafter.

We will give a very brief account of John's re-entering politics.

For several years previous to the Fourth of July, 1888, the farmers of Texas had been meeting, with their wives and daughters and their neighbors, in neighborhood clubs, wherever, like the first Christian church, two or three could "be gathered together" to consult, in an absolutely *non-partisan* and neighborly spirit, about the betterment of the conditions of themselves and their wives and their little ones.

Like all movements that have the good of men, women, and children at heart, this movement had felt in its bosom the pulse-beating of a God who always incarnates Himself in any and all such bodies. John had addressed several of these neighborhood farmers' alliances.

On the Fourth of July, 1888, there was a meeting, in a central locality, of representatives of these neighborhood non-partisan alliances in the county where John resided. John, for the first time since he helped elect Claib Jackson Governor of Missouri, attended a political meeting or convention. The object of this convention was to select candidates for county offices on a strictly non-partisan basis.

The county government, like all governments, from county up to that of the commonwealth, had got somewhat into the condition of the historic Augean stable, where, for a thousand years a thousand cows had accumulated a thousand fathoms deep of muck and mire.

Among other nominations made by this meeting was that of John for county judge. Now, notwithstanding that he knew, what actually did take place, that this ticket would be elected by nearly two-thirds of the vote of the county, yet so firmly was his mind made up never to run for office, that he immediately arose and declined,—and suggested in his place a lawyer of whom John said that “he was one among the extraordinarily few attorneys who would never accept a fee from Cain or from Judas Iscariot.” This lawyer was W. W. Moores, who was nominated, and elected with the ticket. Judge Moores’ good wife was a second Mrs. Hemphill—Christian-featured, yet a Methodist. For while yet a Methodist, her face was of that peculiarly pleasing Southern kind that would give the angels but little work to mould into that of an angel when she went up among them from the earth.

Four years rolled round. Both by articles in the county papers and by public addresses and by contributions of money and labor as county chairman of this people’s non-partisan movement, John did all he could to help overthrow the party politicians and to build up the people. As chairman, he wrote, and got his people to pass in their county conventions, the following plank in their platform:

“Resolved, that the sole object of a public canvass is for the purpose of ascertaining the merits of both measures and men. To this end be it understood that every voter should be left in perfect freedom, in speech and in action, to ascertain what is best for the common good of a common country, and, at the election, to vote for such candidates as in good conscience and in enlightened judgment he may deem to be, first, honest, and second, capable of best fulfilling the duties of the office to be filled.”

This resolution attracted the attention of the *Dallas News*, the leading daily paper of the entire South, which paper editorially said:

The Erath County people are to be congratulated upon their recent adoption of a new and timely declaration of freedom and independence. It is well worth the careful reading and serious attention of every voter who values his liberty at the ballot-box. The people are tired of the commands, whips, and branding-irons of audacious masters who have not hesitated to claim the earth for themselves and their party pets, and who knows that the only means of gratifying their greed has been, and is, and ever will be, party slavery.

Four years had passed. John was in "politics" such as indicated above night and day. Against his wishes and against his protestations, and against his personal interest, the people again nominated him for county judge. He could find no excuse to decline, and was elected. The first thing that he did was to cut down his own salary. Now, in this particular at least, it must be evident to all eyes that he was on a "new" political earth and of a "new" political "heaven."

He was elected, and re-elected in 1896 by an increased popular vote, though nearly all those on his ticket were slaughtered by the partisan party ticket.

The reason of the decline of this non-partisan movement of the people was that eventually any non-partisan move will become partisan, when candidates are to be nominated for places of power and pelf. Hence the only mission of this people's move was, like that of John the Baptist, to preach repentance as to evil conditions, and to point out some coming savior that would deliver from such evil conditions, and never to claim that the preachers of repentance or the water-baptizing Johns can possibly do the saving.

John always held that the people, the whole body of the people, were the only possible saviors; and that the whole body of the people could not be placed in power by electing men to make laws for the people; but that this can be done only,—yes, that the people can be made sovereign in all departments of government, legislative, judicial, and executive,—only by means of a constitutional system of government known as direct legislation.

Hence he publicly declared that "all men are made out of the same mud," and that a long lease of power, even in the hands of so-called reformers, would result in the office-holders eating bread and the people eating stones.

From the standpoint, not only of universal history, including the records of the Bible itself, as well as from his experience among reformers in their wild endeavors at electing "good men" to office with the hope of ultimating good laws through these "good men," John was so thoroughly convinced that there was no hope whatever

of the people being saved from such political ills and woes as have ever overtaken them under governments which are administered by "the elect" collar party politicians ; and being so thoroughly convinced that if the people would only use in a direct manner the talent of sovereignty which every *magna charta* of liberty distinctly avows as being "inherent in and inalienable from" the great body of the people, they could and would save themselves from being distracted and destroyed by miscarriages of government. And seeing in direct legislation for making laws, and in proportional representation as a system for selecting public officials to administer laws, such strikingly simple ways for the people in the most direct manner possible to exercise their "all power" in all departments of government, legislative, judicial, and executive, John not only made public addresses and wrote magazine and newspaper articles innumerable, but he established a public journal devoted exclusively to the advocacy of direct legislation as the *simplest way, the speediest way, and the only way* of effectively exercising their power.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STEPS THAT LED UP TO THE FINAL ESCHEWING OF THE EVIL OF A GOVERNMENT OF, BY, AND FOR PARTY RULERS, AND ESPOUSING A GOVERN- MENT OF, BY, AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Reasons that Led John to Eschew Party Rule and Espouse the Rule of the People—What “The Scriptures” Teach on This Subject—What Ancient and Modern History Teaches—Surprising Revelations of the Secret Convention that Adopted Our Present Federal Constitution—Washington’s Farewell Warning to His Countrymen—The Steps That Led Up to the Final Eschewing of the Evil of a Government of, by, and for Party Rulers, and the Espousing of a Government of, by, and for the People.

Owing to the fact that John was changing from this old thing to that new thing, he was considered by even many of his own friends to be somewhat unstable. These friends had not the remotest idea that both they and John were, “without knowing,” standing in the very midst of war and “earthquakes in divers places” which were swallowing up all old things in order that all new things might come in,—yea, that the old earths and old heavens, spiritually and politically, at the command of Him who sat upon the throne saying, “Behold, I make all things new,” were being rolled up like a scroll and were passing away in order that “the new earth and new heaven” might be established.

Even John himself up to this time hardly appreciated how it was that he had no ease in any old Zion. Neither spiritually nor politically could he foxlike find a hole, or birdlike find any old last year’s “bird nest” of dead twigs and leaves in which to rest his pulsing life. The fact is that no man who has the courage of his convictions could do other than John did in case he should pursue the careful and conscientious course of study in order to find out and know for a certainty whether the forward steps that lie just before him are going in the right direction.

No doubt the high-priests and elders who were at ease in the old Jerusalem Zion, rotten and tumbling down as it was, had great con-

tempt for Jesus Christ and all of His apostles who laid the axe at the very roots of the fair-seeming trees under which these same priests and elders reposed in apparent security as they listened to their lullabies of a "little more sleep, a little more slumber." The rulers are ever asleep when Christ comes.

During the years that John had abstained from listening to the party politicians, with their "promises" and pleas that if they were placed in power they would save the country, he was a constant reader of ancient and modern history and of the Bible. He never advocated procedure along any line of reform unless he found landmarks and signboards gathered from the Bible clearly pointing out such line of going forward as one approved of God. From his youth up he had heard much of "authorities ordained of God" and of the doctrine known as the "divine right of kings," that is, the right of one man to rule over other men without the consent of the ruled. He was reared among a class of slave-owners who were drunk on this cup.

But not more were these slave-holders drunken on a Babylonish cup than were a great majority of the so-called "ministers of the grace of God" and about all of the "statesmen." Slave-holders, priests, and politicians all combined to strengthen and laud the "right of rulers," and to undermine and weaken and denounce as anarchistic and ungodly "the rights of the people."

Hence, before finally committing himself to the open advocacy of a government of, by, and for the people in place of our present government of party politicians, by party politicians, for party politicians, John determined to "*search the Scriptures.*"

His object was to see whether or not the "Ruler of Nations," who is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ, approved of the people surrendering their sovereignty to a few earthly rulers, whether these "rulers" be called kings, czars, emperors, or even middle-men, sometimes called "representatives." He well knew that on the spiritual plane no popes, or "fathers," or rabbis, or "masters" were approved by the Lord when He came to earth and spoke to men as "God manifest in the flesh;" and he well knew the woe pronounced against every one who has a talent and does not use it.

So, one Sabbath day he locked himself in his room and "searched the Scriptures," and found as follows:

First, that in the beginning there were no kings or rulers whatever except that each father was king and priest in his own household. Every family sat under its own vine and fig tree.

Second, when there were differences between neighbor and neighbor, these differences were submitted for settlement to a class of wise citizens called "counselors." Some of these were women, whose court, like that of Deborah, was "under the palm trees."

Third, as men fell away from the teachings and life of God, the counselor was succeeded by the "judge." The judge differed from the counselor in having the authority to enforce his decisions, while the counselor had his decisions acquiesced in without force.

For generations and generations this form of government continued. But men became more and more wicked; and as wickedness increased wisdom decreased, and individuals and nations kept falling down from the laws of God.

After the fall was about complete we first hear of the kingship business. In the ninth chapter of the Book of Judges is an account of the selection of the first king, as well as the maledictions pronounced by the prophet of God on such a deadly evil. In that chapter is shown

First, that no man of the olive or fig or grape nature will consent to rule over others.

Second, that the real nature of a king "ruling over others" is that of a "bramble."

Third, that "rulers" resort to bribery and hiring of hirelings to establish their throne of rule; and resort to violence and bloodshed to strengthen and perpetuate their rule. Let each examine the said ninth chapter of Judges, and he will see for himself that everything here asserted is therein confirmed.

Another place in which kings are spoken of in the Bible is the eighth chapter of first book of Samuel. The following things John found stated in that chapter bearing on kingship or rulership:

First, that those who favored it were those who repudiated the rule of God.

Second, in that chapter both the prophet and Jehovah Himself distinctly state the kingly character as being, that which would appropriate to its own use and aggrandizement the sons, daughters, the fields, the vineyards, "even the best of them," and give them to its minions.

Third, in said chapter is a catalogue of woes and ills that would come to the people in case they should choose a king to rule over them, which woes and ills all history shows have followed in the train of the despot, or king, or personal ruler, even as effects spring from and follow causes. It is a bottomless pit evil.

Fourth, the next thing that John found as the principal element to make up a kingly character was physical or brute force; because it is stated that the man chosen as king was "higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward."

As a matter of course, all kingly rule rests on force, on swords, on bayonets, on bombshells, on standing armies, on great navies, and pretorian guards. See also Chapter XII, wherein it is recorded that the people acknowledged their sin in choosing a king to rule over them.

On the evening of the Sabbath day John rose from an all-day search of the Scriptures with the full conviction that a government by kings, whether those kings be born or elected, whether they be called czars or middle-men "having all power of making and administering laws," is an evil, is contrary to the wisdom of God, and that a government of, by, and for the people is the remedy for our present government of, by, and for the party rulers.

He now proceeded to see what history teaches on the subject of what is called popular or a people's government, in which the people are the source and the end of all government.

In ancient history he found such things as those stated by Plutarch about the ancient democracies, where the people voted directly for and against all laws by which they were to be governed, as the following:

"Like bees, the people acted with one impulse for the public good. They were possessed with a thirst for honor and high spirit bordering on insanity, and had not a wish but for their country."

Finding such to be the unanimous voice of ancient history, John turned his eye to see if he could find some remnant (for the Bible proclaims that the Divine Providence always preserves a "remnant" of what is good and wise) of a government in which the whole body of the people were sovereigns.

He remembered that somewhere he had read a debate on the subject of "What Government is Best For the People?" Turning to his library, he found a book in which this debate was recorded in full.

In this debate a Roman Catholic hierarchist advocated the government of the pope, while some misrepresentative of republicanism advocated a government by our present system of middle-men, and an advocate of the pure and undefiled rule of the people, Editor Henry Watterson, brought forward a remnant representative of pure democracy as illustrated by the government of Switzerland, about which he said:

That the people—all the people—voted directly for and against all the laws by which they were governed, and, as a logical consequence, the following things were stated, which are proved by actual history:

First, that the people of Switzerland, though small in numbers, and walled in by such monarchies as Russia, Germany, and Austria, have the spirit of the William Tells who never cringe the knee to the Geslers.

Second, that the "Swiss people are the happiest people in the world."

Third, that after a residence of a year among them, he "could not but stand with uncovered head in presence of such a happy race of freemen."

(See Watterson's Address at the Quadrangular Debate at Philadelphia in the year 1893.)

John then turned to drink from the fountains in the hill countries of our own land and found such sentiments as the following:

Governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it; laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.—*Declaration of American Independence.*

All political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit. . . . And the people have the inalienable right to alter, change, or abolish their government in such manner as they may think expedient.—*Article 1, Section 2, Texas State Constitution.*

The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government.—*Washington's Farewell Address.*

Some say that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the persons of kings to govern them? Let history answer this question.—*Thomas Jefferson's First Inaugural Address.*

The whole body of the people is the sovereign legislative, judicial, and executive power for itself.—*Thomas Jefferson to Edmund Randolph.*

Our political creed is, without a dissenting voice that can be heard, that the will of the people is the source and the happiness of the people the end of all legitimate government upon earth.—*John Quincy Adams' First Message.*

Our system of government was by its framers deemed an experiment, and they therefore consistently provided a mode of remedying its defects.—*Andrew Jackson.*

Experience proves that in proportion as agents to execute the will of the people are multiplied there is danger of their wishes being frustrated. Some

may be unfaithful; all are liable to err. So far, therefore, as the people can with convenience speak, it is safer for them to express their own will.—*President Jackson's Inaugural Address.*

A government of the people, by the people, and for the people must not perish from the face of the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The government must be recovered by the American people. Direct legislation is the ideal means for this peaceable revolution.—*Henry D. Lloyd, the "Fighter of Trusts."*

Direct legislation is no longer merely desirable; it has become essential to the safety, if not the continued existence, of the Republic. A few years ago the representative system was in decay—now it is dead and stinketh.—*New York Journal.*

The legislatures are passing, and in many cases have already passed, out of the hands of the people, and are now regularly bought up by money furnished by the corporations to a "boss" who undertakes to procure or to prevent such legislation as they desire.—*New York Evening Post.*

Confused or blended issues are the greatest political dangers of our time. The referendum hath the immense advantage of disentangling issues.—*Democracy and Liberty.*

Our political campaigns are but "Wars of the Roses." Jefferson was right in his "Trust the people." Lincoln was right in his idea of "a government of, by, and for the people."—*Congressman W. L. Stark.*

Direct legislation is the common denominator for all factions of reform.—*S. W. Weaver, one of the people.*

Direct legislation is the only complete and specific cure for bribery.—*Prof. Commons, of Syracuse University.*

Representation does not represent because no one man can completely represent another. Hearsay evidence is excluded in all courts the world over, because no man can tell exactly what another man says.—*Eltweed Pomeroy, Editor Direct Legislation Record.*

He then read an account of the secret debates in the Federal Convention that framed our present constitution, to see whether or not the sentiments found in the hill countries of American statesmanship had been embodied in our present Constitution. The impressions made on him from reading these debates are vividly expressed in a letter written and published by him:

JEFFERSON OR GERRY; FRANKLIN OR DICKINSON; THE KING OR
THE PEOPLE?

We confess that we were a little disappointed when we began to select extracts from high authorities to place in our "Fountains in the Hill Country" department, that in the Federal Constitution we could not find such radical declarations of the rights of the people as we found in the Bible, and in the Declaration of Independence, and in the constitutions of the liberty-loving states, and in the messages of great commoners of the people, such as Jefferson, Franklin, Jackson, Lincoln, and Benton.

The following will explain how this happened, and the reasons why the people were put in quarantine, as it were, off from their own power.

The convention that formed the present constitution was held in secret--the sessions were behind closed doors--and not until the days of Andrew Jackson were the recorded debates in that convention made public. Jackson had but little veneration for things that didn't work in the interests of the people, and from his first inaugural address to the close of his eight years' term, was constantly suggesting changes in the constitution so that the people might have more direct voice and power in the government. As usual, his recommendations of change were met by the old fetichism which always endeavors to beat back progress, even as the scribes and pharisees beat down the Christ by a cry of blasphemy when he spoke against their old, musty traditions. In 1839 a Jacksonian Congress, in order that the true inwardness of things about the so-called "infallible constitution" might be brought to light, had Madison's Journal of the Constitutional Convention, which had long been secret, published.

Recollect that Jefferson was not a member of this convention. Old Ben Franklin and his co-worker, James Wilson, from Pennsylvania, were the champions of the people's rights, but they were outvoted by the men from whose speeches we extract the following:

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, said: "I oppose the election of members of the National Legislature (Congress) by the people. The people, immediately, should have as little to do as may be about the government."

Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, said: "The evils we experience flow from the excess of democracy. The people do not want virtue, but are the dupes of pretended patriots." This was a blow at Jefferson and his kind.

Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, said: "An election by the people is an impracticable mode." This explains why South Carolina for over fifty years never gave the people the right to vote for even presidential electors, but had the legislature to elect them.

Mr. Dickinson, of Delaware, said: "I consider a limited monarchy as one of the best governments in the world." This seems a harsh expression in these days, but we must remember that up to the Revolution all our forefathers had been loyal subjects of an almost absolute monarchy, and we have divine authority as well as experience for the fact that all evolution from old to new is not straightway: "Men do not straightway drink new wine, saying the old is better." The Christ met this "old is better" fallacy.

Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, said he "was afraid to submit the proposed constitution to the people," and that in his quarter "the people had the wildest ideas of government in the world. They even wanted to abolish the Senate of Massachusetts and give the power to the legislature." The senate was not elected by the people, but the legislature was. Mr. Gerry was evidently afraid of the "wild" ideas of the people. There are a great many Gerrys in this day who are now called "Gerrymanders."

Even Mr. Madison, who afterward under the tutelage of Jefferson got to be a conservative Democrat, but not as strong as was Monroe, as a member

of the convention was a little bit "skeery" of the people, and wanted some arrangement to distract the people so that they could not be very effective in getting what they wanted, and he said: "In a republican government the majority when united have always an opportunity. The only remedy is to enlarge the sphere, and thereby divide the community into so great a number of interests and parties that in the first place the majority will not be likely at the same moment to have a common interest separate from that of the whole; and in the second place, that in case they should have such an interest they may not happen to unite in pursuit of it." In other words, even Madison had some kind of a wild idea to distract the people. Most certainly this has been accomplished.

On June 18, 1787, Alexander Hamilton addressed the convention and said in his private opinion he had no scruple in saying, supported as he was by so many of the wise and good, that the British government was the best in the world, and he doubted much if anything short of it would do in America, and said: "Let one branch of the legislature hold their places for life, at least during good behavior. Let the executive also be for life."

The whole debate in the convention which framed the constitution teemed with such declarations as the foregoing. No wonder that it contains provisos for vetoes by one man, and supreme one-man "opinions," and senates and supreme judges not elected. No wonder Mr. Randolph refused to sign it, saying that it was a bold strike for a monarchy or an aristocracy, and that he would not support a plan that would end in tyranny. No wonder Mr. Mason refused to sign it, saying it would end in a monarchy or tyrannical aristocracy, which of the two he was in doubt, but one or the other he was sure. No wonder that this constitution was never submitted to the people for adoption. Even the delegates who adopted it were not elected by the people. The people were not "in it" from beginning to end. Jefferson, on account of his opposing the provision of vetoes and other matters which failed to recognize the people, was denounced as a "Jacobin," an "agrarian," as a "stirrer up of the poor against the rich."

The debates teemed with so many denunciations of democracy, or the rule of the people, that a motion was put and nearly carried to burn the journals, for fear that the people who were called to the field by the Declaration of Independence and fought the battles of liberty against the divine right of King George would again revolt at that which Randolph and Mason said would end in either a monarchy or tyrannical aristocracy. To save from burning they resolved to keep the debates secret. Sufficient delegates finally voted for it—many of them doing so because it had a clause permitting it to be amended, and so stated that this was the reason they voted for it.

A compromise was made on the proposition of having the executive and the senate for life by adopting a judiciary for life, and not even let the people elect the judiciary. So kingship triumphed in that department of government which has the last say at the laws by which the people are to be governed.

Direct legislation will prevent the prophecies of the great Virginians, Randolph and Mason, and the fears of the great Pennsylvanians, Franklin and

Wilson, from being realized in the government ending in a monarchy, or a tyrannical aristocracy, or a plutocracy.

Jefferson and Franklin were direct legislationists, whilst Gerry and Hamilton were afraid of the people.

As matter of course, it was scarcely to be expected that so great a change as that from the divine right of kings to that of the divine right of the people would be made at once. Only such humanitarian philosophers as Benjamin Franklin, and such democratic statesmen as Jefferson, and such sturdy yeomen as Wilson, all of whom really believed in what was declared in the Declaration of Independence, which made even the making of any constitution whatever possible,—only men of this kind, men who had the courage of their convictions, opposed inserting any monarchical provisions in the constitution and did all they could to affirm that, in the language of Jefferson in his letter to Edmund Randolph, "The whole body of the people is the sovereign legislative, judicial, and executive power for itself."

Jefferson had written the Declaration of Independence, which said: "Governments are instituted among men deriving their powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and lay its foundations on such principles and organize its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their happiness and safety." Hence Jefferson opposed the kingly features of our present constitution which the direct legislationists of this good year 1898 seek to eliminate,—which provisions were only voted for by a majority of the convention "for trial," and with a provision that if found unsatisfactory could be amended, altered, or abolished.

It appears that the time has come to decide that Jefferson, Franklin, and Wilson were right, and that Dickinson, the limited monarchist, and Hamilton, the lover of the British idea, and Gerry, the man "afraid of the people," were wrong.

Direct legislation will carry into the constitution the very ideas advocated by Jefferson, Franklin, and Wilson and eliminate the kingly ideas of Hamilton, Dickinson, and Gerry.

Which side are you on, dear reader? After over one hundred years of an open Bible, free schools, and professed sovereignty of the people are we not ready to move up at least along the lines of liberty?

We summarize the issues in the convention of 1787 between those who were afraid of the people and wanted at least a limited monarchy, and those who wanted the people sovereign in all departments of government:

THE EXECUTIVE.

The monarchist element wanted a president holding for life and having a kingly veto, and not elected by the people. The democratic element struggled for a president elected by the people for a short term and without any veto power. The monarchists succeeded to the extent of not having the president elected by the people and in giving him the kingly veto.

The direct legislationists in 1898 contend that Jefferson and Franklin were right, and that Hamilton and Dickinson were wrong. How, reader, do you stand on this issue?

THE LEGISLATIVE.

The monarchists contended for a senate to hold for life not elective by the people. The democrats contended for direct election by the people and for a limited time. The matter was compromised by an election for a limited time but not by direct vote of the people.

Direct legislationists stand with Jefferson and Franklin on this issue. How do you stand, dear reader?

THE JUDICIARY.

Hamilton and the monarchist element consented to a compromise on matters relating to the executive and legislative departments on condition that the monarchical element should be retained in the judicial department; and they had about their own way in establishing our present judicial system in which the judge is supreme, is not elected by the people, and holds for life. It appears strange that this could be so, but when we consider:

That the convention was not elected by the people;

That they were afraid to, and never did, submit their work to the people;

That scarcely a man who had signed the Declaration of Independence or who had fought in the Revolution was a member of the convention;

That "men do not straightway desire new wine"—and perhaps at that time the most potential matter was that on account of the turbulence in France, then existing, the monarchists had a present *argumentum ad hominem* that, like all things of present furor, had its weight; and,

That as usual the hangers-on of wealth, like Dickinson, and the barons of aristocracy, like Hamilton, were occupying places in this convention which in the councils of the Revolution had been filled by such men as the Carrolls of Carrollton, the Henrys of the Hanover Slashers, and the Jeffersons of Monticello.

As usual in such assemblies, the people were not only quarantined off from all power, but were emasculated of all potency of political fatherhood, and turned on the outskirts as mere eunuchs in the palaces of the kings of a kind of Babylon wherein the people are imaginary sovereigns and the middlemen are more or less unlimited monarchs.

Direct legislationists propose to take up the issue which was made and compromised in 1787 in favor of Hamilton, Dickinson, and Gerry, and have it reversed and decided in favor of what Jefferson contended for when he wrote to Edmund Randolph, a member of the convention, that "the whole body of the people should be the legislative, judicial, and executive power for itself." This can only be accomplished by direct legislation, and that in a most strikingly simple, orderly, and expeditious manner.

Shall the issue that was made and succeeded in 1776 (see Declaration of Independence) and compromised away in 1787 (see present constitutional provisions) be again raised and settled in favor of the people by the close of

the present century? All but supines, those afraid of the people, those who desire to be kings and want the people to be mere lackeys and eunuchs in their palaces, all but these will take up the issue declared by Jefferson and his compatriots in 1776 in the Declaration of Independence fought for by Washington and his soldiers from Bunker Hill in 1775, to Yorktown in 1781, contended for by Franklin, but temporarily checked and overthrown by Hamilton, Dickinson, and Gerry in 1787.

To this end the civic army of direct legislation is forming, and until this end is reached its colors will be kept flying, its legions answering the battle call, and march from conquest to conquest until the people become direct sovereigns in all departments of government—legislative, judicial, and executive. There never has been and never can be any peace short of this end. This is the perfect end, and gradually we must go on to this perfection.

Another strong paper that led John to eschew the rule of the party rulers was Washington's Farewell Address to his countrymen, in which he says :

Let me warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party. This spirit exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, *and is truly their worst enemy!* The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, habitual to party dissension, which in different ages has perpetrated the most horrid enormities and *is itself a frightful despotism.*

This leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, *sooner or later*, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty.

And even a greater than George Washington, Jehovah Himself, in the 8th and 12th chapters of 1st Samuel, warns the people of the unending woe that comes to a people when they abdicate political power and vest it in a set of rulers who are masters instead of servants of the people, of which rulers, governors, law-makers, and judges the world has seen many most virulent types.

And when this Jehovah came down to the earth by clothing Himself with a human body, He repeated the same idea; for it is written: "Jesus called and said: Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them and they that are great exercise authority upon them. *But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and your chiefs your servants.*"

All history, both of church and state, shows the direful fruits of a few men ruling over many.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE GREAT CHANGE FROM THE PARTY POLITICIANS TO THE PEOPLE.

The Present Route of Legislation Beset From Start to Finish With Dangers, Pitfalls, and "Deadlocks"—Under Direct Legislation the People Would Be at Hand to Protect Themselves and Their Laws at Every Juncture—How Direct Legislation Cannot Be Had, and How It Can Be Established—Specimens of Direct Legislation—Constitutional Amendments.

John Counsellor being convinced that great changes must take place on the political as well as on the spiritual plane of life, and seeing great promise in the form of government known as the direct legislative system, he proceeded to establish a monthly journal styled *Direct Legislation*. This journal had at its initial column head the following:

Direct Legislation is an independent monthly journal devoted to the restoration of all political power direct to the people, to be used by the people for their own safety and welfare. This restoration can be accomplished through the power involved in direct legislation. And the people, being restored to their heritage of "all political power," can proceed to use it as their experience and intelligence shall dictate.

DIRECT LEGISLATION COMPREHENDS.

First, the right of the people, by proper petition, to present a law to the legislative body to be acted on by such body. This is called the initiative.

Second, in case the legislative body refuses to pass the law asked for by the people, or should pass a law not petitioned for by the people, that such law, when asked for by a certain fixed percentage of voters shall be referred to the voters for adoption or rejection. This is called the "referendum."

Third: When a public official acts, or refuses to act, in such manner as a fixed percentage of voters deem wrongful such official shall stand for approval or disapproval; and if disapproved he shall resign and pay all expenses of election. This is called the "imperative mandate."

Thus by the initiative, the referendum, and imperative mandate, all of which are comprehended in the term direct legislation, we will have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

The leading editorial in the first number of this journal was as follows:

THE GREAT CHANGE.

That some great change in governmental management is longed for is shown by the almost universal discontent and uneasiness of the people. This discontent is almost akin to that "desperation of despair" which precipitates revolution.

That some change is necessary is admitted by all except a few who are fattening on present evils.

That this change is at hand is evidenced by signs seen on all sides. To mention these signs separately would require every page of this journal. Hence we state, without further ado than the statement, that a change is longed for, and is necessary, and is at hand.

Nearly all great changes come in ways not expected. The Divine Providence leads the blind by ways not known beforehand. Many look to this and many to that. Some say "lo here," and some say "lo there," and find these "lo heres" and "lo theres" mere reeds in the wilderness shaken of the wind, whilst the Christ is in their midst and coming to his own, and is "not known of his own," because He does not come in the way they expected. Most people look for the change to come by putting one party out and another party in. Some expect a change by the passage of some law on this or that subject, such as tariff or free silver. Some expect that the displacement of one set of pie-eaters from the public pie counter and the placement of a still hungrier set of pie-eaters at the public lunch stand, will be an all-sufficient remedy for all existing evils. Some think that if the people will work harder and eat less that the millennium will set in.

The truth is always a witness of itself; and that the great change, so far as government is, or can be, concerned, is the change of rulership from partisan oligarchs direct to the people is self-evident.

It is self-evident that the oligarchs have failed. No intelligent man denies this. It is evident that like will produce like, and that oligarchs produce more oligarchs. It is evident that every man thinks more of himself and of his own than he does of another, and that oligarchs have run everything for their own benefit and not for the people. No honest man can deny this.

Neither in constitutions, nor in declarations of independence, nor in any magna chartas, nor in any code of common sense, nor in the commandments of Christ, can one word be found that government is of, by, and for middlemen. Yet we have such a government. On the other hand, all constitutions, all declarations of independence, all magna chartas of liberty, all codes of common sense, and all the commandments of Christ utter speech unto speech that all government is of, by, and for the people—even the Sabbath day itself being for men, and not men for the Sabbath day.

Then, this being so, what greater change can we have than a change of all political power from the hands of middle-men to the hands of the people? We will only introduce one example to show the difference. Take for instance the present legislative road along which every measure has to travel before it becomes a law. This road is filled with pitfalls, slippery places, quicksands, hills, and hollows, and is lined on every side and at the beginning, and all along the route and at the end, with thieves, robbers, and traitors. It abounds with dangers and gauntlets to such an extent that there is no wonder that even "platform demands" never get through—no wonder that much of "promise" never is practiced—no wonder that so many great and meritorious measures "die a-bornin'."

Let us take land reform as an illustration:

1. Some minority party espouses this reform. It puts it in its platform in very general terms—so general that only the general principle is in the platform. This party goes to the country and talks land reform on general principles—so general that no exact idea of how reform is to come is agreed on by even men of the same party.

2. However, this minority party succeeds by this or that, and gets a majority in Congress. Here, perhaps, the party becomes like other parties—they had merely talked land reform on the hustings to enable them to get up the spoils of office. Such cases are numerous. But we give the party the benefit of the doubt, and say that they honestly believe in and honestly intend to give the people a good land law. Right here is a startling danger. The party has come into power on the "general principle" of land reform. A general principle is like steam, mere vapor until embodied in an engine. The principle must be embodied in a definite law. The question now is, what law? A, B, C, and D are all land reformers on principle, and all belong to the same party, and are equally honest. A proposes the single land tax as the only way of effecting land reform; B proposes a graduated land tax; C proposes limitation of land ownership; D holds that God Almighty knew more about land which He made than men do, hence he proposes to adopt a land law similar to the one enacted by Jehovah, wherein all land by gradual reclamation and proper compensation returned every fifty years from the landlords to the people. Now, there are thousands of good arguments for each of the above kind of laws, as well as for several other kinds. A, B, C, D, and the several other members, each propose their particular law, as each is in honor bound to propose what he deems the best. Speechifying begins. Debate enlarges as it goes. Substitutes, amendments, and provisos are interjected. Consultation gives way to contention; debate gives way to dispute. The hawks and the eagles of the lobby appear hovering about the carcass, always with a sharp talon (talent) and with an eye trained and practiced as to the best place to stick it in the carcass for their own interest. Confusion ensues. The committee, which is a body peculiarly adapted for wresting power from the many and putting it in the hands of the few, is called in, or rather the whole matter is referred to "the committee," which has been stocked by the czar of the house, and which is a very small point to center a few million

dollars on with its powerful effect in influencing what the committee does. And a committee can do a thousand things. It can keep back; it can amend; it can make over a bill to such a degree that the original proposer will neither know or support his own bill when reported back with insidious amendments and nullifying provisos. But suppose that A's proposed law, after months and months of debate and delay, does come to a vote and pass. It is not yet a law, for it has to run another gauntlet.

This gauntlet is the senate, a body not elected by the people, and very far away from the people. Here under their peculiar laws one man can keep off a vote for the whole session. Here A's measure may be amended. This requires that it be sent back to the house to run through again the whole gamut of this body of czars, committees, and caucuses. But suppose A's measure gets through the senate; it is not yet a law, for there is the presidential veto gauntlet.

Here one man has a bigger vote than two-thirds of the house and senate combined. But suppose A's law runs this often fateful gauntlet; then comes in the supreme court gauntlet.

As a matter of history it is notorious that "no one man as supreme" has ever been favorable to the people. So we see what a road any and all measures have to run along from beginning to end in order to become a law under the middle-man system. On this road every measure first begins its life in some partisan party convention. This convention is controlled by machine manipulators with patronage and personal preferment as chief incentive and chief end of all aim and effort; and then has to run the gauntlet of a partisan election, a partisan legislature, a partisan executive, and a partisan judiciary, thronged with bosses, steering committees, cavernous caucuses, czars of the house, one-man power, middle-men, misrepresentatives and procurators of pelf; each and all subject to human frailties which the lobby, with its wisdom of the serpent and its millions of money, knows so well how to play upon for the benefit, not of the people, but of axe-grinders in spoils and mere personal aggrandizement. On this road the people are not "in it" at the beginning or along the route of travel; and at every step every measure gets farther away from their power, and more and more it goes into the power of fewer and fewer men who are farther and farther off from the people; and the people are not "in it" in the end. From this road let us turn to the great road of the people in which the people are "in it" at the beginning and accompany every measure along the entire route, and are fast by its side in the end. This road is direct legislation. Through direct legislation the people get into and exercise their power in every department of government.

The people can initiate or propose laws. The people can have all laws referred to them for final action. The people can place or displace all public servants at their pleasure. The people can between 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. of any given day decide what laws they desire to be governed by—all of which is shown by the following:

HOW DIRECT LEGISLATION PUTS AND KEEPS THE PEOPLE IN GOVERNMENT.

Our government consists of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments. These constitute the entirety of what is called government.

At present the people have no direct power whatever in either of these departments. Legislators enact all laws; the executive kills by veto, or executes or refuses to execute; and the judge construes and often renders laws, by his mere "opinion," absolutely "null and void;" and all this is done by legislator, governor, or judge in utter disregard of the people. As recent examples, note the income tax and the Texas anti-trust law.

Now under direct legislation none of these departments will be abolished, but each and all so reformed or reconstructed that the people will have all power in each and all of them.

LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

Now all laws must originate in the house or senate; and all laws must be passed by the house and senate. Under direct legislation the people themselves can initiate or originate laws by having a law drafted and sent to the legislative body. Thus the people are in this department from the beginning.

If the legislative body passes or refuses to pass a law, by proper petition the people will have the right to vote direct on that law before it becomes binding, and their vote is final. Thus it is seen that the people will be in the legislative department from beginning to end,—will be the alpha and omega in the legislative department.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

The executive, as the name implies, will only execute laws. The kingly prerogative of the veto, by which one man has more power than two-thirds of the people, will be taken away. Jefferson opposed the veto being granted in the beginning.

In case the executive executes or refuses to execute a law in manner and spirit which the people deem wrong, then, by proper petition, the executive must stand at once for re-election. If the people, by their votes, approve his action, then all right, as the people are the ones to do as they please with their own. If they refuse to approve, the executive steps down and out, and pays the expense of the election, for which expense he has given bond when first elected. This gives the people complete power over the executive.

JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

Under direct legislation all judges will be elected by the people. The more than kingly power of a judge to render null and void a law by his "opinion" will be taken away; and judges will only construe but not kill laws.

In case a judge construes a law in a manner and spirit unsatisfactory to the people, by proper petition this judge must stand at once for re-election; and the people have a chance to approve or disapprove his action. If the

people disapprove, the judge goes out and another comes in; and the outgoing judge pays all expenses of the election.

What greater power can the people possibly have over all their laws and over all the administrators of their laws than that herein indicated given by direct legislation. And if the constitution says that "the people have all power," why should they not have some orderly and common-sense way of exercising it? Why have a talent and not use it? The failure to use it causes it to be taken away and the non-user, as is now the case, cast into a state of "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" because just now the people are doing little else than weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth on officials from president to postmaster.

Is not the change from the road of the present legislation to the road of the people "The Great Change," even such as might be a sign of the second coming of the Son of Man?

In public speeches and in his journal John would endeavor to warn the people as to *the way in which a direct legislative government would never come*, such as

First, there are those who believe that some particular party favoring direct legislation, as well as a great many other things, must elect its "party nominees," from constable to president, before the day of the people will come. The advocates of this plan make no distinction between "party rule" and "the rule of the people," and fly in the face of all history and in the face of all human nature, when they hope that a close corporation, such as "a party" must necessarily be when it gets in power, will part with that power for the benefit of the other fellow—or the people! This never has been done, and never will be done until the Ethiopian partisan changes his skin into that of a patriot.

Still these good-meaning reformers who look to this way of evolving out of partisanism and by partisanism a government of the people and by the people forget the eternal and divine principle that "like produces like," "every seed producing after its kind world without end;" partisanism producing partisanism, with its daughters of the horseleech never satisfied appetite for pie and personal preferment. This class also, in coupling many other things in its party platform with direct legislation, compels voters in order to vote their party ticket to vote for many kinds of men and many kinds of measures, some of which they believe in and some of which they don't, thus compelling voters to swallow a good deal of dirt to get a little sugar. This causes distraction and disintegration. This class also fails to discern the difference between causes and effects, and seeks the things of a kingdom of the people before first seeking the kingdom or ruling power of the people itself, which is contrary to the primal principle of "seek ye first the kingdom," and when this is established "all other good things will be added," as naturally as vegetables will come forth from an established vegetable kingdom. It is a solemn truth that no good effects of government will ever come for the people without first establishing a government of and by the people, such as direct legislation will do.

The putting of "party rule" in place of the "rule of the people," and the compelling of voters to have a unanimity of appetite to swallow all kinds of hash before they can partake of the particular kind which is agreeable to their taste, and the inverted procedure of trying to get the products of a well organized and well worked farm before getting and preparing the farm to raise the products; this aforesaid trinity of mistakes will always end in miscarriage, as they always have ended. No rationally minded man can, on general principle, deny this, not can any well-informed man deny it as a fact.

Second, there is another class of honest and hopeful reformers who believe in faith without works; and without adopting any definite line of procedure whatever, except talk, talk, talk, go on talking and expecting that, in some Micawber-like way, somehow and at some time in the great unknown somewhere, a four-squared government of, by, and for the people, will "turn up!" All such are doves with all the innocence of dovedom, but without that wisdom of the serpent which is equally enjoined and necessary to keep the dove itself from flying up against the fowler's snare. All such have ever been and ever will be everlastingly snared by the partisan political place seekers and served up as mere dainty morsels where supple and serpentine politicians fare sumptuously every day. We could cite dozens of historical instances of this snaring of doves.

Third, there is another class of reformers who honestly believe that revolution, with its accompaniments of blood and fire, is the way to a government of, by, and for the people. This class forgets that domestic war is destructive and not constructive. They forget that history shows that in civil wars men get drunk on blood, only to vomit up crime, and as in France, the guillotiners of to-day are the guillotined of to-morrow, and that the better class of people, to escape the mob, seek peace under the shadow of a monarch.

We, then, if we are not to get a change—not get a constitutional change that will do away with a government of middle-men, by middle-men, and for middle-men, such as we now have, and in its place establish a government of, by, and for the people, if we are not to get such an amendment by "our party" getting into all places of pie and power, from constable to president, or by zealously waiting for something to "turn up" in some undefined way, some time, or somewhere, or by the destroying death angel of civil revolution, then how can we get it?

The answer to this is simple. Let all who favor such an amendment proceed at once to organize; for without concert of action such as is only to be had through organization nothing will or can be done.

The most perfect and convenient form of organization was indicated by the Divine Mind in the simple sentence, "Wherever two or three are gathered together." This was the first organization of the Christian Church. It had no diocesan existence, but existed in households, in caves, in the forests, by the seaside, anywhere and everywhere, "wherever two or three" might be "gathered together." With such an organization, and no other, for the first one hundred years the Christian Church had greater power and success than it ever has had since. So wherever "two or three," if not more,

can be found in any household, or neighborhood, or school district, or in any town, city, county, State, who favor direct legislation, let these two or three gather together in a direct legislation club. Let the only test of membership in these clubs be that they favor the restriction of power to the people, and when the people have power to act directly on laws, that every member can present to the people his particular reform provided he can get a reasonable number of voters to join him in such presentations.

Neighborhood clubs might meet in a central county club, and county clubs in State clubs, and State clubs in national clubs. The work of these clubs would be

1st. To educate themselves in all things appertaining to direct legislation.

2d. To educate others by disseminating literature.

3d. To circulate petitions asking the legislative body to submit to the people a constitutional amendment, as herein indicated.

Such clubs, like the sub-alliances of the Farmers' Alliance in the days of its neighborly "first-love," would break down all middle walls of partition and in one year would create such a public sentiment that no legislator who had any semblance of respect for the people would reject their petition for the submission to a vote of the people of an amendment such as would restore power to the people. "Ask and ye shall receive," is the divine way of getting such things. After such an amendment was submitted, these clubs could push its adoption. After it was adopted, these clubs could discuss and suggest the laws by which it could be made operative. And after the amendment and the laws to carry it into effect were adopted, these clubs could disband, like the army of 1776 disbanded when it had wrested the power from alien rulers and vested it in the people.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. HOW A GREAT EVIL CAN BE LEGALLY REMÉDIED.

Proportional Representation—Tom Johnson's Bill on Same—Proportional Representation Would Give Minorities Their Rights—The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Confront Each Other.

In a circular letter directed to Major C. C. Cummins, of Fort Worth, Colonel C. H. Jenkins, of Brownwood, and other persons favoring a government of, by, and for the people in Texas, and asking for a public conference to promote same, John Counsellor said:

If we are to have what is called representative government, it will be admitted that the more the people are represented the better it will be. The most superficial person can not but recognize that under our present system at all times large and respectable minorities, and even in some cases a majority, of the people are totally unrepresented in all councils of government. As, for instance, here in Texas the Democrats, with a vote of 275,000, have twelve members of Congress; while the Populists, with a vote of some 150,000, *have none*; and the Republicans, with a vote of some 100,000, have but one, and often none; while that eminently select set of voters who are known as Prohibitionists are forever suppressed and silenced. Can this great evil be remedied? Most certainly. There is no evil that cannot be remedied; and most assuredly, when the remedy is right at hand and can be applied legally and in an orderly way, it should be done.

The least consideration of this subject will lead all to see that the application of the Principle of Proportional Representation in the selection of public officials, especially of the representative kind, would be a perfect remedy for the present unrepresentative evil. And further, every citizen who is not altogether selfish and unneighborly, must concede that the principle of proportional representation is based on the highest wisdom and righteousness, inasmuch as it involves:

First, the common-sense fairness that dictates that in any joint-stock business concern, all joint stock-holders should be represented in the business meetings where the interest of the stock held is acted upon. This is a universally admitted and practiced principle. County, State, and National governments are but joint-stock business concerns in which at least all grand subdivisions of the citizens are entitled to be heard in the business councils.

Second, it will be admitted that one of the moving causes, if not the chief cause, that precipitated the American Revolution was the violation of the American doctrine that taxation and representation are inseparable.

Third. That proportional representation is altogether neighborly and equitable no sane civilized Christian citizen can deny; for it is only giving to each his own.

Now, if Congress, without even a constitutional amendment (for that body has the power to regulate the manner of electing its members), would pass the following law, which even a Democrat once introduced into that body, this great evil of unrepresentative government would be completely cured so far as our National Congress is concerned. The following draft of a bill introduced in Congress by Hon. Thos L. Johnson shows how proportional representation could be legalized:

Section. 1. That members of the house of representatives shall be voted for at large in their respective States.

Sec. 2. That any body of electors in any State may, in convention or otherwise, nominate any number of candidates not to exceed the number of members to which such State is entitled in the house, and cause their names to be printed on its ballot.

Sec. 3. That every voter shall be entitled to one vote each for as many persons as the State whereof he is a resident is entitled to seats in the house, and he may cumulate his vote on a less number of persons as he may choose.

Sec. 4. That the sum of all the votes cast for all of the candidates in any State shall be divided by the number of seats to which such State is entitled, and the quotient to the nearest unit shall be the unit of representation.

Sec. 5. That the sum of all the votes cast for all of the candidates of each body of electors nominating candidates shall be severally divided by the quota of representation, and the units of the quotients thus obtained will show the number of representatives to which each body of electors is entitled, and if the sum of such quotients be less than the number of seats to be filled, the body of electors having the largest remainder after division of the sum of all the votes cast for all of its candidates by the quota of representation as herein specified shall be entitled to first vacancy, and so on until all vacancies are filled.

Sec. 6. That the candidates of each body of electors nominating candidates and found entitled to representation under these rules, shall receive certificates of election in order of the vote received, the candidate receiving the highest number of votes the first certificate, and so on; and in case of a tie with but one vacancy to be held, the matter shall be determined by lot between the candidates so tied.

To illustrate how this law would work let us take Texas, which has 13 members of the house. Here in Texas the vote is about as follows:

Democrats	250,000
Populists	150,000
Republicans	100,000
Prohibitionists	50,000
Total.....	550,000

The Democrats nominate 13 members and vote for each their 250,000 votes equal.....	3,250,000
The Populists nominate and cumulate their 150,000 votes on 3 candi- dates equal.....	1,950,000
The Republicans cumulate on 2 candidates equal.....	1,300,000
The Prohibitionists cumulate on 1 equal.....	515,000
Total of all votes.....	7,115,000

Now then, in order to ascertain the "unit of representation," we divide the sum of all the votes cast, or 7,115,000, by 13, the number of members to be elected, and we get 555,776. Now divide the total vote cast for each ticket by this unit and we get the number of members to which each party is entitled as follows:

Democratic vote of 3,250,000 divided by 555,776 equals 5 with remainder of 471,120.

Populist vote of 1,950,000 divided by 555,776 equals 3 with remainder of 382,672.

Republican vote of 1,300,000 divided by 555,776 equals 2 with remainder of 188,448.

Prohibitionist vote of 515,000 divided by 555,776 equals 0 plus a remainder of 515,000.

Add units and we have 10.

But the State is entitled to 13 members. Hence three members are to be had according to largest remainders; and on counting above figures the Prohibitionists, having largest remainder, would get one member, and the Democrats, having next largest remainder, would get one, and the Populists, being next in order of large remainders, would get 1. Giving as follows:

Democrats	6	members.
Populists	4	"
Republicans	2	"
Prohibitionists	1	"
Total.....	13	"

But under the party rule system Texas has twelve Democrats and one Republican representing the State in Congress. Any sensible man can see that the people of the State would be better represented under the proportional representative system as above illustrated. As it is, the Populist and Prohibition vote and over half of the Republican vote are suppressed and have no voice in Congress. Such a law could be passed without even a constitutional amendment, as by law Congress has the right to determine how its members shall be elected.

If representation were based on natural divisions of society, such as agriculturalists, manufacturers, day laborers, etc., instead of on political parties, the same results would be had, with the addition that a country of farmers would have farmers to represent it.

Representation based on the natural divisions of society could be effected by a law which

First, required the assessor each year when assessing taxes to enroll every voter under the head of his calling, farmers under the head of farmers, and so of all the different callings and professions of life.

Second, allowing each class, however small, a representative in all law-making bodies, and the larger classes additional representatives according to their numbers.

Third, providing that each class shall nominate and elect its own representatives,—no voter being allowed to vote for candidates out of his own class.

Such a law would do away with our so-called representative bodies in which one class, that of lawyers, generally furnishes about all of the representatives, although their number, in proportion to the body of the people supposed to be represented, is about as one to ten thousand.

John advocated with all of his heart, mind, and strength the principles of direct legislation in making laws and of proportional representation in selecting all public officials so far as wisdom and judgment and justice would dictate; and he always held that such principles sprung from the highest dictates of wisdom, judgment, and justice. But he well knew that for years and years these great measures of government, notwithstanding they are the effects of the second coming of the Son of Man, will be driven into the wilderness by the great red dragon that ever stands before the "woman which is ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it be born."

John had seen this very same dragonistic proceeding back in the sixties, when the woman clothed with the bridal robes of the Prince of Peace was driven out to make room for the harlot that polluteth high public places.

But he knew that finally the Son of Man would prevail and His kingdom of love to the neighbor would rule over all,—that such fair and square and neighborly principles as those of proportional representation would obtain in all civilized Christian governments, notwithstanding the spewing out of waters to drown it by the party politicians.

CHAPTER XL.

A "BUSINESS MAN," A "MONEY LENDER," AND A LAWYER-JUDGE" AS AIDS-DE-CAMP TO JOHN IN THE TEXAS WILDERNESS.

What the Second Coming Will Do for a Business Man—History of a "Usurious Debt"—What the Second Coming Did for a Southern Patrician Lawyer and Judge.

Somehow or other the Divine Providence will always help those who endeavor to help themselves. At times John seemed to be going out into some country "solitary and alone" with only his wife accompanying him,—she and he, however, being somewhat "one."

So, in going to Texas, John met with some who were traveling the same road as himself, and a man of the earth to lend him a helping hand financially. Among these was a most remarkable "business man," whose career is perhaps unexampled in the history of the commercial world at least in one respect. He had such considerate judgment and such firm and steady step that, during a mercantile experience of many, many years, he never cheated a customer out of a cent, and during all these years let his thousands of customers beat him out of only about six bits. Such a career in a country like Texas, where there are a good many "dead beats," as well as necessarily a good many financial inopportunes, is sufficiently remarkable to be written, not only in this history, but to be carved on the temple walls of the merchant princes of the earth.

On the principle of faithful in this thing, also faithful in that, this business man was always faithful in his considerate advice to John, who was not a Solomon Frank in the wisdom of this world. And not only was he a helpful friend with advice, but with his books and his contributions to any good cause suggested by himself or by John, with his open-house hospitality and his cheery humor, with his friendship in any time of stress, John found cheer in any time of crying and strengthening in any time of fainting.

Notwithstanding this remarkable business man was all over business, yet he had a sort of Abe Lincoln genius for pointing things with a "little story." For instance, in order to illustrate the ridiculous phase of those who regard the Son as separate from the Father, he would tell such things as the following:

"Down in Louisiana where I was brought up a gaudily dressed balloonist from New Orleans, in his great silken balloon, lighted in the midst of a large number of negroes who were picking cotton on a large plantation. The balloonist had long, flowing hair, a yellow coat, and a red cap. On the Sunday before the negro preacher had preached a red-hot sermon about the coming of Christ,—that it might take place at any time, and that He would come down from the clouds,—and gave such a usual cycloramic description of an external person coming in an external way with a great external parade, that the minds of the negroes were ripe for being imposed on by any "lo here" and "lo there" person or thing.

"So they fled, yelling and shrieking, but finally concluded to send one of their number to see the one they had taken for Jesus coming to burn up the world and to make the best terms possible. The old negro preacher was selected. He approached the balloon man and said:

"'Good day, Marse Jesus. How's your Pa?'"

It may be truly remarked that there are others besides the dusky children of the Southern cotton plantation plane of life who have quite as confused and materialistic an idea of the "Son" and of the "Second Coming" as did these Senegambian descendants of Ham.

This kind of argument, it must be admitted, is only allowable on the idea that a "fool must be answered according to his folly."

Mr. Frank, like Judge Nugent, another friend, and John, was blessed with an old-time Southern-hearted wife, whose table was given to old-time Southern hospitality, and whose face, like the sun in the heavens, was always beaming in warmth of neighborly love and kindness.

There was another business man (Dr. M. S. C.). Although John never took any of his pills, because he was never sick, this sturdy man of business had something that John very often needed, yet not very often had, that is, "cold cash." In his dealings with this good man,—good, notwithstanding he was a publican and a Gentile,—John learned what perhaps is a necessary lesson to be learned by all,—that is, if you borrow anything, pay it back with interest.

With the expectation of getting some \$2500 at a certain time, John had gone on credit for about \$500 of improvements on his ranch. The expectation of getting the \$2500 was based on the word of one of the most honest and reliable men that ever handled millions of dollars without a cent's loss to those for whom he handled it. The expectation of this Missouri business man (Gen. Geo. C. B., whose daughter figures in these pages) of getting the \$2500 was based upon the fact that he held the bonds of the second wealthiest county in all the wealthy State of Missouri for ten thousand dollars and accumulated interest, due January 1, 1874. This honest business man, thinking he was dealing with a set of honest county officials, had no doubt of getting his thousands of cash as per "written in the bond." But a set of shyster attorneys seduced the said set of supposed honest county officials into a suit to contest their own bonds,—the only possible outcome of which suit was, first, a good fat fee for the shysters, and then, perhaps a compromise, with the result that the county might gain what somebody else lost.

The suit lasted until the owner of the bonds left the earth for heaven, and, alas, until John's \$500 debt, based on the strength of what was involved in the suit, had amounted, in one way and another, to several thousand dollars.

Always trying to pay a debt when it was due, even if he had to borrow at such rates of interest as were then current in Texas, he borrowed the \$500 of Dr. C. at five per cent per month. This ran on for some months when, John telling the doctor of the circumstances of the case and that probably before the end of the year he would get the money, the doctor, on his own motion, reduced the interest to *three per cent per month*, payable quarterly.

This ran on for several years, John paying out of his other revenues some of the interest.

In a few years the doctor offered John the choice of two things,—he would either reduce the interest to ten per cent per annum, or he would take a piece of property John had for the debt. Now, the property that the doctor proposed to take, John knew, was not worth one-half the debt, which then amounted to some \$2000, principal and interest. He knew that the good doctor's offer was based on two things,—that after years of dealing with him, the doctor knew, as he often told John, that he was "square and honest," and, on the belief, perhaps, that even though honest, he could never pay the

debt, coupled with the good old doctor's well-known helping hand to all honest men who were trying to help themselves. These things had induced the doctor voluntarily to make the proposition that he did to John.

But John said :

"Doctor, you need not be afraid, I'll pay you some way, some day. I'll pay you every cent. I feel that I will do this ; I know I will do it ; for I have made it a part of my religion to pay every honest debt. The property you propose to take is not worth one-half the debt. I'll not scale or shave my own paper."

So, the kindly offer of canceling an honest obligation of debt at fifty cents on the dollar was kindly but firmly refused. But, at the urgent solicitations of the doctor, the interest was reduced from three per cent per month, which ran for several years.

During all these years the doctor, knowing that John was "hard run," but honest, never "dunned" him a single time on either principal or interest, though John would frequently say to him :

"As sure as there is a God in heaven, doctor, some day, in some way, I'll pay you every cent with interest."

Which promise the doctor seemed to take just the same as cash ; because he told John :

"Whenever you are in a tight place, John, I've got the cash for you, with or without note, with or without security, with or without interest."

And John, with a large family and "land poor," often got cash from the doctor in addition to the thousand or so that had been owing since the year 1874.

Result, some few years ago the good old money-lender died, and John had paid him every cent that he owed him, and his executor, Lee Young, Esq., paid over to John several hundred dollars as the profits of a joint speculation between the good old doctor and John in which the doctor had furnished the talent and John the sweat of its using in some land matters.

That there is some new life from heaven coming down to the earth is indicated in the transactions of the good old money-lender and John, shown by the money-lender trying to make John pay him less than he owed him, and on John's part, that, swearing to his own hurt, he changed not through over twenty years of struggle, and paid every cent with interest ; though at one time he could have settled everything satisfactorily to the lender at fifty cents on the dollar.

In this connection it may be said that John permitted, at his own instance, over one-half of those who got in his debt to settle at less than fifty cents on the dollar. Even more, when he saw debtors of his, honest but hard run, he gave one up his note for over \$1000. From another who owed him some \$1500, he took property out of which he got a horse and buggy *with a mortgage on them*. To several others he surrendered notes ranging from \$100 to \$500, and yet the ravens fed him and his.

In relating this matter we mentioned the name of a lawyer, Lee Young. And, as we are only mentioning such things as indicate the second coming of soul life, or heaven, to the earth, we shall record the name of Lawyer Young as that of another attorney who, like Judge Moores, would never hunt up either Cain or Judas Iscariot to fish for a fee. Nor, should Cain or Iscariot hunt him up, would he be retained to defend their open-handed crimes. And yet, strange, Lee Young and Judge Moores are also fed by the ravens, and even financially stand better in the world than do other attorneys who sell their souls "hash for cash." And both of them are blessed with wives who would grace the salons and homes of the Golden Age of the world. It does seem that God takes care of His own!

For here is John. Why, about one-half of his acquaintances thought that he ought to have a financial guardian on account of his easy seeming prodigality in giving, and neglecting to collect his own, and yet he reared and educated nine children, all of whom, except one, the youngest, are settled in life and doing well. And, while paying all kinds of compound interest, and in the spirit of the year of jubilee giving away thousands of dollars to debtors, he is to-day independent enough in finances to dedicate his life without money and without price to writing and proclaiming: "Watchman, what of the night? What of the coming morning?" pointing to Him of whom Hosea said, "His going forth is prepared as the morning, and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth."

We shall close these references to persons who were in some wise mixed up with John's life in Texas with a notice of the chief stay that John had during these wilderness days, saving always John's wife, who in all things was the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. The person to whom we allude was a lawyer by profession, and who for many years wore the judicial ermine of spotless purity, and was twice in campaigns the standard-bearer of

the seemingly forlorn hopes of men whose hearts had felt the quickening pulsation of the coming of the Son of Man,—felt this pulsation, as all who are born of the spirit from above, without knowing whence or what it was. This man was Judge Thomas L. Nugent.

Nearly every Sabbath there was a “meeting” of this learned jurist and John with their families (the Judge’s wife was one of John’s converts on the old “Clarksville Circuit”), not in some ecclesiastical temple, but like the first day Christians, in their own home circles, sometimes at John’s and sometimes at the Judge’s home. If all the talks had on these occasions between these persons about the kingdom of the Son of Man should be recorded, it would take ten volumes much larger than this one to contain the same. So we will recite only a few incidents here and there.

The learned Judge was a type of true Southern character. Born and bred in Louisiana, he inherited, as well as acquired from environment, all the high-strung characteristics of the best days of the old-time Southland, such as an unimpeachable fairness and squareness in all of his personal dealings, and such as in personal appearance would stamp him as a patrician, not only in blood, but in all things of mind and soul, and especially such as made his home open-doored to all of his friends, he always meeting them at the gate with a hospitable handshake.

He was of the same faith of religion, or rather, of the same faith of life as John was; and a living tree planted by living waters which, like wisdom, was justified by its fruits. He was about the only man ever heard of who would not sell anything, even if offered, at a greater price than he thought it was worth. He was one of the exceedingly “few” out of the “many” who obtain extortionate judgments against railroad corporations, who voluntarily refused to take, for a cow that by cross with a locomotive had got to be of exceeding great value, more than the cow was really worth. He was one of the very few public men who had his own way in his own political party, yet left that party when it had ten to one majority, and identified himself with the poor and lowly, who neither had votes to vote its standard-bearers into places of preferment, nor any particular standing except that they were seeking “something better” for themselves and for their wives and children.

Perhaps nothing could be more instructive to the general reader for the purposes of this book, than an article which appeared in a book entitled “Life of Judge Nugent,” which article was written by John and is as follows:

STEPHENVILLE, TEXAS, Jan. 26, 1896.

MRS. THOS. L. NUGENT, Fort Worth, Texas:

My Dear Friend—Thinking that I, after an intimate acquaintance with your husband, Judge Nugent, extending over a period of nearly a quarter of a century, might say something about him interesting and profitable to the readers of the forthcoming book of his life, I will submit a few of the reminiscences of him which throng my mind. Neither you, nor he, if alive, would appreciate any mere personal adulation or fulsome flattery; therefore I will select a few plain matters of actual occurrence to illustrate his life and character.

Personally, I always found the Judge of such a simple, sincere, and child-like disposition that he often, in his words and actions, reminded me of a sketch I once read of a certain celestial character, only at home in the Golden Age of the world yet forbearingly contending with the rough and coarse realities of an age of mixed iron and clay. He verily lived in a world or age of which he was not.

This I will illustrate by several incidents. This age seems to be one of such intense struggle and competition that it is, apparently, impossible for a man to live without making all he can, out of whom he can, provided he keeps himself in the usual course of trade and custom. It is well known that a common scrub cow by being killed by a railroad suddenly acquires a strain of blood and other valuable qualities which it usually takes other processes a hundred years of breeding in and breeding out to attain. When the Judge left Erath to go to El Paso, he left in his old home pasture some Jersey cattle. The Fort Worth & Rio Grande Railroad ran through the pasture and killed one of his best Jersey cows. In the Judge's absence, the party with whom he had left his stock of cattle brought suit in the Judge's name and got a verdict of \$75 against the road. On hearing of the judgment, the Judge said that he did not think that the cow was worth more than \$50 and voluntarily had \$25 of the judgment remitted, though there was no doubt that he could have held the \$75.

So, once upon a time he had a horse for sale for which he was offered a greater price than he thought the horse was worth, and let it go for a less price than he was offered.

When hired hands worked for him and did good service he invariably paid them more than the contract price. But equally, on the other hand, he always felt unwilling to pay full price for negligent and inadequate service. He believed firmly in value given for value received. Any violation of this law was painful to him.

Nothing gave him more delight than to retire from the bench when he was judge and walk about his pastures, sit on a stump or on the green sward and look at his heifers and colts. Hundreds of times I have been with him on such occasions and have seen him baptized with the spirit of God, who looked upon the work of His hands and pronounced it good.

Cultured in all classic lore, at ease along the planes of higher mathematics, at home among the roots and idioms and finished phrases of ancient languages, he yet took an intense delight in going down among the simpler and more child-like states and conditions of actual life.

While on the bench, there began, here and there in the country places, a meeting together of farmers with their wives and children. These farmers would bring their dinners in boxes or baskets or buckets, and under some arbor by the creek-side, or under some great oaks on the hillside, would consult and consider whether the conditions of themselves and their neighbors and their farms could not be bettered. The Judge, along with his wife, took great delight in attending these meetings. It was a high and royal feast to mix with and speak to these simple folk, knowing that out of such material the Divine Providence would evolve wisdom of the highest type. There were two old men, Judge Hill and Uncle Josiah Crawford, who, on their visits to these meetings, would in passing stop and stay with the Judge. They were like brothers, open and simple as children, and always, as did others, found the Judge homelike with open doors.

I was at the Dallas convention in 1892, when Major Rumph and Evan Jones told the great, crowded convention of a man who, amid the post oaks of the far west, met the Alliance in open counsel and comfort in the days of its struggling infancy. The body was composed mainly of men who had sat by the rivers of Babylon with their harps hung on willows beneath which they heard the weeping of their wives and children. The mere recital of a man of judicial stature coming among them as a disinterested counselor and friend sent a thrill of power into the bosoms of this great convention and resulted in the overthrow of an over two-thirds instructed majority. In its place, rolled, with solid, unbroken acclamation, a unanimous nomination for governor.

In the great canvass of 1892 all of the gubernatorial candidates, Hogg, Clark, and Nugent, on different days came to Stephenville. Both Governor Hogg and General Clark were received at the depot with brass bands and conducted to the best hotels in carriages. Nugent came, walked leisurely along, shook hands, as was his custom, even with many of his old colored neighbors, as friendly as if they were princes of royal blood. I know that this was not for any effect, but his simple, natural way. He could not help it any more than a child could help being glad to see home people on getting home.

Speaking of the colored people, some months before the Judge died, and the last time he was ever in my office, he and a well dressed and seemingly well-to-do gentleman were in friendly conversation, which became somewhat animated at a point in which there is generally a good deal of animus. Both were southern born, the Judge coming of an old Louisiana family of slave-holders and having himself seen service in the Confederate army. The gentleman remarked that if the slave-holders had been paid for their slaves it would have been nothing but justice. The Judge replied that it appeared

to him that having had the services of the slaves for several generations for nothing, justice rather demanded that the slaves, rather than their owners, ought to have been paid at least enough to start them in life.

The Judge was laden with the woes of his countrymen and borne down with the burdens of his people. He realized the momentous crisis the multitudes were in. History and prophecy struggled for leadership—history with its tale of terrible mistakes and disasters, of down-trodden multitudes, of eagles about the great, helpless carcass; then prophecy with its opening sunlit skies, its zones of fruit and flowers on either bank of rivers of the true life of men worthy to be called the children of God, arrested his attention. On his last visit here, a few weeks before his death, I was walking with him, as I had walked so many times, in his woodland pasture. One of these states of mingled history and prophecy came upon him. He stopped suddenly and said: "I feel like falling prone with face and bosom on the earth and pouring out my heart to God for direction."

We were discussing whether peaceable evolution or fratricidal revolution would be the procedure in the great transition now shaking the national heavens and earth. We both recognized the inevitableness of the transition. With, perhaps, more enthusiasm and a stronger leaning toward hopeful prophecies, I had held that it could and would be done through the ballot-box. The Judge's whole nature leaned this way also, but, perhaps with a little more experience of men in their actual states, their selfishness, their ambition and motives, he was often perplexed on this point. He finally said that he had a few days before received a letter from a friend of his at Austin in whom he had great confidence, that led him to believe, in accordance with what he greatly desired to believe, that the ruling and overruling Divine Providence would lead the people by peaceable means out of their present industrial slavery and consequent political bondage. He then said that in order that this might be, "politics must be elevated to a higher moral plane, and the people will have to beware of mere politicians." What he meant by "mere politicians" was not men engaged in political life, because he held that all men should take an active part in public affairs or politics proper, but men who, for selfish purposes, were merely intent on feasting and fattening on the public loaf and fish regardless of whether the public had weal or woe. Hence he despised parties formulating policies merely for campaign buncombe with no intent of ultimate, lasting good to the commonwealth.

The Judge's personal attachments were very strong. Hon. C. K. Bell, now member of Congress, had been district attorney while Nugent was judge. They had traveled and slept and eaten together. Bell brave and brawny, Nugent frail of body. Turbulent characters were often before the courts, having very little regard for law, justice, or judge. No bully, in Bell's presence, ever went unrebuked for attacks on the Judge's good name in or out of court. Bell always volunteered to do any surplus fighting necessary. They differed religiously, differed politically, but with the instinct that mutually recognizes manhood, whether of their own fold or not, these two men were friends first and last. The Judge was importuned to run for Congress against

Mr. Bell. He told me often that he would not run against Bell if he absolutely knew that he would be elected. In this, some regarded him as weak; but life is made more sacred by such acts of pure friendship.

Sitting in my room, into which the dear Judge has so often come, so often unbosomed his heart in pleasant though philosophical conversation, a thousand memories rush upon me, and I only wish that your forthcoming book may carry to others some of the balm of life and refreshing of strength that I have derived from an association with him.

Feeling that your book will show him as I have seen him in his walks and talks, personally, professionally, and politically, and knowing that no one can get up from reading it without both pleasure and profit, even as no one could enjoy his company without great benefit, I hope it will find its way into the homes of thousands and tens of thousands and dispense about their firesides that glow of friendly and neighborly humanity coupled with high, bounding, though child-like ways of wisdom which we here, in the old home room have so long and so many times and so beneficently enjoyed. Though he shall sit with us no more; though, when the columns move, he shall ride no longer at the front; though, when the battle is weary and wasting, we shall no longer hear his words of cheer; though, in deliberations of counsel, his calm, well considered opinion will no longer be offered; yet, incarnate him in the pages of your book and let its printed and enduring words be the sword of his great and gentle spirit, and he will be more widely present for good in thousands of hearts and homes than he could possibly have been if yet in the body.

The Judge's old and your

Sincere Friend,

JOHN COUNSELLOR.

CHAPTER XLI.

SOME OF THE HELP-MEET'S IDEAS.

John Had "Evenings" as Well as "Mornings" Spiritually—He Had Also a "Help-meet"—Only the True Spirited Equal to Such Life—The Help-meet's Idea of "Going Back"—Her Idea of "Temple Worship"—Her Idea of "Public Prayer"—The Two Trees of Eden Explained—Her Idea of the "Blind Leading the Blind"—The Difference Between a "Moral" and a "Christian" Man—What She Would Inscribe on John's Monument—John's Preference of Epitaph.

We come now toward the sixth day of the whole matter. It must not be supposed that what is related in these closing chapters occurred after the taking place of the things recited in preceding chapters. By no means. What is brought out in this chapter is the cause of the things related in all the other chapters; notwithstanding the cause of all the others as herein described was going on simultaneously with John's evolution out of the horrible degradation of the "attorney-at-law" profession and out of the dangerous and destructive whirlpool of "partisan politics," and out of an impotent and bloated and blind ecclesiasticism.

We now go back, and will come up to the conclusion of the whole matter as it really occurred.

For some years after John came to Texas he kept up his organic connection with the religious body mentioned in Chapter XXXIV as a licensed minister; but when he re-entered professional life, under the mistaken idea that religious life is a life separate and apart from life in the uses of life such as the trades and professions, he abandoned any further work as a minister, but did not abandon the yet unfinished task of working out his own salvation and in going forward toward the seventh day of his spiritual creation. So, from this time on, we will follow his progress from the "evenings and mornings" of one day to the "evenings and mornings" of another.

It must be confessed that, while John was mixed up with the "midnight" state of the "fallen" ecclesiasticisms, there was a good deal of darkness upon the face of this and that "deep" of his mind, and a good many things of his spiritual life were "without form and void,"—though everything was in a good state of fluidity for easy formation.

The light of the "first day" he had; but his light was somewhat like "the lightning that cometh out of the east and shineth unto the west,"—that is, somewhat evanescent, and after the fitful flash of lightning, often eclipsed by very dense darkness. For instance, while at times he saw clearly that there is but one God and that the Lord Jesus Christ is that God, and that "beside Him there is no God," yet, when he saw the entire so-called "orthodox" clergy having two other "very Gods" besides Jesus, he would think that maybe the elders of the ecclesiastical sanhedrims were right, and that he, as a born-blind boy, might be mistaken in the one thing he thought he positively knew, which was that "whereas I was born blind, now I see."

Again, the fearful question came up, Is it possible that the "orthodox" clergy have "fallen" into the same relation to true Christian doctrine as had the scribes and chief elders and "counters of the towers" in the days of the first coming of the Son of Man? Is it possible that, without knowing it, the whole church plane of life is again inundated and overflowed and "swept away" as in the days of Noe? Is it possible that, while the authorized and authoritative priests are in possession of the ecclesiastical temples and clothed with the phylacteried robes of wealth and the pontifical miters of accredited prestige and power, and are saying ecclesiastical prayers in all the synagogues and on all public street corners,—is it possible that all of these priests are wrong again, and that the voice crying in the wilderness is right?

This was the gate up to which he struggled with drops of bloody sweat on his brow, and the gate through which it was hard for a camel that was in any wise cumbered with the merchandise of the old "fallen Babylon" to enter.

John's wife was a "help-meet" in all that the primal law as to man and wife—or rather, as to wife to husband—could possibly demand. From the balmy June day in 1864 when she and John were married, up to the very Sabbath evening of a wonderful southern spring day in May, 1901, when she was gathered together with her

kindred, the angels, she was ever a help-meet to him. During such hardships as are hereinafter recounted her countenance never changed from its perennial sunshine, her voice never quavered from its soft musical tone, her steps never faltered and her heart never failed, until the day when it became meet that she go away from earth by having the heart fail without a spasm.

The help-meet was not only born of but was baptized with the spirit that inspired Lucile when she lovingly said to her lover:

"The woman who loves should indeed
Be the friend of the man she loves. She should heed
Not her selfish and often mistaken desires,
But *his* interest whose fate her own interest inspires;
And, rather than seek to allure, for *her* sake,
His life down the turbulent, fanciful wake
Of impossible destinies, use all her art
That *his* place in the world find its place in her heart."

Under no stress of circumstance or strain of heart did any current of sentiment contrary to that of Lucile ever cross the life line in the palm of the good wife's hand.

Whilst a citizen of the earth she always seemed to be a little more akin to and have a citizenship in the world just up over the earth than she did to the world itself!

As to John's life in the wilderness, his friends who know of this story of evolution from Churchianity to Christianity—from "Old to New"—believe, and John also believes, that this wilderness life was but to prepare him to write such truthful story as this one, the intent of which, among other holy things, is to quicken the conscience of his own children against the following of Mars as citizens, and against the worship of Mars as ecclesiastics; and, on the other hand, to fan into furnace the smoking flax of the love to God and neighbor that are the two olive trees that stand before the Prince of Peace as "the God of all the earth."

At least, this story will, to some extent, accentuate the fact that the conflict between Mars and the Prince of Peace, and the conflict between mere ecclesiastical traditions and the Word of God, are as "irrepressible" as even the conflict was between slavery and freedom,—in which conflict slaves are giving way to freemen even as mere ecclesiastical churchmen of the letter will give way to Christians "born of the spirit."

Far over and far above John's old newspaper friend in Missouri and in Texas, far beyond the remarkable business man, who was so

intimate in his life, and the old Southern patrician and judge,—above and beyond all these was his wife—his veritable “help-meet” in all the fullness of God’s first declared law as to what the wife should be to the husband. His wife was “all in all” to him. An Elizabeth here, a Martha there, and always a Mary anointing his feet and bathing his head. Unlike John, she was “born in Zion,” and “counted and written in the Lamb’s Book of Life” as an Israelite in whom there never seemed to be any guile. This good wife was sent out into John’s life as the chiefest of the earthly angels that had “charge” of him “to hold him up in all of his ways and to keep him from dashing his foot against a stone.”

For instance, for a thousand reasons that might be given and which will naturally occur to the mind of almost any thoughtful person, John was often tempted to “go down off of the housetop” and back into the old ecclesiastical home that he had left. Especially was this so at a time when a very talented friend of his who had walked with John along a good many miles of spiritual travel, through the influence of a Methodist wife, deserted John in the open field and went back into the old ecclesiastical house to take his old ecclesiastical “clothes” again.

(The old clothes, however, never fitted him any more, and he got out again pretty badly ashamed of his nakedness. After that another wife, whose “eyes saw,” kept John’s talented friend out in the field where all things of spiritual life were growing unshriveled by the hot-house atmospheres where only pot-house foliage grows.)

The tempter said, “For the sake of your children who need church stays of support, go back.” But his wife would say:

“This thing of playing the part of Lot’s wife—of going backward—is not the Bible idea of the way of traveling forward. Can’t we rear our children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord instead of turning them over to what we know, after so many hard days of study and experience, to be merely the blind leading the blind—leading them into all kinds of horrible pits, such as war, “three gods,” “vicarious atonement,” and “the letter that kills” in relation to the second coming? Why, just think of it. ‘Why, papa, to think of putting our innocent children under the leadership of those who will, through mistaken zeal, lead them into such a pit. Why, I can’t think of such a thing.’”

Then again the tempter would say to John: “Here, John, you’ve got to live, and your wife and children are dependent on you; and no

man can live to himself. You and your family are pretty much alone, and every man's hand will be against you, and how can you live?"

To such as this the good wife would urge:

"Why, papa, don't you believe the Bible, which says in a thousand places and in a thousand varied phrases, 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily shalt thou be fed.' Don't the Scriptures mean something? If so, can't you trust them when they say, 'I have been young, but now I am old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.' What about the Israelites being fed in the wilderness and the prophet being fed by ravens? Are these things mere Fourth of July declamations, or are they truths that will no more fail or pass away than any other jot or tittle of His words? You don't believe, for I have heard you preach that you didn't,—you don't believe that God is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. Then, if He fed people who did righteously in the past, He will feed the 'righteous' to-day. And it appears to me that it would be doing the right thing—which is righteousness—a good deal more by doing those things that our best judgment and conscience dictate that we should do, such as going out of Egypt towards Canaan. This looks a good deal more like setting our face towards Zion than if, for fear of lack of bread and meat, we should retrace our steps in the wilderness and go back into bondage and sit down by the pots of onions, leeks and garlic that made us sick in the old ecclesiastical Egypt. I did once think that perhaps Moses must have been mistaken when he wrote such minute accounts of the murmurings of the Israelites and their longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, after God, at Mount Sinai and at Mara's waters, and on the plains of Moab, and at the Red Sea, by day and by night led them forth by a strong hand and a stretched out arm that never failed,—after all of these things, I thought that Moses must have been mistaken in writing so much about the Israelites wanting to go back into Egypt, to say nothing of their refusing to go forward into a land not only of milk and honey, but of freedom from bondage and of liberty to increase in numbers as the stars in heaven. But—why, papa, please excuse me—but when I see you, who certainly have had a 'taste' at least of pretty much everything that Jews had in the wilderness,—yes, not only a taste of their grief, but a taste of their deliverance, yea, more than a taste, a regular baptism from time to time of the powers of the world to come,—when I see you right here by my side, after all that you have seen and heard, talk-

ing about going back to the old ecclesiastical Egypt to get something to eat, why I think that certainly Moses was right in writing such things as he did, for your especial benefit. Now, if you go back, then I want to die; because I don't want to part company with you. We've traveled together too long for this. Let us take our children by the hand, as Lot took his sons and his daughters and his daughters-in-law, and go the way upon which so far we have not starved."

With such words did the help-meet, like a guardian angel, minister to John in all seasons of temptation.

Now, it must not be supposed that John was altogether a weakling; for, as a matter of fact, he had a little more than ordinary courage of his convictions, which he had not only inherited from his cavalier father and his old Virginia mother, but which had been strengthened in the daily combats of life. Still, no man is perfect.

Sometimes John would be a little despondent, and would speak to his wife of what he called such "means of grace" as public prayer meetings. On one occasion he was somewhat more worried than usual about the public praying "exercises." His good wife never failed in any time of stress to come to his comforting.

Now, here is about the idea of this "help-meet" who came to the help of John at a time when he had some idea that he was neglecting a great means of grace in not attending the synagogue and offering up long and loud and at times boisterous, or "shouting happy" prayers:

"Well, papa," remarked the wife on this special occasion, "what did Jesus say about this public praying? Now, here is what He said: 'When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogue and in the corners of the streets.' I should think," said the help-meet, "that you would not like to get into the hypocrite crowd bawling in public like a priest of Baal. You are too modest for that; and while none of us are exactly saints, yet you know that neither you nor I are hypocrites. Yet there they are exactly depicted; because it adds that they 'pray in public.' Now, why? Why, 'to be heard of men.' Just so. Because you know that nearly every public prayer is but a species of stump speech to the audience. I've heard you yourself say that."

"That is true," replied John, "but perhaps one might pray in public without being 'heard of men.'"

"Well," replied the help-meet, "if the men don't hear, what is the use of praying in public where they are? It would be a waste of words, and Jesus knew that it would. Hence He did not say, 'When

you go into public to pray, don't try to be heard of men, but to be heard of God.' Oh, no. He knew there was no need of crying out in public in order to be heard of God, but that such prayer would be necessarily heard of men. Hence He went on to say,—now just listen: 'But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet;' and even the closet was hardly private enough for such holy purposes, for He adds, being in the closet in some private place, one should make it a little more private,—'Shut the door.' And even this does not seem, in the estimation of Jesus, to be private enough; but for such a holy thing as communion with the God of all the earth in prayer, there must be a modesty that characterizes the holiest communion between the bride and bridegroom. Jesus says that, in addition to being 'in a closet' and with a 'shut door,' the One, the Father, to Whom we pray, *'is in secret,'* and everybody knows that such is the case; and He adds the remarkable statement that this Father seeth in secret.' Vulgar parade in public is as far from the true character of Christian worship as modesty is removed from indecency in the use of holy things. Why, papa, take the Bible—this whole Word of God—and if you can find a single place where Jesus ever opened His services, or closed them either, with public prayer, then I will confess that I may mistake His teaching when, on this one great special occasion for teaching expressly about prayer, and its manner in efficacy, He so radically denounced public prayer and so expressly enjoined prayer in the closet behind closed doors and with both you and God *'in secret.'* He generally opened or closed 'public services' by handing around something to eat, which everybody sees is good for the hungry. And you know that in these public prayers the preachers will often rant and rave and importune God with 'vain repetition,' thinking that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Did you ever see anything so pointed against public prayer?

"Away back in the time of the old prophets this public uttering of vain repetitions was shown up in its true light. Let us turn to the Bible and see how that was."

Here the help-meet, turning over leaf after leaf of the Bible, continued:

"Oh, there it is in the eighteenth chapter of First Book of Kings. Speaking of the priests of Baal who 'called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon' (a kind of protracted prayer meeting), saying, 'O, Baal, hear us,' and the Book adds, 'But there was no voice, nor any that answered.' That is about the way of nearly

all of these public prayers. In fact, nobody expects them to be answered. But just listen. Now you see that it is not I," said the help-meet, "that is doing this preaching. Just listen to what the old prophet Elijah said to these public bawlers, 'And it came to pass at noon that Elijah mocked them and said: Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or per-adventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.'

"Now, you know, papa," said the help-meet, "that this scripture was written for something, and taken in connection with what Jesus himself said about public prayer, you must confess that prayer as a means of grace must be in secret to a God 'who is in secret.' Yes, you know that that is the way that Jesus prayed Himself. See in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, the last 'services' He ever had on earth with His disciples. He didn't either open up or close that service with public prayer. He made a talk. Then sang a hymn, —such things as are appropriate in public. But He did not have any prayer in the presence of any of His disciples; because it is written that He took three of them 'apart' and then He left these and went off by Himself to pray."

"Well, darling," said John, "I am of the same opinion as yourself, that this public 'worship' of God as now carried on has got to be about as great a farce as the performances of the priests of Baal. From five years' experience as a Methodist minister, I know that nearly all the public prayers are but, as you say, stump speeches to the audience, or intended to 'wake God up,' as the old prophet said."

"Well, papa," said the wife, "it is true that there is some good in some way in people meting together. What is your idea about that?"

"The only infallible way of ascertaining what Christians should do as followers of Jesus Christ," said John, "is simply to try to do as He did. I think this for two reasons: First, the meaning of 'following after' a person is to do as he did; and, second, this is exactly what was meant by the 'tree of life' and the 'tree of the knowledge of good and evil' placed in every man's garden of Eden. The 'tree of life' is the Lord Himself, who alone is good. But if they do what the Lord says, then, He being altogether good, and because out of like springs like, we are certain to do good if we do as He did. And as to what He did we are not left in any doubt so far as public services are concerned. The whole four Gospels are minute records of what He did and said. Now then, in all of these Gospels, we find as follows:

"First, that He would go sometimes into the synagogue, not to pray, but to read and explain the Scriptures. Now this is one use of public service that He observed and of which we will see the use.

"Second, at the last 'service' He ever had with His followers He had no prayer either at opening or closing. He opened with a general talk of warning of evil and other matters appertaining to Himself, and proceeded by handing around certain things to eat and drink, and closed by singing a hymn. All of which are appropriate for any public religious assembly.

"Then, again, every public cause has need of counsel and of devising ways and means for its promotion. So of the merely earthly cause of the kingdom of Christ. It needs books, literature, evangelists, places of meeting, and other like things. The common advocates of this cause should meet for the above purposes. Any way-faring men can see the necessity for and good of such public meetings.

"But to go 'backwards' and try to have so much 'temple worship' is to go back and be of the Jews, who were such an exceedingly gross and carnally-minded people that they were nearly like idolaters, compelled to have some 'visible' stock or stone to remind them of some 'invisible God.' But Christians should not be that way. This was clearly taught by Christ at the well of Samaria. The woman, as usual with 'carnally-minded' people, thought that people had to go somewhere—either to the temple at Jerusalem or to the altars of Samaria—to worship God. Jesus rebuked this idea, and said that God was a Spirit and sought worshipers to worship Him in spirit and in truth. Stephen was stoned to death by the Jews for repudiating the worship of God in 'temples made with man's hand.'

"Paul denounced this worship of God in 'temples made with man's hands' in his great address on Mars' Hill.

"The first Christians never had any public places of worship. It was only when the Church got gross, worldly, and devilish (habitation of devils, as John said in Revelation) that the lust of the flesh and the pride of a worldly eye caused them to 'go backwards' and erect fine and flashy 'temples of worship,' thus repudiating all that Christ had taught.

"The most remarkable statement showing the utter repudiation of 'temple worship' is to be found in a minute description of the coming New Church of the Son of Man at His second coming, as written in Chapter XXI of the Book of Revelation, wherein it is said, *'And I saw no temple therein.'* Why? 'For the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.' This was the temple

spoken of by Habakkuk, 'The Lord is in His holy temple.' This is a prophecy of the incarnation of the Lord in the 'temple of His body' and not in an earthly building; because Habakkuk had just said, 'Woe to him that said to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach.'

"There is absolutely no one thing that will with greater force and virulence make a regular carnal-hearted ecclesiastic than mere 'temple worship.' "

"What, then, papa," said the good wife, "do you in plain terms say to people about what a religious life is?"

"Why, I tell them," said John, "to eschew evil and learn to do good,—to love God and their neighbor,—and to illustrate I say to Sinner Jones about as follows: Jones, if you wish to go to heaven just start from the very place (or state of mind and heart) that just now you are in. If you have only a suspicion that there may be a God and a hereafter, why, that is the mustard seed, the smoking flax, the seed corn of the kingdom of heaven within you. Don't try to do any big thing. Don't go about to look up a job to do. Do the very thing just next 'at hand,' because the kingdom of heaven and everything about it is always just 'at hand.' Don't run abroad at once to the temple altar with your gifts of worship; because, if you do, you will have to come and straighten up things with those near at hand before your gifts are accepted. You know that Jesus taught this doctrine in that same great sermon on the mount in which he said: 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembereth thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way: *first* be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* come and offer thy gift.'

"Every big thing is made up of little ones. One thing at a time was taught by the parable of the Pool of Bethesda, where only 'one' could be healed at each visit of the angel."

"Is that all, papa?" asked the wife.

"Why, certainly. Isn't that enough?" said John. "Can any one do any more than what is 'at hand?' I am sure that he can't step the fourth step before he steps the third. The doctrine of the 'at hand' opportunity is the same doctrine as the 'neighbor' love,—both meaning the person, place, or thing that you are 'right up against,' because you have to be right up against a thing to handle it with any effect. Don't be afraid that you will fail to be 'up against' a sufficient number of things to give you plenty of exercise for your health and strength. I would risk my chances for being a man approved of God, if the following thing didn't prove to be approved of

both God and man,—that is, a man who does every little kindness, who does every deed of usefulness, speaks every little kind word, looks every little pleasant look, pays every little debt, eschews every little bit of devilment that comes along, in fact, eschews every little evil and learns to do every little good that present themselves daily,—that man will be approved of God and man more than the Pharisees who say long public prayers in public places! Did not Christ preach this doctrine in that same sermon on the mount when He said that He would not know those that prophesied in His name, and in His name cast out devils, and in His name had done 'many wonderful works;' but that he would recognize and approve the small worker who had handed out a cup of water or a bit of something to eat to the *thirsty* and *hungry*?"

"But," queried the good wife, "would not the doing of all that you say make merely what is called a 'moral man?' What is the difference between a mere 'moral man' and the 'new man in Christ Jesus?'"

"In outward appearance," said John, "there is no apparent difference between a moral man and a man 'born or led of the Spirit.' A Christian is a moral man, yet a mere moral man may not be a Christian. I will illustrate. As a politician, and with the primary intent of getting votes, I may give a poor family a sack of flour and let my left hand know what my right is doing. Then again, I might give a poor family a sack of flour simply because I did not deem it right to allow any one to suffer hunger if I could possibly prevent it. Now, in both instances the act is the same, and in both I would be a moral man. But the giving as a politician, that I might be seen of men and obtain votes, would not be a Christian act born of a Christian spirit; while the giving because it is right to relieve those who are hungry, expecting no other reward than to be 'blessed in the deed' and not for it, is born of the Spirit of God within me and would be the act of a Christian.

"A life of eschewing evil and learning to do good, with the motive to be seen of men and rewarded by men, is radically different from the life of eschewing evil and learning to do good from the motive that such a life is right,—that it is done for Christ's sake, that is, that God wills that we should lead such a life, and that we have such faith in 'God-in-Christ' that we learn this kind of life, not because we hope for any reward or because we feel like it, but because it is right,—because God commands such a life, and with the determination that we shall follow such a life even if we have to 'take up our cross' to do so.

"The radical difference between a 'mere moral' man and a Christian is that the merely moral man does things for his own sake, whilst the Christian does the same things for 'Christ's sake.' Just as illustrated in the giving of the sack of flour. You see that there is a gulf between the two that is as impassable as that between doing an act with a bad, selfish motive and doing the same act with a good, neighborly love motive. A mother who, with loving solicitude for the child, gives it medicine to save its life, is a different character from the mother who, tired of caring for her child, gives it medicine to destroy its life. In both cases the mother gives medicine to her child. The act is the same, but the motive gives character to the act. The one is born of the corrupt flesh, the other of the saving Spirit. The one eats of the tree of 'good and evil,' or self, while the other partakes of the 'tree of life,' and is from the Lord of Life! The one does things in public to be seen and heard of men; the other does the very same things in the closet to be seen of God, or because God says to do them. And in this there is as great a difference as between our variable and ever changeable 'feelings' and the Word of God that is invariable, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

"Yes, I see," replied the wife, "that the motive gives character to the act. Hence there is such stress placed in the Scriptures on being 'born of the Spirit,' 'born of God,' 'born from above;' because the spirit is 'above' the flesh even as God is 'above' the man. For the first time in my life I see what is meant by that singular text in Genesis about the 'tree of life' and the 'tree of the knowledge of good and evil.' The Lord's will is the 'tree of life,' for He says, 'I am the Life,' while man, having both good and evil in him, is the 'tree of knowledge of good and evil.' A man who does a thing for his own sake is very different from the same man when he does the same thing for 'Christ's sake,' or because Christ commands it. The one acts from and is led of the flesh; whilst the other acts from and is 'led of the Spirit.' I see now that a moral man becomes a Christian not by changing acts, but by change of spirit or motive, and thus being born of the Spirit.

"I think that we agree," continued she, "that the only thing for which people ought to assemble themselves together in public is, not to pray to God or even to worship Him, which can be done 'in secret,' but to help each other by exhortation, rebuke, teaching, and the like. We both know that we already know more than we do, and it is dangerous to know what should be done and not to do it. It is a regular house on the sand! Now, I never go to church for two rea-

sons, first, that I know already more than I can do, and yet I am trying to do so much for this and that one; and second, the poor preachers are the blind leading the blind. You know that you said that you had tried over seventy times seven of them by asking your three scriptural questions, and that, at the third question every single one of them showed that he did not even know who the Lord Jesus Christ was,—every one of them denying that He was 'the everlasting Father' and the 'only wise God.' Now, if they don't know who the head of the church is, then they don't know anything else except by guess work. In fact, they all preach 'mystery' instead of 'revelation' about every single one of such subjects as the 'resurrection,' 'the final restitution of all things,' 'the Trinity,' 'the ministration of angels,' 'the place of judgment by angels.' Ignoring these high and beautiful revealed truths, they are, as Paul said, 'proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, evil surmises, perverse disputings,' and other things that make me sick at heart. I don't go to hear the preachers, just for the reason that I wouldn't go to school to a teacher that did not know what to teach or how to teach. Do you suppose that Jesus ever rejected any publican or sinner just because such publican or sinner failed to sit under the 'eaves-dripping' of the commandments as preached by the high-priests up at Jerusalem? Why, He always denounced the priests more than He did the publicans, or harlots, or sinners,—and with more reason. If this was the case in the time of the first coming, didn't Jesus and John both say that the same would be the case in the time of the second coming, which we both believe is now going on? And even if Jesus did not say it, can't everybody see it? Why, the preachers, during the war, were the bloodiest minded people possible! They are cumbering the true Christian ground. Out of 1,500,000,000 people, only 338,000,000 are in nominally Christian countries! Why, the Buddhists have 2,000,000 more disciples than these 'so-called' Christians, having 340,000,000. Of the 338,000,000 Christians, 201,000,000 are nominally Roman Catholics, while 81,000,000 are of the Greek Church, leaving only 106,000,000 so-called 'orthodox' Christians. And of these about eighty out of every hundred never go to church, never go to the 'temple of worship,' and out of those who do go about one-half or more go to see and be seen, and not devoutly to worship.

"Take our little town for example. It is quite as Christian a town as any we know of. There are 2000 people here. Of these about 200 attend 'temple worship,' or about ten per cent. Of this 200

about ten per cent go for real worship. So the so-called 'evangelization' of the orthodox churches works out as a result as follows: $1/5$ of $1/10$ of $1/10 = 1/500$ of the whole, and most of these are babies and women!

"What about the ninety-nine in the fold and one out? It seems where one is in five hundred are out. What a failure—in view of 'orthodoxy.' Perhaps it would be better if only one of every ten thousand were in such a fold; because a mere ecclesiastic is a 'twofold child of hell,' and even publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before such chief priests and elders.

"Now, are not such laborers in the vineyard mere cumberers of the ground, as the Jews were? I think it is time for those of us who know who the Lord is—that He is the Almighty God and the Everlasting Father and Saviour and Redeemer—to quit encouraging either the Jews or the apostate 'orthodox' clergy. Only the angels themselves will be able to make them see the awful 'midnight darkness' as to true Christian doctrine that they are in at this the second coming of the Son of Man! Why, papa, there is not a single orthodox preacher that I have ever met, but who, in speaking of the second coming, will speak of it as the 'second coming of Christ.' They don't know the difference between the second coming of Christ and the 'coming of the Son of Man,' as the prophets and Jesus and John always spoke of this 'coming.' In fact, I have never met a single orthodox preacher that knew anything at all about that, just at present, greatest revelation of all the Book,—the Apocalypse. They don't know that they are 'being swept away' like the people in the days of Noe, 'without even knowing it.' They don't any more suspect that they are in the position that the Jews were in in the days of the first coming, than the Jews suspected that they were rejecting the real Messiah, not a bit! Isn't it awful? I hate even to think of such things, let alone go to church and be more than convinced by the preaching that I hear that such is the fact! You know that you and Judge Nugent often speak of how painful it is to teach and to be taught the Scriptures. Didn't Jesus say 'wherever two or three were gathered (synagogued or churchied) together in His name' He was in the midst? We've got as good a Christian church in our family as can be; because here we all 'love each other,' without which no church is a Christian church,—but with which any 'two or three gathered together' is a true Christian church. Every day and on every occasion, I pray to God in secret! Often at midnight when you and the children are asleep, I pray to God for you all! When you are out in the world of business, worried, wearied,

and faint, I continually pray, 'O God, my Heavenly Father, bless my husband. Hold him up. Keep him in the straight path of righteousness.' In fact, I pray 'in secret' for anything that I feel needs God's help. What more can I do?

"As to you, papa," continued the wife, "you are fighting a good fight. I know this, because a tree is known by its fruit. In the days when we were 'sweethearts,' in the moons when we were bride and bridegroom, in the awful struggling days when we were getting out of the ecclesiastical pit, in all those days I thought that you could not love me more, or treat me with more tender and greater loving kindness; but as you go forward, I know that you love me more and more and treat me more and more lovingly. I may die before you. I feel that I will. But if you should die first, I'll recollect your struggles and teach our children to follow your steps. Though you may have been 'rejected of men' and 'deemed as one stricken of God,' as all reformers are deemed by those 'at ease in Zion,' I will erect a monument to your memory, and on it will be inscribed such sentiments as .

"The world has had reformers, men who were sternly just,
Who smote the thrones of wickedness and laid them in the dust;
Meek, tender men, made mighty by mankind's blood and tears;
Strong men, whose words were thunderbolts to smite the wrong of years.

"Were all these stern reformers of a breed too weak to last?
Did all the great wrong-smiters wane and perish in the past?
Did they fight a losing battle? Were they conquered in the fray?
Why are there no reformers fighting in the world to-day?

"Well, 'tis but a thing of labels; the reformers have not gone,
But they're mixing with the people with misleading placards on;
For we placard them 'fanatics,' 'visionaries,' 'cranks,' and 'fools,'
Men denounced by clubs and churches, by the journals and the schools.

"There are men who bear these placards daily in the market place,
Heroes of the ancient lineage, kings and saviors of the race.
And we never see their greatness through life's trivial events,
But our children's sons will read it on their granite monuments."

"I think," said John, looking sad, and with his usual poorness of spirit that was abashed at any idea of exaltation over others,—"I think that, in view of the immense stretch of things, ever to 'go forward' to between the 'first' and 'second' days of the regenerate life, to say nothing of the high altitudes of the days up among the 'fourth,' 'fifth,' and 'sixth' states of regeneration, I would prefer an epitaph like this: '*Standing afar off and smiting on his bosom, that he had not gone farther forward!*' "

CHAPTER XLII.

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE OF JOHN AND HIS WIFE.

An Inventory of "Profits and No Losses"—Luther, Wesley, and Alexander Campbell Engaged in the Mere "Marrying and Giving in Marriage" Activity Which Precedes the "Second Coming"—Procreations of a Heavenly Marriage—The Cup That Made "All the Kings of the Earth Drunk"—The "Woman Clothed With the Sun"—The Last Religious Service of John and His Wife.

As seen in Chapter XXIII, when John and his wife "came out of" the Methodist ecclesiasticism, they took an inventory,—not of stock or assets on hand, because of such there was precious little to take,—but an inventory of what might be called "betterments" arising from that "come-out-of-her-my-people" transaction.

But the coming out of one branch of one ecclesiasticism and going into another branch of the same, is a mere "marrying and giving in marriage" business as compared with the earthquakes on earth and the failing and falling from heaven of the sun, moon, and stars, which necessarily attend the "coming out" from a fallen Babylon where "all old things" are left behind forever, and going "forward" into one of the twelve gateways of a coming city in which in totality things are new.

The "marrying and giving in marriage" transactions which precede the second coming of the Son of Man, and which necessitate such coming, consist in *such things as changing from one ecclesiasticism to another ecclesiasticism*, or rather the mere change in some non-essentials of the same Babylon, which differs so little that the family ties are kept up like the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law relation, in which there is a kind of Babylonian affinity and consanguinity, so that it is difficult to distinguish brick from mortar. This was the kind of relation that existed between the Reformation under Martin Luther and the "great whore that sat on many waters" under the Pontiff of Rome. Martin Luther never did give up the essential errors of the Romish Church, any more than Jones gives

up Smith's family by getting a divorce from one, yet still remaining married to a half-dozen others of Smith's daughters. Luther married or was "given in marriage" to the old Romish doctrine of "three persons in the Godhead," which marriage had as its legitimate fruit such ill-favored sons and daughters as the "vicarious atonement," "the resurrection of the fleshly body," "an ecclesiasticism ruled over by some pope, bishop, or elder, who exercises dominion over all,"—"a church without instead of a kingdom within," a "literal and spectacular coming to burn up the old material earth, instead of a spiritual coming to save and not destroy men's lives, to *close* the books and damn men, instead of to *open* the books and deliver men from the bondage of Babylon." In fact, the only real service that Luther did was to weaken the fetich worship of saints and dead men's bones, and to take the Bible out of the hands of the priest and put it into the hands of the people. This great service put the people in position to read the Bible for themselves, and thus reading, they might be led to repudiate even what both the pope and Luther taught for Christian doctrine. John Wesley was engaged in the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law business, only that he never left his mother-in-law's house, though many of his followers did. But many of those who were on "the house top" where Wesley's reformation placed them, are returning down into the house and clothing themselves with their old ecclesiastical garments, such as having bishops instead of popes, and having "temples made with men's hands," or places that are "holier" than even the things made by God Himself, or at least "holier" than other things made by the same men's hands.

In all essentials of church doctrine the Methodists are not in the least removed from the old Dark Age Romish doctrine of "three persons," "vicarious atonement," and other horrible perversions of the doctrine of the one God in Christ Jesus, and a materialistic coming."

The Sage of Bethany was merely a come-outer of one ecclesiastical pit only that he might fall into another, in which his more than ordinarily intelligent followers are beginning the same transaction of dividing up into different households by the marrying and giving in marriage business among themselves. There are now two distinct "churches" among these loud declaimers for "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," and one church!

But the "going out" or the "coming out" business in which John and his wife were just now engaged, was not changing from one phase of a thing to another phase of the same old thing, such as they

were guilty of in going out of one branch of Methodism into another branch; and such as Luther and Wesley and Alexander Campbell were guilty of,—which change did not prevent them from being “drunken” on the original cup of Babylon’s fornication of the truths of God, as stated in Chapter XIV, Verse 8, of the Book of Revelation, in which it is declared that Babylon made all nations (churches) “drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication,”—a sentiment that is of such sad consequence that the Revelator redeclares, “Come hither. I will show unto you the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters; with whom the kings of the earth (church creed-makers) have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth (church members generally) have been made drunk with the wine (error) of her fornication.”

And to show what kind of “habitation” this fallen church was and is the Revelator declares: “Babylon is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.”

The whole fallen church, Rome and her Protestant daughters of “orthodoxy,” IS BABYLON. For they are all marrying and giving in marriage together, and all eating and drinking and “drunk” together.

John and his wife had quit the fruitless task of trying to put new wine into old bottles; or to patch a new patch on an old worn-out garment; or of putting a new earth and new heaven into an old earth and old heaven that were being rolled up as a scroll. So, every once in a while, they would “assemble” themselves together for what they called “religious services,” not religious services because they were merely called such; but because, being about religious matters, they were religious services—just as sunshine is sunshine whether you call it by that name or not. It is true that these services were not like those of the Pharisee, “on street corners or in synagogues,” or in other public holier-than-other-places; but nevertheless were in places equally as holy as public places,—places that were free of the distracting publicity of public places, and where there was no temptation to see and be seen of men,—which place was the sacred closet where the home altar was.

Often John and his wife had this kind of religious service, and did what the apostle indicated was appropriate on such occasions—“exhorted each other” and “learned” of each other. Because often the wife knew one thing and the husband another, so that they

could be mutual "help-meets" in dividing with each other their gifts of good things which on "the lees" of their respective experiences were "well refined."

We come now to the last distinctly religious service that John and his wife ever had together on earth,—though neither knew at the time that it would be the last.

It is now about thirty years since the old ecclesiastical earth had been swallowed up beneath their feet with a great earthquake, and the old ecclesiastical heavens had rolled up like a scroll, and, with its old ideas, its old hopes, and its old loves, had passed away out of their life. And, in the place of the hopes and loves and works of the old, now for some thirty odd years the hopes and loves and fruits of the new earth and heavens had been coming!

So in the first blush of the spring of the year 1901, when the song of the coming spring was beginning to be heard from the birds about the trees in the yard of their far-away Southern home, John and his wife had their last assembling together for special religious services.

They met to exhort each other as to the "Profit and Loss" in the transaction in which, having found a "new" kingdom of heaven hidden as a treasure in a field for joy thereof they had gone and sold all that they had and bought that self-same field.

This assembling for religious services proceeds:

"Well, mamma," said John, "when we left one ecclesiasticism for another on the same plane of ecclesiastical life, we took a list of betterments. Now that we have made even a greater change,—a change from 'all old' to 'all new' things,—perhaps it might be wise to make a reckoning and see what we have lost and what we have gained. So we'll take it time about, in each having his say; because you know that I am much opposed to the 'preacher' having all of 'the say' and the people all of 'the hear.' You know that some of the preachers will have any of their dumb hearers arrested for disturbing public worship who attempt to ask for a reason of what the preacher 'says.' Now, this in which we are engaged is religious service, or a talk about religion, and I won't have you arrested for participating in it. And for politeness' sake I will give you the first 'say' on the subject of losses and gains in our great change."

"Well, yes," said the wife, "so far as I can call to mind I think that every religious service that Jesus Himself ever had consisted in asking and answering and explaining questions of Scripture; or at least, anybody in the congregation was permitted to ask ques-

tions when they didn't understand, or when they had anything to the point to say. So I will head the catalogue of betterments by saying that I think it much better that we are in a plane of life in which there is freedom on the part of the people to inquire of the pulpit. I have heard you say that about the only good that came out of Luther's Reformation was that the people were set free to dissent from what the priest said of the Bible, by reading the Bible for themselves. So among the people with whom we now find ourselves the pew is as free as the pulpit,—the people as free as the priest. This freedom is absolutely necessary, because, as we now see, everybody must give an account of himself, and people are not carried to heaven in bulk, like passengers on a steamboat; but each must travel on his own feet. Hence I account this freedom as one of the best things that we've found in coming out of the old ecclesiastical earth and settling a pre-emption claim on the new one. Now, let's see if you have anything better than the one I have just suggested."

"What you have suggested," said John, "is exceedingly better than the old bondage of the pew to the pulpit, of the people to the priest. There can be no progress without freedom. On this plane lies all of the work of the King of kings in His office of Redeemer, or setting the people free from the rulership and dominion of devils and all obsessing spirits, and ecclesiastical kings, rabbis, and masters. In the coming church the only authority that a priest will have over the people is what every man has over another who has more and a higher order of truth than does the other."

"Yes," said the wife, "I didn't ask you to preach a sermon from my text. Because I don't need any sermonizing to convince me that I'm right; but I'll call you to the point of you yourself suggesting any 'something better' that has arisen from our 'come-out-of-Babylon' experience."

"Well, I stand corrected," said John, and knitting his brow and mechanically pulling his beard, he said: "Where there are so many things to choose from it is often difficult to select any one in particular. But as Solomon had choice, not of one, but of seven hundred wives, I need not be particular about any particular one for fear of having to give up the other six hundred and ninety-nine wives."

Here the good wife with outright laughter said:

"Perhaps, before I understood the spiritual significance of Solomon's many wives, I would have been a little bit jealous at your lan-

guage! but I'm not a bit so now. For I really see now what great comfort can come out of seemingly not very comforting things. This, I suppose, is what is meant in the Bible about barren and wilderness places becoming places of water brooks."

"Yes," said John, "and getting a little off of the subject for a moment, I'll tell you something about Solomon's many wives that, perhaps, you never thought of; but as it has applied and will continue to apply to you and me, I'll now mention it as a something of the 'new earth' so much better than the materialistic Mormonized idea that the people of the 'old earth' had of Solomon. What I allude to is this:

"All things predicated of all people in the Bible may, in greater or less degree, be predicated of any one person. I have found in you a whole multitude of sweethearts and wives; because every now and then I find either in your conduct, or in your thoughts, or in your affections some new thing to love with a new love, so that my whole life has been a kind of going on from the delights of sweetheartdom to the loves of marriedom. So I think that if I continue to find as many new things to love in you the more I know of you, eventually I'll be about as much married as was Solomon!"

The wife blushed the suffused blush of a girl who, for the first time, is being courted by the one of whom she thinks a good deal, and she said:

"John, I think you are about to turn this religious service into an old-fashioned Methodist love-feast; I suppose you think that the love-feast is one of the 'jewels of gold' that you, like the Israelites in Egypt, are authorized to borrow from the Methodists and use as though it were your own?"

"Well, yes," said John. "The Methodists had a good many good things that should not be lost to the world; and I think the love-feast is one of them, although they have left it off themselves. I suppose they have done this because they have 'fallen from' the grace of a doctrine that they are not very strenuous to maintain. The Jews and Babylon fell from so many graces that the best name that the Apocalyptic writer could find for them was 'Fallen! Fallen!' You know that the old Virginians thought so much of the appropriateness of a name that they duplicated it, and would name their children 'John St. John' or 'John James John.' So of 'Fallen! Fallen!' However, the truth is that Jesus summed the whole law and gospel up in one word, 'Love,'—and if by any service we can increase our stock of that precious article, we may say that service is not bad, but, like all God's works, 'very good.' The truth is that

the marriage of an angel wife and husband has just such offspring, or increase, as that of which I've spoken. Every day, perhaps, the husband sees something new to love in the thought or affection or conduct of the wife. Why, darling, only in the last few months, have I been fascinated by a very simple act of yours."

"What is that?" queried the wife.

"Well, it is not a very big thing, but one that sends a quiver of delight to my very heart every time I see you do it."

"Well, what is it, papa?"

"Why," said John, "it is the girlish way that you use your hand in pushing the hair back from your forehead. I might mention several hundred such things that I have discovered since we were married—any one of which would have made me want to marry you had I seen it before we were married. Now, you see that, if this continual opening of the eyes to 'behold wondrous things' springing out of the depths of a being like you—made in the very image and likeness of God—should continue to eternity, there is no telling how much a husband would love. Why, Methusaleh, with his thousand years or 'states' of life, and Solomon, with his thousand wives and concubines, wouldn't be a candle light compared to the sun shining in the heaven of our love. The Songs of Solomon sung with 'the kisses of his mouth' would be ours with an ever increasing thrill of 'O thou whom my soul loveth, O thou fairest among women,'—come into the gardens where the flowers blush on the bosom of the earth, where the clusters of fruit redden the boughs with vintage, where the birds sing that the winter is over and past, and the cooing of the dove is heard through borders that are but continual celebrations of the nuptial festivities of Spring marrying Summer.

"Oh, darling," exclaimed John, "such hopes as these that spring from the light of the 'new heaven and new earth,'—hopes that we see are even here on earth being proved true in realization,—such hopes are vastly superior to those that the preachers of the Babylon of the 'old earth' could ever stir in the hearts of their confused and blind votaries,—blind to every reality of the world to come. How could it be otherwise? For, let us only compare the foundation 'creed' of the whole 'orthodox' old earth ecclesiasticism with the foundation stones of the Church that is now coming down from God out of heaven. By doing this we shall certainly see (for 'every eye shall see') that we are greatly bettered by getting out of Babylon into the streets of the New Jerusalem.

"The 'mystery' that is written on the brow of Babylon is this: You know that the ecclesiastical Council of Nice in the beginning of

the Dark Ages formulated and proclaimed what is called the 'Athanasian Creed,'—the name being taken from the name of the church elder that wrote the creed. You know that this 'creed' is the faith of not only the Romish and Greek Churches, but also of the Church of England, and of the Methodist Church, and, in fact, of all so-called 'orthodox' churches. Now, I will simply read it, and then read the faith of the True Christian Church, and it will appear seemingly that 'every eye' will see the vast difference between the one and the other, between the traditions of men and the word of God, between 'mystery' and revelation.

"I will read the Athanasian Creed—a cup that has made all the kings and merchantmen and people of all earthly or man-made churches 'drunk with the wine of its fornication.'"

Here John read as follows:

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith, which faith, except every one shall keep whole and entire, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly; which faith is this:

That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance. For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Spirit; but the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit is one and the same, the glory equal and the majesty co-eternal.

Such as the Father is such is the Son and such is the Holy Spirit. The Father is uncreate, the Son is uncreate, and the Holy Spirit is uncreate. The Father is infinite, the Son is infinite, and the Holy Spirit is infinite. The Father eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Spirit eternal, and yet there are not three eternals, but one eternal. And there are not three infinities, nor three uncreates, but one uncreate and one infinite.

So likewise, the Father is Almighty and the Son Almighty and the Holy Spirit Almighty, and yet there are not three Almighties, but one Almighty.

The Father is God. So the Son is God and the Holy Spirit is God; and yet there are not three Gods, but one God. For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge *every person* BY HIMSELF to be God and Lord, so are we forbidden by the Catholic Religion to say there be three Gods or three Lords . . . (of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit); and in this Trinity none is before or after another—none is greater or less than another, but the whole *three persons* (of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit) are co-eternal and co-equal, so that in all things as aforesaid the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshiped.

"He, therefore, that will be saved must thus think of the Trinity."

And this Babylonish confusion concludes with the following materialistic statement:

At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies. This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe, he cannot be saved.

"Now then," said John, "let us compare with this foregoing unutterable 'mystery,' written by an ecclesiastical bishop on the brow of Babylon, the 'creed' approved by Jesus 'Himself, as follows: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.' 'On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets,' Jesus said of these two commandments of love to God and to the neighbor. 'This do and thou shalt live.'

"So we see that the old earth and heavens founded on the tradition of men required 'faith' or belief in an unutterable 'mystery' of confusion; while the new earth and new heavens, coming direct from the God of heaven and of earth, requires '*love*,' not love in the abstract, but love for two beings,—for two definite persons, which persons consist of the Lord God who is the Lord Jesus Christ, on the one hand, and our neighbor, on the other. So, as love is better than faith, as seen in Paul's description of it as 'overcoming all things,' so also is the 'new' that we have found better than the 'old' which we have left. More especially when the 'faith of the old' was a faith in an utterly irrational and non-understandable 'mystery,' while the love of the new is for definite persons,—that is, for the neighbor that we see every day and for the Lord God as 'manifested' or revealed 'in the flesh' or 'in the Christ.'

"Don't you think that it is much easier to 'enter into life' by loving the Lord Jesus Christ and your neighbor, than it is to be 'saved' by believing 'before all things else' in such a 'mystery' as that written of the 'God in Trinity' of the whole *three persons* that are co-eternal and co-equal, as written by the church bishop of the Dark Ages?"

"Yes, I confess," said the wife, "that no person who regards the subject from an intelligent standpoint can fail to see that the revelation of the 'new' is greatly superior to the 'mystery' of the 'old,' as to what men shall do to enter into life."

"Yes," said John, "the Athanasian Creed is not only the 'great mystery' written on the forehead of the beast, Babylon, the 'fallen' and confused Church plane on the old earth, but it is that definite and particular 'wine of her fornication' on which I, along with 'all

of the inhabitants of the (ecclesiastical) earth' or church in which I was born and bred, 'have been made drunk,' as figured in the seventeenth chapter of Revelation.

"Oh, my darling wife, if there be one thing that you ought to be thankful about, it is that you were not born in this Babylon, and that you never drank as nursing milk of this Babylonian wine as I did. You seemed always a citizen of another city (church) than that of the great city of Babylon.

"Of the city where you were born it is written, 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God,'—the City of the New Jerusalem, that 'Zion of which shall be said this and that man was born in her,' as stated by the Psalmist in his singing a summer song of the coming of the Son of Man with his Bride, the Woman clothed with the Sun.

"Alas, I was born in Babylon, and was exceedingly 'drunk' with the cup of her fornication, and often reeling like a drunken man, I have staggeringly been at my wit's end. But when the waves were lifted up and went down again to the depths, your voice was always steady in the one Lord that 'maketh the sea a calm' and bringeth all who look unto Him into their desired haven.' But something—some indefinable, but powerful something—tells me that you are soon to go away from the earth. Then, then, mamma, what shall I do,—I who was, and am, so weakened by drinking deep and long of the wine of Babylon's fornication, I who have so often appealed to you and never appealed in vain?"

"Why, papa," said the wife, "you do me too much honor. It appears to me that you are the cause of my own knowledge and strength. But of the future we know only, as so beautifully sung in the one hundred and seventh Psalm, that in all 'wanderings in the wilderness,' in all the loneliness of 'solitary places,' in all the 'sitting in darkness and shadow of death,' in all 'bands of affliction and iron, in all staggering like drunken men at their wit's end,'—from all of these 'ends of the earth,' if men will 'look unto the one Lord, He will deliver them.' He will make 'the storm a calm;' He will break every bond asunder and turn all waste wilderness places into waterbrooks, and to all who have forsaken fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters for the sake of the one Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ there will be found ten thousand occasions to exclaim, 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men.' Only, papa, do not you and the children go backward into the old Babylon; but forward into

the gates of the New Jerusalem, the City of the Woman clothed with the Sun, which is but a church with supreme love to the one God of heaven and earth and helpful love to the neighbor!

"Yes, yes, we'll take no desponding thought of the morrow. The mention by the Master of the care exercised by Him in even five-sparrow-for-two-farthing affairs leads us to rest assured that all, all in the future, will be well."

"Mamma," said John, "there is a matter that I have often been troubled about."

"Well, yes," said the wife, "about all of us find that we are of very close kin to Job in realizing that even 'as the sparks fly upward, so is man born unto trouble.' What troubles you just now?"

"The future of our children," said John. "You and I are, perhaps, able to stand without the immediate props of an earthly ecclesiasticism with its earthly priesthood; but what about our children in the world like doves among hawks, like lambs among wolves?"

"Why, papa," said the wife, "you have been congratulating me because I was not born and brought up in Babylon, and never drank in its errors of doctrine, or, as you often say, that I was never 'drunk' on the wine of Babylon's fornication of the truths of God with the traditions of the elders. I know that you don't want the children to be your children and not mine, do you?"

"Well," said John, "if the children will follow your example—yes, and partake of your life—then I wish that they would take altogether after you,—at least in that, while not being ecclesiastics, they yet be Christians. If they, like you, eschew the grievous evil of learning the traditions of the elders and instead thereof learn the commandments of the living God,—if, like you, they are more concerned about the 'kingdom of heaven' within their own lives, consisting of peace of mind, joy of heart, and right doing of hand, than they are about praying in public places and attending street-corner ovations of praise and self-congratulation,—yes, if our children can be just a kind of always 'at hand' ministering sort of people when any little cup of cool water is needed by the fevered lips of others,—if, in times of wrath, they can, like you, ever be relied on to eschew 'grievous words that stir up anger,' and learn 'soft words that turn away wrath,' never talking about any one except for good,—yes, yes, if above all they can, like you, simply open their eyes and *behold* the simple truths of the Bible in their simple every-day application to their own every-day life, then I know, as I know of you, that all will be well with them."

“Oh, papa,” said the wife, “if it be true—and it is true—that even a mother may forsake her children, the ‘Everlasting Father’ never will. If I as a mother always have had no feelings toward my children than to coo-ingly say in my very heart:

“‘Little stumbling child, you have fallen!
 You are crying in darkness and fear!
 Wait, darling, your mother is coming!
 Hush, darling, your mother is here!’

If this be the nature of a poor, earthly mother, what will be the conduct all through life on the earth, as well as through the life above the earth, of our Father who is in heaven? He is not a temporary, but the ‘Everlasting Father,’ He is not a feeble earthly monarch, but the ‘Almighty God,’ He is not one of the ‘lords many,’ but is the ‘only wise God our Saviour.’

“If our children can once and for good get the true idea of God in their minds, then everything else will become plain. For the ‘knowing of the only true God’ is *‘Life Eternal,’* because He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is strikingly singular how the understanding of the ‘first great commandment’ about there being but ‘one God’ and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this ‘only true God,’—I say it is wonderful how the understanding of this primal truth leads to the understanding of all other Bible truths. Indeed, it is the ‘first’ commandment in more senses than one. It is like the necessity of understanding the foundation principle of any science before you can possibly understand the science in whole or any of its correlated parts. One might as well try to work out a problem in arithmetic without understanding the principles of addition, subtraction, and multiplication.

“This is why so little is understood of the Bible. Not one preacher in a thousand knows who the Lord Jesus Christ is. The knowing of the Lord Jesus Christ will not leave one stone on another of old church creeds!

“It is true that, had not the churches about us made void by their traditions the first and great commandment that ‘God is one God and beside Him there is no God,’ it would be better that our children have the co-operation to be found in a church; but to be a member of a church that worships either one of several Gods, or even worships an ‘unknown God,’ or a ‘God without parts,’—well, they had better not be members of such a church at all.

“But I am in hopes that whenever and wherever even two or three can be found who with Isaiah can see and say of the Redeemer,

'I am the First, and I am the Last, and besides me there is no God,' that all of my children will gather themselves with such. For while this Redeemer, this only wise God, was on the earth, He told us of what His earthly church should consist,—consisting, so far as people are concerned, not of a great diocesan ecclesiastical organization with a rabbi, or a master, or a father, or a bishop, or a pope, as its head; but 'wherever two or three are gathered together in My name, I will be there in their midst.' And the relation existing between these will be merely as that of '*brethren*.' Who can doubt this when they read Christ's own words?

"Such was the first Christian Church before it fell away from the grace and knowledge of Jesus, and such will be the coming church of the Son of Man at His second coming."

Such were some of the thoughts of the "help-meet" to John at the eventide when there was light,—the light of another world shining into and from her eyes, that so soon were to be closed forever on all earthly scenes.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FURTHER COMPARISONS.

A "Doctor of Divinity" Drunk on the Cup of Babylon Wine—How "The Lord" is Viewed in the New Earth and the New Heaven, and How in the Old—"Faith in Christ"—What It Means—Why So Vitally Necessary—The Truth Not a Priestly Seneschal—The New Heaven God Is a God of Love—In the "Old Earth" Religion a Matter of Faith, While in the New Earth it is a Matter of Life—John Again Bursts Into Tears—The Resurrection—Blessed "In" and not "For" Works—Revelation Versus Mystery—No Vagabondism or Homeless Life in Heaven—The "Beginning" is Not the "End"—Emerson's Idea of "Going Forward"—Why the Publican Stood "Afar Off"—The Two Witnesses—Love is the Law and Life of the New Church—Every Place Should Be "Holy"—The "Twelve-Gated City"—Who Will Enter Some One of Its Ever Open Gates.

Perhaps no way will ever be devised so effectual for mediating new truths to the human mind as that which may be styled the *conversational* way. The greater part of Christ's teachings was after this manner, and many of these teachings were in the privacy of the family of only the disciples.

In fact, there are some "third heaven" truths that it is impossible to mediate down to the earth in earthen vessels of language except by and through such unrestrained and unconstrained familiar language as that employed in the conversation at the home fireside.

Hence, for the benefit of such of our readers whose interest in the things and truths called to their attention in the foregoing pages is sufficient to lead them to desire to know a little more of such things and truths, we submit some snatches of conversation that took place at the home fireside of John Counsellor and his good wife, in which will be found a comparison between the things and errors of the old heaven and earth that pass away at the second coming of the Son of Man and the things and truths that are ushered in to take their place by the said second coming. In fact, at this coming "all old things" pass away and "Behold, I make *all things new*," is actually realized.

It is true that this change from the old to the new is with some so gradual, like those "born of the Spirit," that the time of its taking place cannot be fixed at any particular tick of clock, as was the case with John's wife. Yet the cleavage between "the old" and "the new" is complete from center to circumference. The gulf between them is impassable. The things of the "old" are the things of the "dark ages," while the things of "the new" are the things of the day of the Son of Man at whose coming there shall be no darkness. There is no night there; even "candles" are dispensed with. The errors of the old are the mysteries written on the very forehead of the great harlot, Babylon; while the truths of the "New" are but the crown of twelve stars upon the brow of the Bride whose bridal robes were of the sun.

As a matter of course, as gathered from all the pages of John Counsellor's *Evolution* from "old" to "new," the reader will understand that the "old heaven and the old earth" that are passing away mean the old fallen Church world that Christ foretold would not know Him, even as the Jews did not know Him at the first coming; and that the "new heavens and new earth" are but the New Church now "coming down from God" upon the earth wherever men will receive its doctrines in their minds, cherish them in their hearts, and try to live them out in their lives.

John had just returned from the hearing of an "orthodox" sermon by an eminent "orthodox divine," and was telling his wife of the terrible confusion that seemed to pervade the mind of the "doctor of divinity" as to the simplest figures of the Book of Revelation, which led to the subject of the difference between the old Dark Age Babylon of Confusion and the New Church foretold in the Revelation, and of the betterments that John and his wife had found in coming out of the "old" and entering into certain of the twelve gates of the new city coming down from God.

Said the good wife:

"In the old church or 'old earth' the Lord Jesus Christ is viewed, not as an 'Everlasting Father' as we view Him in the New Church. No. The old church does not regard Him at all in His Fatherhood nature, but as a Judge to-day and an executor of vengeance to-morrow. No. He is not regarded, prayed to, or worshiped as the 'Everlasting Father' at all. In fact, in the old church He is viewed as pretty much anything that the passing fancy or the changeful feelings of men may picture Him to be in their imaginings,—sometimes angry and sometimes good-natured, sometimes trying to save

men's souls and sometimes on the war-path to kill them out, sometimes opening the doors of heaven to a very select few, but more often pushing the big majority into some awful place of outside darkness and everlastingly shutting the doors against their return. In fact, if there is one single vain imagination of hard-hearted and vengeful man's mind that has not been attributed to God in the old church, I hardly know what it is. Preachers in the 'old earth' seem to think that God is even as sinful and vengeful and cruel as men are, when He expressly says that He is not as men.

"But how differently God is viewed in the new earth, or new church, into whose borders we are just entering. Here He is not an 'unknown God,' but one 'manifest in the flesh,' according to the words of Jesus, who said, 'He that seeth me seeth the Father.' So there are no 'three gods' or 'three persons,' but one God, with one body, the Son, one soul, the Heavenly Father, and one proceeding sphere of life, the Holy Spirit,—which spirit has the same relation to the soul and body as a man's voice, or his looks, or his power, has to the man's soul operating through the body, just the same relation as the light and heat shed forth by the sun have to the sun itself."

"Papa," queried the wife, "why do you suppose that so much stress is laid in all the Scriptures on what is called 'Faith in Christ?'"

"Perhaps," replied John, "no intelligent answer can be given to this question from an 'old earth' or old church standpoint. But in the New Earth spoken of in the Book of Revelation the doctrine of faith in Christ, like all other doctrines, is rational, and hence readily seen,—seen from the fact that men on earth can have no idea whatever of the Godhead except as that Godhead manifests itself on the human plane or degree or life—as in Christ.' To try to think of God out of Christ is, as it were, merely to look into the abyss of an endless, sideless, topless, bottomless space such as is described in Genesis, when it is said, 'The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.' This is exactly the condition of all men who try to get some idea of God out of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Why is this, papa?" queried the wife. "What is meant by 'God in Christ' and God out of Christ?"

"Simply this," replied John, "the term Christ is predicated of the human body that the Divine clothed itself with so that He might mediate His Divine nature called the 'Almighty God' and the 'Everlasting Father' down to men on the human plane of life, and thus 'manifest' or 'reveal' or 'show' Himself to men on earth. All

men are but human, and as such can only see that which is human. Hence God had to bend the heavens and come down to the human plane of life. And in order to be seen of men He had to 'make Himself a little lower than the angels,'—had to 'take on Himself the seed of Abraham,' which was done by preparing Himself with a human body called the Christ. Hence, you see first "that God in Christ" simply means the same thing which in other places is described as 'God manifest.' Again, you see that men being in the flesh cannot get even an idea of God except as this God bows the heavens and prepares Himself and manifests Himself on the same human plane that men are,—like coming to like and like seeing like. In this lies the secret of the great At-one-ment, of Christ being called our 'elder brother.' If you will read the epistle of Jude, who declared that the Lord Jesus Christ 'is the only wise God our Saviour,' you will see the fate of all people who endeavor to find God, or in their mind or affection to come to God, out of Christ—out of His human plane of life. The Apostle Jude said of such, 'They are clouds without water, carried about of winds, trees whose fruit withereth, wandering stars,'—just like a man's mind wanders and staggers with giddiness when it looks down into the bottomless depths just over the edge of a great precipice. Hence, Christ is called 'the Rock,' 'the sure foundation,' because in Him the human mind finds something tangible to rest upon, 'to stay itself upon.' Hence, 'blessed is the man whose mind is stayed on Thee.' Otherwise, all is chaos, and as Jude says, all is 'under darkness,' all is 'without form and void.' Because it is written, 'Canst thou by searching find out God? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? Deeper than hell, what canst thou know?' But when God is seen in Christ, seen as 'God manifest in the flesh,' then we '*behold* Him,' then 'every eye sees Him.' So you see the importance of faith in Christ, because without this no one can have in his mind any idea whatever of God, and therefore can never come to Him. Hence it is seen why Christ said, 'No man can come to the Father except by Me.' Hence, his cry was, 'Come unto ME.' Men's ideas of God 'out of Christ' are, as Jude said, 'mere clouds driven about by every wind' of imagination."

"So I see," said the wife, "that above all things, we can add to our list of betterments in the New Earth and Heaven spoken of in Revelation a true scriptural and rational understanding of why so much stress is laid in all the Scriptures on 'faith in Christ.' What was meant in the old earth, which John saw pass away, by the word

faith nobody ever seemed to know,—some saying that it was to believe that Christ, the second person in the Godhead, paid to God the Father, the first person in the Godhead, the full price or penalty of our sins; others saying that faith in Christ imputes Christ's righteousness to the sinner; others saying this and others saying that,—all resulting, as all error does result, in a kind of Babylonish confusion which is a kind of 'earth without form and void,' with nothing but darkness, or mystery, or ignorance, as to the whole matter. The fearful condition and end of 'wandering stars,' as portrayed by the Apostle Jude, is the fate of all men who do not have their minds 'stayed upon' and revolving around the Lord Jesus Christ as the only wise God our Saviour."

Every man is a wandering star who has more gods than the "one God," or who in his imagination is searching for and expecting to find any God—first or third—like the "tri-personalists," or the ten-thousandth, like the Greeks, outside of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are wandering stars,—wandering in their mind—who pray to one God for the sake of another God, who pray to any God except the Lord Jesus Christ who is the "only wise God."

Another very marked "betterment" of the "new earth" church over the "old earth" ecclesiasticisms is that in the old church, as stated by a very incisive writer, "the truth is regarded as a very sacred deposit in a box under guard of priestly seneschals, while in the New Church Truth is regarded as a tremendous living power able to take care of itself and to take care of all who trust it."

In the old church loyalty to truth consisted in loyalty to what others said about it; while in the New Church loyalty to truth consists in devotion to what each person himself sees to be the truth.

"In fact," said John, "everything in the New Church is different from the things of the old one. 'Behold I make ALL things new.'"

"But what is of more consoling and joyful nature to me," said the good wife, "is the difference of the old and new heaven and earth view of God as a God of love and life, and not a God of vengeance and death. The 'old earth' view of God makes of Him more of a demon than a 'heavenly and everlasting Father.' The demoniac idea of 'the old earth' was that God would have damned everybody had He not been bought off with a great price paid to Him. Under the 'new heaven' idea it was God Himself who made Himself a body so that He might come down to men and 'lift them up' and 'save to the uttermost.'"

"Under the 'old earth' idea God was a vengeful Ruler executing vengeance on every one of His poor, sickly, half-idiotic children, who, in their weakness and blindness, happened to stumble and faint and fall down, while, under the 'new heaven' idea God loves all his children more than you and I love our children, and that we will forsake our own children before He will forsake them. And I'd like to know when we would forsake one of our children, especially while they were sick and out of their head with delirious fever, as sinners are said to be.

"The 'old earth' idea is that God vengefully says to His children, in the doggerel lines :

" 'You have sinned.
Hell is your due :
If you don't straighten up,
I'll send you there, too !'

While the 'new earth' and 'new heaven' idea of the heavenly love is that it follows the children of men into the deepest hell with infinitely kind intent and effort.

"Now, if you have anything better than that, I am more than willing to give you the premium for suggesting it. Because you know that the wise old apostle exhorted that we strive for the best gifts."

Here John would have followed with his usual sermonizing on his wife's good text, had he not remembered that she had said she didn't need a sermon to convince her of what she had already learned. So, after feeling without expressing it that in his motherly wife he had seen the wondrous wisdom of the mother heart, he began to say :

"Let me see. I am really ashamed to advance any idea from the man side of things after your womanly kind of betterment has been advanced. But, even if a man is not as fair as a woman, it is not good for either 'to be alone,' so I will give you a 'betterment' of the 'new' over the 'old' earth idea of things from a man's standpoint, and that is that the old church religion seemed to be more a thing of faith than a thing of life, that is, people had to be 'saved by faith alone.' In this old church men could lead any kind of lives up to their death-beds, and then, by exercising a little bit of faith in the merits of somebody else's blood, they would go straight to heaven.

"But in the 'new earth' idea of things men must work as well as believe, must 'work out their salvation,' must keep every law or

commandment of God into the life of which they ever expect to enter. If they expect to enter on the life of citizens of the 'first heaven' they must not only learn the laws appertaining to citizenship in that heaven, or plane, or degree of life, but must 'understand' those laws; and in order to get the blessing of such citizenship, must 'do' or obey such laws. As Jesus said, 'Blessed is he that heareth these sayings of mine and understandeth and doeth them.' So also as to each of the other heavenly planes of eternal life. To have abundant entrance into either of these heavens there must be a corresponding abundance of '*hearing and understanding and doing*' the laws of life relating to living in such heavens. It is true that the hearing and understanding of these heavenly laws, and the strength to obey, or live up to them, may be while on earth but the 'least of all things,' such as a 'mustard seed' of thirst or a 'smoking flax' of hunger, or a 'bruised reed' of effort. Yet, if men go into the world of spirits with this mustard seed, this smoking flax, this bruised reed, the 'angels will take charge over them' and from these 'least of all things' of the kingdom of heaven they will, by their infinite tact and grace and knowledge, bring out trees of life under whose boughs all the beasts of earth and all the fowls of the air—all affections of heart and all aspirations of mind—will find the greatest satisfaction possible."

"Well, that is pretty good," said the wife. "I about despair of getting anything better to enter in our inventory of 'gains' in giving up the life of the old earth and old heaven so that we might find the life of the new ones. But I have been thinking much here lately of a subject that both of us will have to deal with sooner or later; and, unless I am mistaken in certain indefinable feelings, I may have to experience the very realities of these beautiful truths into whose light we have entered. The subject is—"

Here John's eyes filled with tears, as had been the case many years before at the thought of his mother being of nearer kin to angels than to any one on earth, and he feared that she would soon be among the angels. But he turned his head and hid his tears from his wife, who continued:

"The subject is that of the resurrection. Why, papa, if we had gained nothing more by coming out of the old Babylon idea and coming into the New-Church idea of the resurrection, we would be more than one hundred fold compensated for all we gave up in the old. In fact, the Scriptures are verily true in which it is said, 'There is no man that has left house, or brethren, or sisters, or

father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, or the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time—with persecutions—and in the world to come eternal life.'

"What a horrible idea we had of dying when we were in the 'old land' or church. It smothered me then to think of the grave. But, under the one hundred fold 'new' land idea, how it makes one hold up the head at the thought of the evening of the 'last day' of earthly life as but the ushering in of the everlasting morning of the first day or state of heavenly life. The resurrection is but the being waked up out of a peaceable slumber in one world to life everlasting in a better one, and all this without the grave having any victory or death any sting, by keeping us waiting without bodies from age to age, as the old preachers declared. Just as soon as our earthly body is useless, we find ourselves clothed with a body 'eternal in the heavens.' In fact, I now look on death a little as I looked on sleep when I was coming home from Europe on a ship. I was homesick and wanted very badly to get home. One day the captain said:

"'By sunrise to-morrow we will land at our home port.'

"This was at supper, and I wanted to go to bed at once, and go to sleep and wake up on my long wished-for home soil. When I am dying, think of this. For you know that the Bible reckons death like unto a sleep. Think that I am going gently to sleep to wake up among home folks—among the angels that we've talked so much about."

"Well, well, well, darling," said John, with his olden refrain, which was caused, not by the beautiful truth that his wife had uttered, but by the thought that she, his one great help-meet during more than thirty years of life, was going away from his side!

"Well, well, I must try to offset your beautiful truth about death with one about life. In the 'old earth and heaven,' religion had more to do with getting out of the world than with getting along in the world. Hence people were often recluses, and hermits, and monks, and nuns, and eunuchs,—keeping out of politics, out of amusements, out of marriage, and out of sunshine generally. But the doctrine of the New Church is that all religion has direct relation to life in the world, and that the life of religion is to do good in whatever condition you find yourself, whether a citizen, or husband, or wife, or father, or mother, or child, or master, or servant, or sick, or poor, or strong, or weak, or any other thing. Just simply

to do what you at any time find to do. In the 'new earth' that wonderful chapter of contraries to be found in the Book of Ecclesiastes is not only understandingly read, but it is expected that it will have to be lived by all who undergo any degree of regeneration to enable them to enter into the life of the higher heavens. You are of the 'new,' because, in any time of 'mourning or of dancing' you always answer, 'I am here.' In any time of 'losing or getting' you equally answer, 'Oh, papa, I am here.' In silence or in speech, in planting or in plucking up, in weeping or in laughter, to you and all such as you each has its 'season and its purpose.'

"Hence, in the idea of the new earth and the new heaven there is no past or future, as it were. Everything is living in 'to-day.' 'Now' is the all of time. Everything, even the kingdom of heaven itself, is always not afar off, but '*at hand!*' So that, in the New Coming Church, nobody is going abroad to look up a big job, but is to be engaged in doing anything 'just at hand.' Nobody will be in a hurry or flurry to save either himself or others, just as Jesus never seemed to be hurried and flurried because He was living the life of 'this day our daily bread,' and was not troubled about the past or anxious about the future, knowing that the dead would bury the dead while He took care of the living of to-day, and that the morrow would have a sufficiency of things to do only when it became 'to-day.' It is wonderful how an entrance into the light of this truth relieves one of all past burdens and dissipates all forebodings of the future.

"The reason of this is that in the new earth and heavens there is 'no night,'—which means that all things are seen to be 'good' in their season. Even sinners, while in a sinful life, will enjoy hell more than heaven, even as a drunkard in his drunkenness enjoys the saloon better than the home of wife and children. So let him alone. He will finally 'come to himself.' Before this he is in his element—in his heaven—even though it would be a hell to others. But all of these 'old heavens'—heavens in which hell is mistaken for heaven—all such old heavens will be rolled up and pass away at the coming of the Son of Man into their horizon.

"Let every one try to do just all he can that is 'at hand,' and he will soon realize the secret of the Divine saying, 'If ye do these things (of to-day) ye shall know even as ye are known.' I greatly thank God for an every-day religion, and that 'every-day religion' is simply the religion that takes care of 'to-day,'—doing everything

that is 'at hand' and never trying to take the second step before the first one. In fact, this religion never rushes a person out into the wilderness to look up heaven or the Lord, but finds everything just at hand and in himself."

"Yes," said the good wife, "that is the kind of religion that suits me. I can always find some little thing to do. If I had to go abroad to look up some big thing I would despair of ever hearing the plaudit of 'Well done.' But when I call to mind the fate of those who 'had prophesied' and had done 'many wonderful works' in Christ's name, and the fortune of those who had been handing around a cup of cold water and had forgotten such every-day home service,—when I recollect the fate of the former and the fortune of the latter at the hands of the Judge of all the earth, then I am happy in my quiet home and neighbor life, and in praying to the Lord in secret. But I must suggest something else that we have gained in giving up the old and cleaving unto the new. In keeping with your doctrine of a religion 'at hand' is that of a religious life that is 'blessed *in* the deed' and not *for* it. In the old church or old earth there are so many people who are never happy on earth, but expect to be when they, as they say, 'get to heaven.' Yes, many expect to be rewarded for things done in the earth. There are people who really believe that they will get high and preferred seats in heaven because they are poor. They even indulge in the envious belief that the rich will have to take back seats and that the poor will have all the front seats. Now, you know that such people will be sadly disappointed, when they are resurrected into the other world, in not finding a large credit or surplus of good rewards ready for them. Such people are living, not in the present, not in the 'to-day,' but in the to-morrow, which never comes.

"But the doctrines of the New Church, or of the new earth and new heavens, make it so plain that people must be blessed *in* the deeds of righteousness, and not *for* them; and it is a little singular that every text of Scripture bearing on blessings and cursings show that they are *in* the deed and not *for* it. Why, as a matter of course, I would not want you and the children to do little things for me with an idea that I was going to pay you for it. It would violate every fine feeling of my whole nature to think of getting a new calico dress, or even a silk one, for kissing you, or for darning your socks. In the new earth, all learn that they must be happy *in leading a good life*, and not expect pay *for* it. The difference between a soldier of

the Cross in the 'old' and the 'new' is as the difference between a mercenary soldier fighting for pay and a patriot fighting for his country."

"Well," said John, "as there are degrees of everything, even in heaven one star differing from another in magnitude, and the Scriptures speak of a more or less abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and speak of sons and servants, and of all having their reward, perhaps the man who does right because he expects pay for it will get his reward; but it will be a very inferior reward,—one suited to the service of a servant, and not of the loving service of a son or daughter.

"But I must suggest something to add to our gain column. So far, I don't think we have placed anything on our 'loss column.' I can't think of anything that we have lost. Isn't it wonderful what altogether gain there is in coming out of darkness into the light of a city in which 'there is no night,'—nor even need of a candle. So I will just simply add that it certainly is a great gain to be in a church that has revelation as a study that is understandable, instead of 'mystery written on the brow' of all high things of this and the life to come. The old preachers of the old earth appealed to fear and mystery; while those of the new appeal to people as rational beings, and know that people can't believe everything and can't believe anything without understanding it."

"Yes," said the wife. "What you say is a very great gain. I was always so confused when I was a girl in hearing preachers talking about things that they themselves said were 'mysteries' and couldn't be explained, and yet declaring that people would be lost if they didn't believe in such things. I call to mind a president of a great Baptist college, who was a near relative of mine by marriage. He used to confuse me with his Babylonish expositions of Scripture. Poor good, but foolish man. He died in a lunatic asylum. Didn't you say that the good man who took you into the church at Liberty and 'put you out' at Clarksville lost his mind also?"

"Yes," said John, "but the angels will clear up their minds—'will open the books.' The Scripture which says in that day 'every eye shall see' insures the restoration of sight to the blind,—of mind to the insane."

"I am glad," said the wife, "that that night or 'evening' of ignorant superstition is past and that we are in the morning of a day that has no night on spiritual things. But I am going to suggest

what I think a very great gain, at least for women and very modest people, and that is that the New Church, or church coming down from God out of heaven, teaches that even in the other life—yes, in heaven—people are going to have homes and are going to have home people, and going to have clothes. The old church idea of people living in great crowds, as at camp-meetings or on circus day occasions, and always being in the blare and glare of publicity, was always so abhorrent to me that really I often felt as if I didn't want to go to heaven. But, in the light of the new earth and new heavens, I see distinctly that not only revelation, but reason and the very holiest instincts of the human heart, insure that in the world to come people have their own homes and their particular home circle of people,—homes just to suit the taste of the home-keeper; some in cities, some in villages, some in beautiful country wooded and watered places. Why, papa, isn't this an inspiring thought to modest people and women and all who have not led the life of a vagabond, and know what a home is? Yes,—what home life is, as compared with a course of incessant roving."

"Well, yes," said John, "the somewhat singular command that Moses gave the Hebrew women when about to go out of Egypt, that they 'borrow all of the jewels of silver and of gold and of raiment of the Egyptian women' and take them with them, clearly teaches that every good and appropriate thing of the earth life is to be carried with us to the Canaan of heavenly life. And what higher or holier instinct of the human heart is sweeter or better or more sacred than the love of home and the home life? If we didn't take such loves with us into the other life, we would not be human beings, but something else. Hence all of our earth life would be lost and misleading. But to our inventory of 'profits and losses.'

"You know that in nature there are two great forces—the centrifugal and the centripetal. If there was only the centripetal, all things would stagnate. If only the centrifugal, all things would fly away on a tangent. So both are necessary. The religion of 'to-day,' of 'now,' of 'at hand,' as I have put it, is the centripetal force of religion and keeps one centered on something definite; while the one represented by the 'publican standing afar off' is the centrifugal element that keeps us ever on the move forward. These centripetal and centrifugal elements are in each life. In the 'old earth' church people imagine very foolishly that the very day they are what they call 'converted,' then and there they are as ready for a high seat

in heaven as they will ever be,—an imagination that is about as vain as that of a student who matriculates at a college and thinks that, in buckling on the armor of a student, he can boast himself the same as the one who year after year has studied through the college curriculum, and pulls his armor off as a scholar.

“There is nothing so dangerous in the old church idea of things as the thought that the beginning of a thing is the same as the ending. Why, some old earth people actually believe that the thief who never began the task of working out his salvation until the day that he died will at once be as far advanced in the heavenly life as the man who all the days of his life was engaged in working out his salvation by digging up the deep-rooted errors and evils of his nature, and, in place thereof, planting and cultivating the truths and goods that are the opposites of such errors and evils.

“The fact is that the other life is like this one. As the apostle says, the invisible things of the other life are understood from the visible things of this life. So that the people who neglect and squander the opportunities of this life and expect to have an equal start in the other world with those who are faithful in all things of this life, will be as badly mistaken as a boy who thinks, because he enters school, that he knows as much as the boy who has gone through the school. A good many people, on this account, will be far behind others in the great race for the goals of life that are ever going on in this as also in the world to come. The insanity of thinking otherwise than this is such as makes people imagine that they will reap where they have never sowed, and if they don't reap where they have not sowed that they will be slighted and the old Babylonish doctrine that talks of ‘free grace’ will be nullified, not knowing that this false idea of ‘free grace’ is a breeder of ‘dead-beats.’ The ‘free grace gift,’ spoken of in the Bible is that God gives the soil, the sunshine, and the shower, but man must use these gifts of soil, sun, and shower by hard and intelligent labor. Otherwise, with all of the ‘free grace gifts’ of sun, soil, and shower, the sluggard will be exceedingly short on crops. This idea alone of the ‘new’ and the ‘old’ is a gain that will rejoice the heart of every man who is neither a dead-beat nor a sluggard, but ‘diligent in business.’ In fact, this doctrine of being diligent dovetails into the doctrine of being ‘blessed in the deed,’ because, without continual ‘up and doing’ there would be no continual blessing and happiness.”

“Yes,” said the wife, “the greatest happiness that I have had all during life is doing this little thing and that little thing every day.

Now, in keeping with your idea of going continually forward and yet ever 'standing afar off' from some higher height that looms up before us, I will read a passage from a clear-visioned poet:

" 'Profounder, profounder,
 Man's spirit must dive:
 His aye-rolling orbit
 At no goal will arrive.
 The heavens that now draw him
 With sweetness untold,
 Once found,—for new heavens
 He spurneth the old! "

"It seems that Emerson had a better idea of the nature of the 'new heavens' than any preacher of the old 'orthodox' earth ever had. Isn't it singular how the people of the 'old earth' were ever committing the sin of Lot's wife in 'looking backward' to the day when they were 'converted,' instead of pressing forward to enter each day into higher and deeper degrees of life?"

"Yes," said John. "While I was in the Methodist ministry, I frequently found people, especially the 'camp-meeting shouting' kind, who made no distinction whatever between the things and states of the 'first day' and those of the 'sixth' and 'seventh,' to say nothing of that long life stretch between the first and even the second day. The New-Church people teach that nearly all from earth at this day enter only the first plane or degree of life in the lowest or first heaven, owing to the fact that but few pass through the plane or degree of life indicated by the 'evening and morning' that were the 'first day,' as stated in Genesis. The doors of all other days are closed against those who during life do not sow the seed of such grain and fruit as are indigenous to the soil and climate of the respective days of 'creation,' or regeneration, as indicated by the six days of creation in the first chapter of Genesis."

"Well, I see," soliloquized the wife, with a far-away look, "why the publican 'stood afar off.' Why, as a matter of course, when we think of ever going forward, and an ever receding goal, we begin to understand two things, one of which is that we shall always be 'standing afar off' from the end of an endless life, and the other is that we shall always be kept with that poverty of spirit that has sufficient hunger about it to ward off both gout and dyspepsia. How one can be a Pharisee, who is holy and at the end of all things attainable, I cannot see. Such I think would be afflicted with a combination of apoplexy, gout, and dyspepsia spiritually."

"Well, yes," said John, "the combination you speak of, even physically, is a hard case. I call to mind one who is the meanest and most hateful man I ever saw. A spiritual one, I guess, is worse."

"Here," said the wife, "we've both had the floor on the same text. Whose time is it now?"

"Well," said John, "during all of our life you have been a little ahead of me in going forward in all 'good' things. Now you give us a sample of a gain, not so much on the head side as on the heart side; because you know that there are thousands and thousands of couplets in the Bible, such as 'cup and platter,' 'fire and water,' 'likeness and image,'—'nations and peoples,' 'kindred and tongues,' 'sun and moon,' etc., and you know that one word of these couplets is always predicated of the heart life or affections and the other of the head or thought life—one of the 'likeness' and one of the 'image' nature of us all, and wherever there is a third word, this word is predicated of what results from the affections being guided by intelligent thought that ultimates both affection and thought in act, or in actual life. For instance, let us take the trinity of things found in Verse 31, Chapter XL, of Isaiah, which reads: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.' Here are three things, 'flying,' 'running,' and 'walking,' and to show the gain of light in the new heavens over that of darkness in the old earth, I will just relate what I heard a D. D. of the old church say of this text. He said it was a case of 'getting religion, in which men first fly, then taper down a little and run, then taper down to a walk.'

"In this he reversed every scriptural idea of the religious life, as he had the beginning on a large, high-up scale and tapering down to a smaller and smaller one; while the Scriptures invariably begin on the 'mustard seed that is the least' and goes on from strength to strength to that which is greatest,—from smoking flax to furnace, from bruised reed to tall cedar in Lebanon, from man on earth to angel in heaven.

"In the light of the new earth and new heaven the above text of Scripture is very differently interpreted. 'Flying' is predicated of the mind, or thought life; running is predicated of the heart life, or affections, while 'walking' is predicated of the life of action, or what we call a man's walk when we say it 'is good,'—that is, his actual conduct. In speaking of the mind, we often say it 'soars.' In speaking of the heart, we say it 'runs' out after the object of its love. And in speaking of one's actual life, or conduct, we say 'his walk' is good or bad.

"Applying these meanings, we find that this prophetic text shows that the mind thinks some good work, and that the heart goes or 'runs' out into this thought and quickens it, or infuses motive life into it, which results in the good affection being ultimated into act or actual life. Now, all men can not only see how much more rational and orderly such a proceeding is than the one indicated by the celebrated old-earth D. D. in starting on the wing and ending afoot,—starting with a big bulge of steam and ending even out of wind,—which, however, is the case with a good many shouters who lift up their voices in the streets of the old Babylon.

"Now, darling, we are in a big field. There are too many gains to enumerate. As on the side of error and evil hell is a bottomless pit, so it had no advantage of good and truth which are perennial trees of life bearing all manner of fruit twelve months in the year. So we must not expect in one 'religious service' to sum up all our gains. So we will conclude these exercises by your reciting a gain that is distinctly on the heart plane of life; and may be we can jointly conclude with one that is on the 'walk,' or that plane of life where thought and affection ultimate themselves in acts or fruits. I make this suggestion because the woman represents the love element and man the truth element, and both conjoined represent trees of life bearing fruit. Hence you will see that it is not good for either 'to be alone.'"

"Well," said the wife, "I understand that the new earth and the new heaven indicated by the city like unto a 'woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars,' is to be distinctly a church in which love is the leading and controlling and chief characteristic or element. It is true that the moon and a crown of stars are spoken of, but these have about the same relation to the whole matter, as a woman's feet and head gear have to the woman and her entire raiment. The church life, in the new heavens and the new earth, will not consist of disputes and debates and doting about questions and strifes of words whereof cometh only more dispute and debate and doting, as is always the case when the church or woman is clothed with the moon, and having stars under her feet, which doting and strife have signally characterized the 'old-earth' church.

"But the New-Church life will be one of love. Love to God and love to the neighbor will be the end of all law and of all prophecy and of all gospel and of all life itself in this church. And well it is so. For what kind of a wife would I make for you, and what kind

of a husband would you make for me, or what kind of a father and mother would we be to our children, without love? Why, papa, you know that with our hearts filled with love, even our life out in our little cabin on the ranch was happier than it would have been in a palace without love. In fact, the greatest description given to God in the whole Bible, at least to a woman's or a wife's or a mother's heart, is not the description given as to His omnipotence and His omniscience, but where it is said, 'God is Love.' He is so much love that He cannot hate,—He cannot feel angry any more than the sun in the midst of heaven can be cold or dark. All the seeming angry moods of God are but imaginations in the minds of men, who, on the principle of like producing like, being evil and angry themselves, imagine God to be such. He is not only a God of love of 'to-day' but an 'everlasting Father' of love that will ever cause Him to run forth from His Home of Many Mansions to meet and fall on the bosom of and welcome home all prodigals who hear and hearken unto the loving word, 'Come,'—Come home!—which the Bride of the new heavens says, or which is prompted by either the thought or affection of any that hear or hunger or thirst."

"Well," said John, "I think that you have succeeded admirably in giving a case of the pure and simple heart side of religion; for what could be more of the heart—more of the very concentration of love—than the 'woman,' 'the bride,' 'the Lamb's wife,'—and this, too, clothed with garments of the sun. Faith, with its disputings and strivings about such doctrinal tenets as water baptism, as church government, as 'faith alone,' as mere 'obedience,' as Christ's literal coming to burn up the literal world, as the resurrection of the literal body, as the literal worship of God in literal temples made with men's hands, yea, of the woman principle subject to the man principle, such things of the head characterized and dominated the old earth and old church heaven.

"But the leading element in the New Church that is now coming down from God (not up from man) out of heaven, is to be such as is bound up in a woman,—a bride, a 'Lamb's wife.' And all other things of that church, such as church doctrine, is to be but as sandals on the foot, and the whole head gear but stars as compared with the sun. Verily, in this church all things that are not of charity will be but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. There will be faith and hope, but charity will be the 'greatest.'

"The people of this new earth will not be so much concerned about 'prophecy,' for that may fail; nor about 'mysteries,' 'tongues'

(disputes as to doctrine), nor mere knowledge without practice; for all such things cease and vanish. But charity—love—abideth and aboundeth forever. The life of love will characterize the New Church, while the mere doctrinal faith, or headwork parade, characterized the old earth after it had 'fallen' from its 'first love.'

"Now, I'll give a scriptural example of the head side of the new earth; because it must not be supposed that because the new earth has the heart life as its leading element, it has no head life, or doctrine. But doctrine should always be to life as the mere letter is to the spirit, as the mere garment is to the very woman,—bride and wife.

"In the eleventh chapter of the Book that reveals all about the coming new earth and heaven is the portrayal of the leading head part or doctrine of this New Church. This doctrine is spoken of under the symbolism of 'my two witnesses,' also called 'two olive trees' as well as 'two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth.' You know, darling, that after years and years of study we know that these 'two witnesses' are the two great commandments that Jesus said testified the whole of law and gospel,—love to God and love to the neighbor, and they are called 'olive trees' because the olive is a symbol of love, and called 'candlesticks' because it is also the nature of truth to enlighten.

"This, I confess, is the best scriptural example of what the doctrine of the coming church will be,—a continual testifying that love to God and love to the neighbor is the whole law and gospel of the new earth and new heaven. The diadem of stars on the head will as a matter of course, not be wanting, because the 'knowledges,' the 'intelligences,' the millions of sparkling truths that will shine in the firmament of the New-Church heavens will be as the stars for multitude.

"But the life of love—love to the Lord God and love to the neighbor—will be the woman—the bride and the wife,—and in the garden of the new earth the two olive trees will give the shade under which the womanly wife finds loving shelter.

"Now, as to what the practical fruits are that this new earth shall bear, these are symbolized in the closing chapter of the Book that treats specifically of this coming church. 'In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month.' By this is meant that in this new-earth church life religion is to be a perennial or daily thing, even 'yielding fruit every month,' and that

religion is to be carried into every act of life, as signified by the tree 'bearing twelve manner of fruits,'—that religion is to be carried into a horse trade as well as into prayers, that the same measure of value is to be measured with in buying as is used in selling, that the same tone of voice should be used in the synagogue as in the street. In this church there will be no separation of the business life from the religious life. There will be no places holier than others; for 'Holiness to the Lord' will be upon even the 'bells of the horses.' It will not be an exclusive church,—excluding music and mirth and dancing and thousands of natural delights of life,—but will be inclusive of all things made of God—a kind of great sheet let down from the new heavens upon the new earth, containing all manner of beasts of earth and birds of air, with a commanding voice saying, 'Arise, Peter, slay and eat;' for this church tree 'yields all manner of fruits.' In its borders will be realized the coming time when even Egypt with its leeks, onions, and garlic will not be excluded from the vineyard of God. And not only this; but good men, good on even the natural planes of life, will find one of the twelve gates of this new city open for their entrance.

"In fact, from men who have attained the full measure of an angel and who will have an abundant entrance into the highest heaven, down to mere door-keepers in the lowest of the heavens, all who hear and hearken, all who either-hunger or thirst, or 'whosoever will,' will be freely invited to enter one of the many gates into the midst of this coming city and take its fruits and water of life freely. Thousands are entering its portals already. The scientific man is going in. Nearly all the great authors are catching the inspiration of the new age and entering into the life thereof. Even many of the rulers of the earth are beginning in Peace Congresses to turn their backs on the battlements of Mars, and are striving to enter one of the gates of this city of the Prince of Peace."

"Then you think," queried the wife, "that this church—this four-squared city—will eventually gather into its citizenship more people than any other church ever has, inasmuch as its gateways are more and its dimensions of height and depth and length and breadth are greater?"

"Certainly," said John. "The Jewish Church only took in one nation, or race of people. The first Christian Church was intended to throw down all partition walls and take into its fold people everywhere who would make confession of sin and be baptized with a water-baptism. But in the coming New Church there are twelve

gates, three on either side, that will take in people from Egypt to Canaan. In fact, it will include everybody in every nation, kindred, tongue, and tribe, who does the commandments of the Lord in loving God and the neighbor; for all such 'have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city,'—and everybody does this except 'dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.' But all they 'who are written in the Lamb's Book of Life shall enter therein.' An 'idolater' is any one who worships any God except the Lord God."

"Well, who are written in the Lamb's Book of Life?" asked the wife.

"Why, everybody who really desires to live a useful and neighborly life," replied John. "All who are engaged in any pursuit, or profession, or calling, or trade, or business, by which they are of use to their neighbor, will be citizens of the new earth. To be 'written in the Lamb's Book of Life' is to have a peaceable and inoffensive nature, or good will to the neighbor. Most everybody has more or less of this nature. For even merchants like to benefit their customers; doctors to cure their patients; authors love to inculcate the higher and better sentiments of life; kings love to see their subjects prosperous; and even some lawyers love to vindicate justice for justice' sake. In fact, there has been of late such a river of life running through all lands that all manner of trees of life are bearing on all sides of the river all manner of fruit. Verily, the sowing beside 'all waters' is beginning to produce a harvest of all manner of fruit in all planes of life, natural, spiritual, and celestial.

"And there is a gate on each side of the city for the entrance of all those who are in any degree of good life, whether natural, spiritual, or celestial; for, in the 'day' of this coming church there shall 'be an altar in the midst of the land of Egypt and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day.'

"Even nations that are not 'healed' enter into the new earth and new heaven,—enter in, not as saints, but as sinners, so that they may partake of the 'leaves of the tree of life that is in the midst of the street, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.' In fact, every publican who is 'standing afar off' from the good of perfection, and smiting on his breast, will be in this city. Every Samaritan who will stop his business to help a wounded man will be a citizen of this new heavenly country. Everybody that can and will give even so much as a cup of cold water to any who may be athirst will be numbered with the citizenship of this city of God. There will be no

order of prelates to close doors against any who 'wills to come;' because the Lord Jesus Christ is the only Priest with any power in this new heavenly church. And this great prelate, this King of kings, this Lord of lords, never was known while on earth for over thirty years to cry 'heresy' at or stop any man who was trying to do any good in any line of life. But He always commended such; and as He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, He will receive and commend any and every one who goes up to the life to come with sufficient thirst to drink water when he can get it, or sufficient hunger to eat any of the 'all manner of fruits' to be found on any of the trees of life in the midst of this new earth and new heaven."

"Well," said the good wife, "I think we can now close our religious service with the very appropriate benediction uttered by Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ, 'Mercy unto us and peace and love be multiplied,' and 'Now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling and present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty and dominion and power both now and ever.' Amen."

THE END.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 539 059 5